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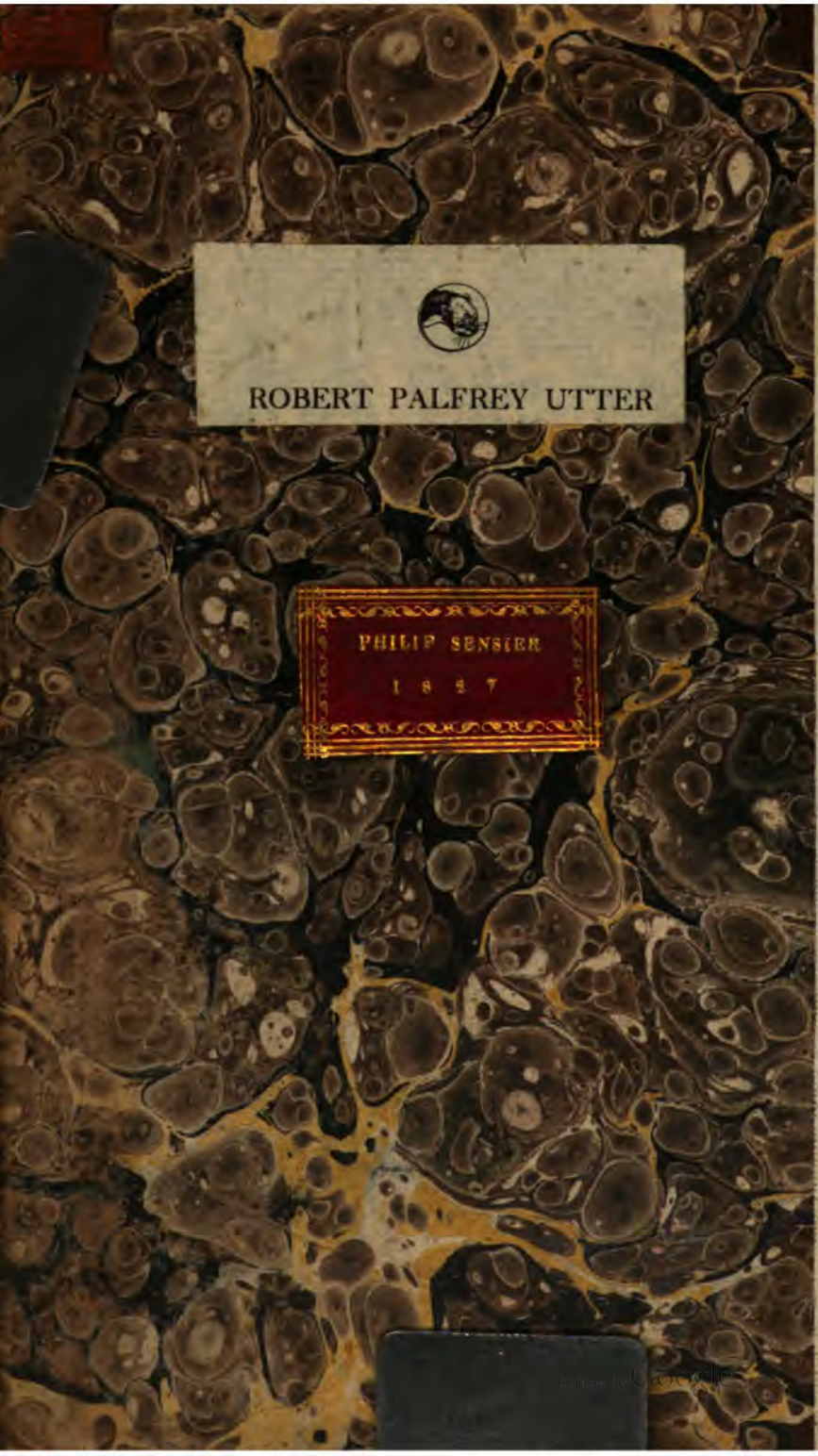
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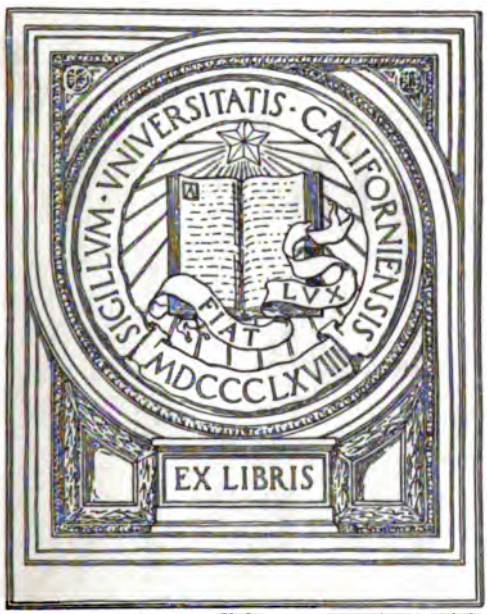

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FRONTISPIECE.

Sir Walter de Rohan, addressing the Cardenal Benvolio.

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THE MYSTERIES OF St. CLAIR.

OR

Mariette Moulins.

BY

Mrs. CATHERINE G. WARD.

Sir Walter conveying the supplies to St. Julian

LONDON;

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1824

THE MYSTERIES OF ST. CLAIR;

OR,

Mariette Mouline.

BY Mrs. CATHERINE G. WARD,

Authoress of the following popular Novels, viz.

The Mysterious Marriage—The Rose of Claremont—Orphan Boy—The Thorn—Family Portraits—Cottage on the Cliff—Widow's Choice, &c.

"My history is slight! I am the child
Of sorrow and of shame! I can recal
Only a humble home, and but one parent—
My solitary mother! and she watch'd me,
And wore herself to sickness for my sake."

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1824.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE

MYSTERIES OF ST. CLAIR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"Mark yon old mansion, frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze;
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd;
The moulder'ing gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a youthful sport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew."

ROGERS.

SLOW broke the tints of a bright autumnal morning on the grey monastic towers of the castle of St. Clair; and all, but Sir Walter Grey De Ruthen, slept in peaceful slumbers beneath its antiquated walls. He had retired, at a late hour, to the gothic chamber which had been prepared for his reception on his arrival there; long previous to which, no one of his vassals dared to interrupt the meditations to which he seemed inclined. It had been a tranquil night, sweet as the breath of angels; and as he sat absorbed in thought, near the casement, a gentle breeze whispered among the honeysuckles which bloomed above him; and the full moon tinged with her silver light the white bosom of the wide expanse of ocean, that proudly swelled

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and sometimes gently flowed, beneath the grey and lofty towers of St. Clair.

A supper had been placed before Sir Walter, of the choicest delicacies; but he tasted not of the pampered meal of luxury, by him uncalled for. And the warrior looked, and smiled at the fancied made-up dishes which were placed before him; and gazed with listless apathy on the brilliancy of the dazzling lights, which illuminated, in various directions, the sumptuous apartment in which the costly banquet for him only had been provided, with such idle pomp and useless ceremony. There were odoriferous perfumes, too, scattered in rich and elegant profusion; and slaves that waited in obedience to his commands.

But it was a joyless supper to Sir Walter; and the gaudy scenes before him, for his cheerless and melancholy mind, had not a charm.

Inured to the hardships and perils of war, he loved war alone. It had been his rugged nurse; and the cradle that rocked his infancy had been the din of arms—the cannon's roar—the sword—the buckler—and the shield. He was both born and educated in feudal times, nor knew he aught but that which appertained to the life of a soldier. But to the castle of St. Clair he had been sent by the express command of his imperious liege lord and master, St. Julian, who was the victorious chief, to seek audience with the Lady Margaret Albino, mother of the illustrious hero, who had that day been slain in battle, to demand the keys of the store rooms; in order that fresh supplies of provision might be sent to the weary and exhausted troops, then under his command, and unable to pursue their route, from the many privations

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and hardships they had sustained, through a long and tedious campaign.

But with the peremptory and imperious command of the mortally hated and detested St. Julian, Lady Margaret chose not to comply; and although a luxurious banquet had been set before his page, Sir Walter De Ruthen, yet the common supplies necessary to support human nature, Lady Margaret had denied to the poor famished troops, merely because they were under the command of St. Julian.

"No!" uttered she, in a proud, haughty, and vindictive tone, tempered by the natural asperity of her disposition; "tell Sir Walter De Ruthen that Margaret disdains to listen to any terms of amity thus offered by St. Julian; and that I will not grant the assistance which he so imperiously demands! He has conquered my husband, but he shall not conquer me; nor will I yield compliance with his wishes! His terms of negotiation I despise! and tell him, also, that I do not dread his vengeance do what he may. The castle of St. Clair shall be impregnable to his attempts, and to all of his minions, who shall dare to invade its repose. Tell Sir Walter all this: let him go hence, depart in peace, and trouble me no more!"

But Sir Walter, who had listened in profound astonishment to the haughty and repulsive language of the Lady Margaret Albino, greeted the page to whom she had delivered her commands, with no very conciliating looks, as he approached him; and, not giving him time to execute the mission with which he was so imperiously charged, he fiercely exclaimed:—

"I will not be so repulsed, by the honour of a soldier! nor will I go hence, or depart, without more

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satisfactory intelligence. Conduct me, then, to the presence of this relentless fair one, of whom, I, Sir Walter De Ruthen, who never yet sued to mortal man, now implore of her, (the Lady Margaret) a private conference. One single word shall suffice me, and that word will charm her—shall charm her!" Sir Walter paused—a hectic colouring of a moment passed over his furrowed cheek; furrowed with the toils of rude and rugged war, more than any ravages that the hand of hoary-headed time had made on his sunburnt, yet highly animated and intelligent features; and Sir Orville Faulkner, while observing the most respectful silence, could not repress the most glowing admiration of the fine martial figure of the brave and undaunted soldier, who disdained meanly to wear a smile of hypocrisy, when his heart owned a more powerful influence than merely the duty which was incumbent on him in delivering the commands of his liege lord and master to Lady Margaret Albino, for wishing to behold her; and it was not alone the fine figure of Sir Walter De Ruthen, that altogether attracted Lady Margaret's page towards him; it was the military costume, which was evidently of the Austrian order, (which was not that of St. Julian's) and which so corresponded with the look—the manners—the voice—the countenance of Sir Walter; and that was no unmeaning one, for nature had stamped upon it an impression which could not easily be mistaken;—a soldier, a man and a christian! And, when darting once more his eagle eye on Sir Orville Faulkner, he repeated his demand, to obtain an audience with the Lady Margaret, the page, in a faltering voice, replied,—

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"Think not, Sir Walter, that I would willingly deny you an interview with an illustrious lady, did the access to her apartments rest alone with me; but you know not the mysteries that extend their baneful influence in the castle of St. Clair: for that there are mysteries which no mortal hath the power of divining, save the Lady Margaret herself, all who enter the precincts of this castle, will quickly learn; even now the postern-gates are strongly guarded, and the draw-bridge already secured."

"Am I, then, a prisoner of the Lady Margaret?" cried Sir Walter, and smiled contemptuously.

"Not so, Sir Walter," uttered the page, "far be it from me to insinuate aught against the liege mistress whom I serve; but you will find it difficult to depart ere the morning breaks, from the lofty towers of St. Clair."

"I would try that, and grapple which should have the stoutest sword among us, were I once resolved to go," answered Sir Walter; "but, by my faith, I would rather tarry here a thousand years, than miss my aim with haughty Margaret Yet, save you, sir, I am much bounden to you for your well-meaning; as, no doubt, you mean me well, as I do you."

"Sir, I bear no enmity to mortal man, nor woman either," cried Sir Orville Faulkner.

Sir Walter eyed the page incredulously; for he imagined that beneath the guise of so much courtesy and suavity of manners, that deception lurked, and that there was somewhat of the crafty statesman about him: and fixing his keenly penetrating eye full upon him, he uttered, sarcastically,—

"Then thou art at peace even with thy foes?"

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"I hope so," gravely answered the Lady Margaret's page, though not without a colour mounting to his youthful cheek, and a humid expression of sensibility moistening his brilliant eye.

"At peace with St. Julian, too?" demanded Sir Walter De Ruthen. "You said at peace with all mankind; and St. Julian is a man, and a man of mettle,—is not he?"

"And St. Julian is a man that I venerate most highly," said the page; "and wherefore should my tongue be silent in his praise? When a boy, scarce twenty years ago, I listened to the great exploits and the battles fought and won by the youthful conqueror, St. Julian. Oft has my father, once high and mighty in arms on the plains of Corsica, dwelt on the perfections of the martial hero, till my young heart has panted to become like him, so virtuous, and like him, so renowned; who ne'er returned from battle but with victorious wreaths shining o'er his brow: and with such modest grace, they say, he wore his laurels too, that, wheresoe'er he went, he was the idol and the wonder of an admiring world. Ah, I have heard it whispered, too," cried Sir Orville, lowering his voice to the softest whisper, "before I came hither, in the service of Albino's lady, that St. Julian loved, and was beloved by the daughter of our late gallant chief, the Lord Albino—the lovely Augustina. Did report err, when it rumoured thus? or, did the lady fancy only that she loved? or, was it the mere flower of youth only in the great St. Julian to admire her? Yet, surely Augustina, of all Bohemian maids, is the fairest—the best—the most discreet! I do not think there is a model of such a lady in all womankind!"

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"By my faith, it would seem so," cried Sir Walter, bluntly; "for thou art marvellously fond of dwelling on perfections so rare and unexampled; yet thou art young, and it is a trick of youth to like that best which seemeth lovely to the eye. For the Bohemian maid, I have heard somewhat of the beauty you extol, but never heard the idle tale you speak of, that St. Julian ever loved her. The rumour is false, believe me: but, were it true, what doth that concern you or I? to mention it so slightly. Boy, you will do well to hold this thought in silence; or, reaching the ear of the haughty Margaret, thy place in office will be resigned to one less apt of speech, and far less apt of thought than thou art. Dost thou not understand me rightly? I will tell thee that thou wouldst be dismissed the service of the Lady Margaret, should once thy thoughts be known. Thus I have spoken of St. Julian and the fair Bohemian Lady that fills thy heart with such enraptured praise. Soldiers in camps should have still tongues, and they will have wise heads. How long hast thou been in the service of Albino's wife?"

"Since my great father died, and the Austrian army has been victorious," replied Sir Orville. "My late father, Sir Herbert Faulkner, served under the command of the Lord Albino: I was then but a stripling, and when I sought advancement, I was brought to these gothic towers, and told, that I should become the page of Lady Margaret! and so I have:—ah! much rather had I been a soldier, and served in shining arms!"

'Well hast thou said," cried Sir Walter, and shortly shalt thou profit by thy wisdom, and thy seemingly valliant disposition; which, ere long, may be fully

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gratified, shouldst thou leave thy present fortune, to follow those more worthy of a man, and list into the service even of him thy soul so loveth—St. Julian! Hast thou faith, boy, and confidence?—thou shalt never repent thy purpose,—answer me!"

"Faith and confidence! aye, truly have I, both!" answered Sir Orville; "both in St. Julian, and not less in the brave and gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen. I would go hence;—for while I linger here, there is more peril in the bright presence of a beauteous lady, than were I to face the angry cannon's roar, the sound of trumpets, the clash of swords, or neigh of fiery steeds. A as, there is more danger in one glance from the fair Bohemian maid, than all the perils of war, though e'er so raging."

Sir Walter could not now doubt of the sincerity of the youthful page; and though he still cautiously evaded any conversation that might lead to the subject against which he had warned him not to be inquisitive; yet he began to be irresistibly charmed at the unaffected display of good humour, and urbanity of manners that nature seemed to have stamped so ingenuously on the countenance of the youthful speaker; and viewing him with an air of complacency, now perfectly free from restraint, he exclaimed,—

"Promise me, then, that you will gain me an audience with the Lady of Albino, when no one else shall intrude upon our privacy:—I have for her secret ear, somewhat of importance. I must speak to the Lady Margaret when no mortal breathing shall listen to our discourse; promise me this, and, by the honour of a soldier, I promise thee in return, the protection, the friendship, of the great St. Julian! Thou shalt

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shine in valour, boy; and though the wars are over, and for a while peace waves the banner o'er the head of the mighty conqueror, there will be more battles, and more smiling victories! and you shall share the glories and the pride of martial conquest. If thy young heart so pants for military ardour, (and much I prize thee for it) soon shall a soldier's triumph grace thy brows, and St. Julian advance thee to a soldier's fame!"

"You may command Orville Faulkner in all that I can serve you, with my poor ability," uttered the grateful page. "I will attempt to forward your wishes, though at the hazard of all I hold dear in existence, Yes, Sir Walter, when the midnight hour shall advance, and all is locked in fast repose in the gothic towers of St. Clair, I will conduct you to the armory, where the Lady Margaret passes some hours in silent meditation o'er the trophies of her buried ancestors; and where some of the mysteries of this castle are nightly performed, doubtless with her and her emissaries. I have seen strange things, and heard strange things, since I have been the page of the Lady Margaret, truly, Sir Walter!—but I am forbidden to reveal aught that may discredit the high reputed character of this illustrious lady! Yet I like not some of her proceedings. She is, I fear, the mortal enemy of the great St. Julian."

"Thou canst not tell me more of the Lady Margaret than I already know," uttered Sir Walter; "but St. Julian is beyond the power of his vindictive foes! a bright meridian star, that foul malignant envy cannot reach. Of the mysteries thou hast beheld, they are only mysteries to *thee*; to *me* they are familiar as the spirit who directs them, which, truly, is an evil one.

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But let this matter pass. I will not question thee of their import. How bore the Lady of Albino the death of her husband, and the loss of her son?"

To which the youthful page replied,—

"Oh, it was passing strange, and, indeed, most wonderful, to see the lady, calm and undismayed, even in that fearful hour which makes the stoutest heart to tremble, and the most roseate cheek to blanch with fear! No tear bedew'd her cheek!—no heaving sigh swell'd her bosom!—no terrors possess'd her mind! and, while she denounced curses on the head of St. Julian, she wept not—she spoke not of the gallant slain ones! But the beauteous Augustina! ah, how many tears stained that lovely cheek, more fair than the dewy lily on the mountain top, or purer than the alpine snows ere they dissolve, and mix with the grosser substance of the earth. Her blue eyes, (deep as the violet's hue, or gently raised from their silken fringes but more resemble the azure canopy of heaven) were cast in silent dejection on the ground, as she listened to the mournful tidings of Albino's fate, and what she loved more than light or life, her young brother, slain—the brave Fernando! Motionless she sat awhile, absorbed in grief, her golden tresses waving in rude negligence, on her fair and open brows; and while her cherub lips softly murmured forth the name of Fernando, her stern mother haughtily repulsed her eloquent tears, and bade them cease to flow. Never shall I forget the Lady Margaret, as in accents of reproach, she thus addressed the weeping lovely maid:—

"I command you, Augustina, instantly command you, on peril of my extreme displeasure, to hide these

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women's tears, and check this woman's weakness which so disgraces the daughter of the great Albino Wherefore weepest thou? Thy father is slain, and thy brother is also numbered with the dead, that strew Bohemian fields, with the blood of many a gallant chief. But hath not thy father, and thy brother, died like heroes? Feels not thy heart the deathless fame they have acquired, through ages of eternity, in the fields of immortal glory; and lamentest thou their fall thou weak and puerile maid? Ah, had I again a husband and a son, so valiant, and so brave, again I would weary heaven with my prayers, that they might thus live—and thus perish! Timid girl, hadst thou one atom of thy mother's dauntless spirit in thy young bosom thou wouldst rejoice at a soldier's fall, and mingle tears with rapture among the cypress that shadow his remains!"

"But tears are not denied to the suffering and the brave," softly responded the lovely maid; "and surely my noble mother will not condemn those that nature yields to nature! Mother, when Lazarus died, whose eye was it that dropt a tear of pity on his grave, and did not place it to the account of weakness? It was the blessed Saviour of mankind, who wept for Lazarus; whose virtues we are taught to emulate, and whose character demands all human homage, and exceeds all human praise! Adoring Him, I do not yield to weakness, for I had been weak, indeed, without this blessed knowledge of his divine and holy laws. 'Tis said, mother, that the mighty victor of this bloody battle against the Austrian army is again———"

———"Our mortal foe," fiercely vociferated the indignant Margaret. "Thy father's and thy brother's

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foe! The accurs'd, the proud St. Julian! He whom I *ever hated*—he whom I still bear *mortal* hatred to, and, however famed for warlike deeds, he whom I *shall hate* for evermore!"

"St. Julian! St. Julian!" a second time repeated the faultering maid, while for a moment, like the young rosebud of the morning blush'd her lovely face; yet, paled it as quickly, and as suddenly to an almost deathlike hue; and there was an infant sigh, just newly born in her transparent bosom; but soon she sent the little trembler hence! but the tear that fell on that now pale cheek, was—pity; and the sigh that wafted from that snowy breast, was————love.

Already had the dark eye of Lady Margaret, glanc'd with rage on her unoffending child; and, though she heard not the gentle sigh, she mark'd the roseate blush that the name of St. Julian had given birth to. and sternly demanded to know why she had repeated the name of St. Julian?

"Why hast thou echoed my words!" exclaimed she, "I said, St. Julian! Why dost thou turn pale at the name of St Julian; and ask what already thou dost know?"

"And should I not tremble at the name of him who inspires all others, with this involuntary fear," timidly, and yet more faulteringly, pronounced Augustina. "And yet, till my mother told me, I did not know that he it was who conducted the allies, and led the forces against my noble father. I did not think St. Julian would have————" The Bohemian maid paused, and the pause was filled up, without delay, by Lady Margaret.

————"Have slain thy father, and made thy bro-

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ther bleed," uttered she. "Be this a memorandum of the unexampled virtue of the great St. Julian! Treasure this in thy memory: the goodly service he has rendered to the daughter of Albino; who once presumptuously hoped to win thy favour, and woo thee for his bride. But thy father knew better how to appreciate the worth of his child, than give thee then to this beardless boy; (for so St. Julian was, when first beneath the towers of St. Clair, he sighed for Augustina.) Scarce fifteen summers then had smiled upon your birth, and you were a wild young laughing girl, and had not learned discretion. St. Julian saw, and fancied that he loved the youthful daughter of Albino, for you were froliesome as the playful kid, and quite as thoughtless, innocent, and free. I do not think the new-born lamb, that sports in the meadow-fields, and drinks the dew of balmy flowers, was ever more innocent of guile than thou, my Augustina! But soon these girlish hours approached to woman's loveliness, and the sweet conscious blush of maiden modesty repressed thy frolics and thy youthful sports: and much thy father feared the pensive sigh, that often broke in midst of thy most joyous smiles, was breathed for the young boy that was the companion of thy infancy. Tell me, daughter, did thy young heart once linger on thy father's foe? And, tell thy mother truly, did you love St. Julian as much as I fear you did?"

"If what I felt then was so like what I feel now, it could not be termed what love is, dear mother," said the blushing maid; "for I remember, that I ever loved to quarrel with St. Julian for some idle toy, which when he gave it me, I would fain have quarrelled with him again to hear him chide so very prettily! for

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he would laugh all the while that I pouted, and tear the flowers that we had gathered by the dewy banks; and ever and anon he would fling them at me, and entangle them in my hair, and then he would take them out again,——— and I laughed to see him thus; and before night, all our quarrels were forgotten, as though we had none such! If this be love mother, and you ask me truly —why then I loved St. Julian."

"I am satisfied," cried the haughty Margaret, endeavouring to conceal some sensations that she found it difficult to hide, under the specious mask of hypocrisy; while she had so unwittingly drawn this artless, but, to her, terrible confession, from the lips of her lovely daughter! "It was not love you felt for this beardless youth!" uttered she, "and he no love did ever feel for thee!"

"What then was it mother?" cried Augustina, with an air of such resistless *naivette*, that stern as Lady Margaret was, she could not help smiling at the simplicity of her lovely child.

"What matters it, what it was then," uttered she, relapsing into her usual stern habitude of manner, "or what it is now, since to Albino's daughter St. Julian can be nothing!——For mark me, Augustina, and beware you do not slight a mother's counsel; with respect to the state of thy affections, when the gentle dove woos for its mate the ravenous kite, then shall St. Julian wed for his wife, the daughter of Albino! for sooner would I link thee with the meanest slave, the lowest hireling in thy late father's service, than join thy hand with St. Julian: however far renowned for gallant deeds,—however raised to martial glory! In the estimation of thy mother, he has fallen, to rise

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no more. Begone to thy chamber, and hide those flowing tears which so ill become thee: if they flow for St. Julian, they will never be quenched, though Etna's fiery gulph stood between thee and thy affections, for the dauntless hero! And yet the vilest renegade that ever stalked with brazen shield, is not more pernicious in his counsels, more terrible in example, than this upstart conqueror, with all his mighty virtues —this St. Julian! But no more of this dull matter, since thou hast heard, what love I bear him. The Austrian troops, are like to march with hungry stomachs, and empty bowls!—They have exhausted their stores; the allies have retreated, and their forces are injured; the wounded soldiers lay in unburied heaps, on the ensanguined plains; and St. Julian,—the great St. Julian—is unable to answer the clamorous demands made upon him for fresh supplies. What is the result? They must apply to me! yes, to me, his mortal foe! His haughty spirit, his proud aspiring soul, must yield in meek submission to Margaret, or behold his soldiers perish;—and perish they shall, before I will lend assistance to their wants. E'en now, I wait in hourly expectation, that a herald will be sent from St. Julian, with terms of entreaty for supplies; which supplies, they shall be peremptorily denied:—yes, I thank the gods, that this revenge still is Margaret's."

Not a sentence was spoken from the trembling lips of Augustina! not a sigh escaped from her lovely heaving bosom! in silence she retired to her chamber, and Lady Margaret entered her holy sanctuary of private consultations, the armory. I heard no more, Sir Walter."

"And did you become the voluntary listener of this

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discourse, between the lady and her daughter? for, though you heard little, by my good faith, thou hast heard enough, methinks," cried Sir Walter De Ruthen after a thoughtful pause, "and more than thou shouldst have heard, had I been there."

A deep and crimson blush suffused the face of Sir Orville Faulkner; and, for a moment, his bright eye glanced indignantly towards the haughty page of St. Julian, while he replied somewhat warmly to his sarcastic speech,—

"Sir, what I chanced to hear, I have told you truly, and you have little right to blame me for the confidence I have reposed in your seeming honour. Had I not thought you worthy of such high trust, I had not been so lavish of discourse. Nor did I listen clandestinely to aught that I have heard about St. Julian!—but there is a closet adjoining to the apartments of my liege mistress, in which I am stationed, by her imperative order, and through which none can pass to the Lady Margaret without my immediate order for permission. The sultry heat of summer's noon had occasioned every avenue to that apartment in which the ladies were, at a late hour, so deep in converse, to be thrown open, that they might inhale the balmy fragrance of the western breezes, fresh upon them. I was not, therefore, bidden to retire, or I had done so long ere they talked of such high matters as concerned St. Julian. But I had ears, and they could not fail to listen to such a voice as Augustina's, I had eyes, and oh! who would not have gazed as I did, on such a face, on such a form, as that heaven has stamped on the fair Bohemian maid!"

"And, by my sword and buckler, thou must not

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gaze so wildly," cried Sir Walter; "for wild are the dreams of beauty and of love. Beshrew me! thou might as well explore the Cretan labyrinth, as search after its fleeting shadows.—Yet, what thou hast heard, treasure up in silence! shouldst thou reveal what thou hast heard, it would cost thee dearly. Speak not of the Bohemian maid in the presence of St. Julian as thou valuest life and breath!—It is the only thing he cannot bear to dwell on!"

"Then he loved Augustina, after all that the Lady Margaret has advanced to the contrary!" uttered Sir Orville, with a deep and struggled sigh: "I—I—I humbly crave your pardon for boldly asking such a question."

"Which I am not bound to answer, and therefore freely pardon thee," bluntly replied Sir Walter.

Sir Orville coloured deeply, not doubting but St. Julian's page was high in the secrets of the gallant hero; and, forgetting that he had several times before cautioned him to silence on the subject of St. Julian and the Bohemian Lady; whom he adored, although in secret sorrow and despair; (for never could the page of Margaret vainly and presumptuously aspire to the hand or the heart of the daughter of Albino!) yet still he loved, and struggled to conceal his ardent passion for the beautious fair one.

"The night doth wear apace, and the grey-ey'd morning will soon beskirt yon western sky:" cried Sir Walter, wishing to dispel the gloom which now hung on the fair brows of the pensive page.

"You err, most gallant, sir," softly responded he, and opening the casement which emitted the fragrance of the balmy flowers that luxuriantly grew beneath it.

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"It is not yet near morning, although yon shining firmament beams so lightly, as it would seem young day was pouring fast upon us;—yet it is but the silver moon that steals so softly on the lake beneath us: be but patient, and I will perform my promise. The Lady Margaret in an hour hence will require my attendance: she has supped to-night alone, and seems much disquieted; but her vassals repose in silence, (all but her guards, who watch the postern gates, and they are abroad, and active in their duty.) The very whispering of the gentle breeze that blows, or the murmuring of the waters that lave yon steepy rocks, would alarm them. I will leave you good Sir Walter, for awhile, and return anon."

"And I would betake me to rest in these goodly chambers," cried Sir Walter, "but that a soldier never sleeps when on his duty. I have thoughts, none of the pleasantest kind, too, for I dont vastly like the mystery of Margaret's proceedings, I promise thee:—she bade me depart in peace, and then arrests my liberty!"

"For that, you have to thank the pious holy priest who attends her secret councils," uttered Sir Orville, with a contemptuous smile, "he is in high authority, and no one dare dispute it, on peril of the immediate displeasure of our lady."

"Indeed!" cried Sir Walter, as if apparently surprised by the intelligence which he knew so well before.

"Yes indeed!" was Sir Orville's prompt reply.

"It were well to advance the holy, pious gentleman a *post* or two *higher*," uttered Sir Walter, and smiled.

"The *road to preferment* is desirable," answered Sir Orville, and smiled too.

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"Especially that to which he will shortly be conducted!" cried Sir Walter, and smiled again.

But whether the smile was returned again by the page of Lady Margaret, is uncertain, for the castle bell at this precise moment, responded the hour of twelve, and Sir Orville Faulkner retired.

But, in less than an hour he returned again to Sir Walter, intimating that Lady Margaret was apprized of his wish, to see and converse with her alone; and that he would then have the honour of conducting him to the armory, where she awaited his coming. "I will attend the lady, then," cried Sir Walter, with a sarcastic smile: and Sir Orville immediately led him through a suite of gothic apartments, and many antiquated winding passages, before he arrived at the destined place of appointment. There was a solemn stillness prevailed in the castle of St. Clair, as they reached the entrance of the armory; and there the page of Lady Margaret stopped.—

"I must proceed no farther," uttered he, "till the lady has notice of our approach. She will not be interrupted in her meditations, at this lonely hour of midnight's fearful gloom."

"Not if the pious priest is with her," uttered Sir Walter, with a look which was almost undefinable to the youthful page. "The purposes of our sacred religion admit no intruder, when the pure heart is offered up in secret devotion to the Most High. There we confess our inmost thoughts, and inmost wishes, and they must be breathed alone, to Him who alone has the power of directing all earthly aims—all earthly wishes, where human agency can avail us nothing. The wish, and the thought, and the prayer, must be

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preferred to him alone, and, whatever their import, they cannot be hidden or concealed.

The God that searches all hearts will discover them, though ten thousand pious priests aid their council, in behalf of our supplications! And truly I have a notion, that their piousexhortations will carry us but a small way on our passage to heaven, if we have no other than their prayers to conduct us thither. Should I turn priest, boy, which I do confess, that I am not marvellously fond of, thou wouldst profit by the doctrine of a rough soldier—wouldst not thou—as well as from the lectures of the pious friend of the lady Margaret.

Sir Walter laughed as he pronounced this, and in spite of the gravity and the decorum usually preserved by the youthful page on such occasions, he could not for the life of him, help laughing too. There was a propensity to this sensation which he could not conquer, although the necessity of preserving decorum was so highly apparent; and he archly responded to the question of Sir Walter, of

"More ceremony yet?"

With, "In this castle of St. Clair, I have learned more ceremony than would be necessary at court, for, in approaching the Lady Margaret, she expects the homage that would be offered to a queen, ere you can converse with her."

"By the honour of a soldier, thou shalt see what homage she will have from me;" cried Sir Walter, "no more than she will expect,—much more than she merits."

At this moment, voices were plainly distinguishable within the armory, and that of the Lady Margaret's seemed somewhat inflated by anger; for she haughtily pronounced,—

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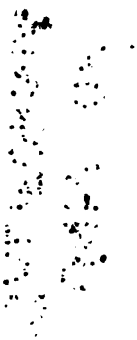

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T. Rothwell Del. et sc.

Interview of Sir Walter De Ruthen with Lady Margaret

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"Benvolio! knowest thou, that what I have once said, I will not unsay, although the great Atlas stood between me and my fixed purpose! I will not brook opposition, not even from thee, whom most I———" A pause ensued, and the voice of Lady Margaret died away in silence; some one glided from the gothic steps of the armory; it was the shadow of a male figure, tall and gigantic!

"That is the signal for our approach," uttered the page. "The Lady Margaret has dispatched her nocturnal visitor, and is now at liberty to receive you. It was the priest, Benvolio, who went hence, and he will return no more: let us, therefore, hasten to the lady, who now expects your coming."

At this instant, the door of the armory was thrown open, and the Lady Margaret advanced to meet the page, and the herald of the great St. Julian; and, (but that his eye had glanced on things more terrible, and sights more appalling) that which saluted him on his first entrance into this gothic chamber might have blanched the cheeks of less courageous hearts, with strange and fearful fancies. For there were trophies of departed heroes in abundance lay scattered around this gloomy pile. In mouldering heaps, they exhibited human skeletons, broken lances, swords, bucklers, and shields, helmets, and coats of mail, in one prodigious mass, were piled one upon the other; while various implements of war, and even death, rendered (as if by design) conspicuous to the eye of the beholder, on his entrance there. A human skull and hour-glass stood on a marble table, and the book of the Holy Scriptures was placed beneath it; over which, was a crimson canopy of the most costly velvet, richly bordered with

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gold, and a cushion of the same beneath it. A couch was also stationed beneath this hallowed spot, from whence the Lady Margaret had slowly arisen, to meet the page of St. Julian; and, with a stately frown and haughty demeanor, she addressed him thus:—

"Gallant and brave thou art, although it is thy fortune to wield thy goodly sword in the service of a proud presumptuous minion—the minion of a race, puerile and weak—blind and infatuated: because the idol whom they worship, hath the form of a godlike hero, and the tongue of soft and smiling eloquence. Thou knowest this, Sir Walter, nor meanly wilt deny, that more St. Julian owes to the goodly graces that adorn his person, than to his martial courage o'er the conquered troops which now lay scattered on the plains."

"Save you, gentle lady," uttered Sir Walter De Ruthen, "I came not hither to dispute that point. With a beauteous lady to contend, were beneath a man, unworthy of a soldier! such sports I leave to beardless boys and pretty women: but by your leave, my noble lady, I have a matter for your private ear, in which St. Julian bears no part: I beseech you, let your page retire, and give me audience."

"First tell me, what that matter doth concern," uttered the Lady Margaret, looking on Sir Walter with an eye of dark suspicion.

To which, St. Julian's page bluntly replied,—

"That were to tell thee, lady, all I know: think not I sell my words for courtesy like this. What can the great Margaret fear? Unarmed I came beneath your battlements to sue for favours: my vassals, only four in number, who attended me hither, now repose in peaceful slumbers beneath your castle walls. They

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wage no war with great Albino's lady!---or if they did,---what would it avail? your guards would do their duty,—and they would needs perish beneath their gallant swords: besides, I wot, my gentle dame, we are your prisoners! we cannot go hence without your goodly leave! what can you fear? Dismiss your page, and give me liberty to speak without reserve, of such things as materially concern you and your pious counsellor and friend, that good and virtuous holy man, *Benvolio!*"

CHAPTER II.

"ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made.
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

GOLDSMITH.

NO sooner was the name of Benvolio pronounced, by Sir Walter De Ruthen, than an instantaneous change took place in the countenance of the haughty and austere Lady Margaret Albino; which no art could disguise, no species of hypocrisy could conceal, from the keenly penetrating glance which was now directed towards her by St. Julian's page. And she

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who never yet had trembled in the sight of mortal man exhibited signs of *fear*---of apprehension—of shame, (if such it could be called, from the deep tinge of crimson which now flushed on a cheek that otherwise had owned the saffron hue; for no rose or lily had ever mantled there:)---No, not even in the morning of gay and jocund youth, had Margaret's cheek e'er blushed as it did *now*, in the presence of this rough, blunt, and hardy soldier; when tremulously, (for she had not yet recovered her confusion) she demanded to know, "what aught he had to say concerning the pious, holy man, Benvolio? who, in these sequestered walls, hath passed a life so sacred and devout, in holy exercises," added she, more warmly, "that no tongue of slander's poisonous breath could e'er have power to touch his bright unsullied excellence! And, oh, for the sake of my late gallant lord, I prize Benvolio much; for much Albino loved him. In all his private councils, and affairs of state, none would he have so near him as the wise, prudent, holy man---the virtuous Benvolio! and I, in duty bound, you know, (heaven save me, a poor defenceless woman!) have profited by the example of my dear lord, and chose Benvolio too to direct the agency of all that may concern my deep and lengthened days of sad and sorrowing widowhood."

"Gentle dame, and well is he worthy of thy secret councils,' ironically pronounced St. Julian's page, "for, by my sword and buckler, well doth the pious holy gentleman know the advantage he can gain of womankind! whom, in his doctrines, he hath represented weak and powerless, and unable to direct themselves! It were meet then that the great Margaret, whom heaven has endowed so richly with intel-

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lectual gifts, should have so wise a counsellor, so sincere a friend."

A sarcastic smile too evidently betrayed the victory Sir Walter had gained (although but a momentary one) over the feelings of this proud vindictive woman; and, perhaps, it played too scornfully upon his lip, as he sarcastically pronounced—

"That pious holy man, whose name, it appears, it is sacrilege to presume to mention in your presence so slightly, shall (if you refuse me audience) quickly know my errand here, and that St. Julian hath naught to do with the affair."

"I thought Sir Walter were a petitioner from St. Julian, on matters that concerned the state," responded the indignant lady, "and not a bold intruder from himself: but, since so strongly you solicit to be heard in secret on this mighty business that concerns Benvolio, (which, as I take it, is but the mere coinage of your idle brain) why I will hear you in secret. Faulkner, retire:---the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen doth request a word or two of private conference. Retire, then, till again I need your service; and, mark you, Faulkner, let no one else have access to the armory while he is with your mistress. Go hence awhile, and remember that this order is imperative."

Sir Orville, at the immediate command of his liege mistress, respectfully retired; and the warrior and the lady of Albino were left together. The one scarcely able to repress the raging tumults that burned high within her breast; and the other feeling no rage at all; but there was a placid dignity sat in triumph on his martial brow; and, truth, the holy monitor that guided every

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impulse of his heart, shone in brilliant hues on a set of features, where guile had never worn a mask !

" Now to your purport then, and quickly," uttered the Lady Margaret in a stifled tone ; for she felt sensations, which to no mortal else she dared reveal ! and in spite of the heroism which marked her dauntless and intrepid character, she feared that the communications which Sir Walter De Ruthen had to offer her were not of the most pleasing kind. In the meanwhile, he had (without ceremony) thrown his nodding plumes aside, and seated himself on the couch, exactly fronting to the indignant lady, where he could boldly take survey of features, which to all others but him, at this critical moment of affairs, would have expressed the direst purposes of revenge and cruelty ; and, drawing forth a scroll from his vest, he unfolded it.—Already the eye of Lady Margaret had caught the signature : it was the royal seal ! the crest and the arms of the Emperor Josephus ! and she trembled to behold it ; while Sir Walter addressed her in the following terms, not seeming to remark the perturbation she so evidently betrayed.

" Lady, there hath been some vile proceedings in your battlements,---some foul mysteries in the Castle of St. Clair, to which it appears, you and your pious friend, the holy father Benvolio, have both been accessary ; and it hath reached the state, and mightily displeased the Emperor Josephus. You are herewith accused of having employed spies against the state, and by bribery and corruption most dishonourable, have forced confession from renegades and traitors in the Austrian army and their allies, to plant sedition

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and enact treachery against their sovereign and their country. And by whose counsel hast thou been guided? by whose baneful influence have these stratagems succeeded? and whose blood has been drained to effect these diabolical purposes?---for the accomplishment of that demon, avarice and ambition!---for the completion also of far greater crimes I yet could name, but shudder to mention:—whose blood, I say, hath been shed to do all this? and where hath the vengeance fallen? not on the head of St. Julian! for of crimes he is innocent. Yon shining firmament of heaven which bespangles the western sky, nor dews that gem the morning flowers, breathes not more pure, than the unsullied fame of great St. Julian! It was not he who led the forces of the Austrian army against the Bohemians; he instigated not their revenge. No, lady, it was not St. Julian who aimed the sword against the breast of your gallant husband and Fernando, the young, the brave, the beautiful, thy only son!—it was not St. Julian who conducted them to the field of slaughter, even as the fell butcher's knife hangs o'er the neck of the innocent lamb he is about to sacrifice. No, not St. Julian led them to the fatal spot! but you, madam! you, and your pious friend! yes, blush to own it, it was that holy man who conducted all your stratagems, aided all your councils, and abetted all your schemes; even he, the crafty, designing, artful, mercenary knave, who, abusing the holy functions of his sacred order, under authority of his high office, tramples on all laws, divine and human, and steps forth in the character, which best belongs to him, the murderer of your husband, and the assassin of your son!"

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Surprised by treachery, the great Albino could not escape the vengeance of his foes! already apprized of his intentions, and acquainted with his designs,—the strength of his army and the weakness of his allies: he could not work impossibilities, and the great hero fell. But whose hand has laid him low? The pious priest—the good, the virtuous Benvolio! and the great Margaret! she who would not scorn to lend a helping hand to do such goodly deeds, nor reject such friendly counsel, though it were to save a nations tears! But mark the result thou proud and haughty fair one: in refusing the supplies to St. Julian, you do but hurl a mightier ruin on thy head, and that of thy presumptuous minion. Ere long, thy battlements will crumble into dust—thy fortress be besieged—thy garrison be drained of all its stores, and the lofty towers of St. Clair become a mass of mouldering ruins! Bohemia will be spread around with famine and dismay! Its fair and flowery fields, once the pride of the industrious and the smiling peasantry, be exchanged for charnel houses, to cover the bones of their dead and their slaughtered heroes. The meandering streams, once so limpid and so pure, will flow with the innocent blood of millions. All must now yield to the fury and the rage of Josephus. None will be spared: the young virgin, nor the widowed matron—and age and infancy, alike must feel the butcher's knife. Rapin, lust, and murder, will now stalk forth amidst the sacred churches, the holy temples, and the smiling bowers of innocence and beauty; and none shall have power to send the monsters hence! Even the bones of thy great and buried ancestors, that repose in silence beneath the venerable cloisters of St. Clair, whate'er the distance

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of time, space, and country, will be dragged forth to appease a tyrant's fury, and a tyrant's vengeance."

"Hold! desist, barbarian! nor hope to drive me frantic, with appalling terrors such as these;—vain imaginary terrors, which I neither dread nor fear!" uttered the Lady Margaret, with all the stormy passions of her soul flashing with indignant fury from her eyes; "for that which thou hast so boldly ventured to assert, to the discredit of Benzolio and his great authority, *it is false as heaven is true!* I neither know the treachery you speak of, nor the means which have been employed to defeat the purposes of my late gallant lord. The great emperor is deceived, and I am slandered falsely, and *so is Benvolio!* But, thinkest thou I e'er will tremble at the vengeance of my foes, or meanly sink into womanish fears, with the rough picture thou hast drawn before me. Thinkest thou that Margaret can be frighted with dangers such as these! and that I could not take advantage of this thine insolent pretences to the great authority, and punish thy bold presuming freedom. One word of mine, and you are my prisoner;—another word, and my guards would cleave thee down! Thou never more couldst rise again to tell St. Julian the tale of my dishonour, or, with thy rancorous malice, whisper rumours to the emperor. Beshrew me, it were a goodly act to rob St. Julian of so kind a page, and rid the wars of such a bold-faced ruffian. But yet I will not so, however thou hast provoked a woman's rage, and a woman's patience. These hallowed walls were never stained with murder!"

At this moment, a raven screamed, and flapped its wings against the casement, as though it would burst

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its confines; and a tall gigantic figure, clad in complete armour, whose features were concealed by a deep mask, suddenly darted through one of the vestibules of the armory, and stalked up to the Lady Margaret, while he pronounced, in a low, murmuring, and sepulchral voice,—

"This helmet and this shield, this sword and this buckler, are blood-stained, Lady; with *whose blood thou knowest*, thou fearless woman! Look upon them! to these hallowed walls they owe their crimson dye; *thou* knowest that too. Again I come to warn thee of thy temerity!---harm not yon gallant soldier! whom, even now, I heard thee threaten with the loss of life; but beware how thou dost him injury; or, harming him, you will awaken the vengeance of thy mortal enemy. Lady, yon waning moon bids me retire. Farewell,---remember FERDINAND!"

If astonishment and wonder too great for utterance, had sealed the lips of Sir Walter De Ruthen, when this apparently supernatural being made as precipitate and as sudden a disappearance as he had made an entrance, what were the sensations of the Lady Margaret? Transfixt she stood as any statue, and motionless! her eye glared wildly,---her cheek became colourless, and she murmured, but indistinctly to Sir Walter's ears,---

"All this have I borne for *thee, Benvolio*; and yet you are not here to comfort me---to shield me from these appalling terrors too great for woman's courage--human fortitude to support. Sir Walter De Ruthen, you are the only witness to the appearance of that strange mysterious being who has now approached us from the dark precincts of the mouldering tomb; to

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which I thought, long ere this, he had been consigned. Speak not of this, gallant Sir Walter, and I promise to grant all that you came hither to demand. Oh, let not to mortal ear what thou hast seen this night be revealed, and St. Julian (even though I bear him mortal hatred) shall have the boon he solicits from Margaret! —the supplies—the ammunition---the keys of the fortress---all, all, that the castle of St. Clair affords save only one thing, which it is impossible for me to grant,—my daughter. He demands her hand, Sir Walter, (if you know it not) in the terms of negotiation, and the bond of amity which he would have henceforth established between us. But the hand of Augustina I cannot grant; though it were to save a sinking nation from the gulph of devouring flames, I cannot give the daughter of Albino to St. Julian!"

"And wherefore canst thou not?" demanded Sir Walter, bluntly. "Who is more worthy than the youthful conqueror to become the husband of the beauteous maid, whom he adores as holy pilgrims love the shrine they worship: and thou knowest well thy daughter loves St. Julian, too! Cross not two fond devoted hearts, then; it is a crime most heinous in a parent, Lady Margaret, to turn the tide of strong affections, when they flow so pure, so chaste, so honourable; and it were unseemly in a woman not to feel for woman's love. Thwart not thy young daughter,—doom not the rose to wither on her blooming cheek ere half its smiling sweetness be expanded, or its beauties known."

Although concealed rage sat on every strongly marked feature of the haughty Margaret, there was a necessity to hide it from the observation of St. Ju-

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lian's page. Assuming, therefore, an air of complacency, she exclaimed, in an unsteady voice,—

"And knowest thou not, my good Sir Walter, that long hath the daughter of Albino been beyond the power of such a passion as you so strongly paint; and if her young bosom ever felt an influence in favour of the mighty conqueror, (and I do not know she ever did) it was in the laughing hours of her girlish infancy; and he a beardless boy was only then. But, know ye not, since which, her vows have been offered up to the holy church, and that she is sacred, for evermore a spotless virgin saint to that blessed sanctuary! My daughter is not mine,—therefore, Sir Walter, she is the child of Heaven! And wouldst thou have her mother tear her thence? Can I profane the holy temple, or bid the maid recal those vows of chastity she has offered up, so pure, so holy. No,—surely, Sir Walter, thou wouldst not have me act so basely—so treacherously—so profanely."

Sir Walter De Ruthen knew the hypocrite that was before him, and that what she attested was false; or, that if such was the conversion of the Bohemian maid, that it had been too sudden to be lasting or sincere; or, that she had been frighted by her stern mother into compliance with her wishes, aided by the false, pernicious doctrines of the canting priest. In short, Sir Walter, placed no reliance on the idle tale; and resolved, if possible, by some pretext or other, to prolong his stay in the castle of St. Clair till he should form some stratagem to see and consult with Augustina; to tell her of the unabated passion which still inspired the breast of the youthful conqueror towards her; to gain some intelligence of her secret sentiments on the subject of that pas-

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sion, and, if she loved St. Julian, to draw from her artless bosom a confession of that love, and with it some token, that he might bear the precious relic to the far distant and sorrowing youth, who would then boldly achieve some mighty deed in arms to obtain in marriage the so long loved idol of his virtuous affections.

But with these intentions he determined to acquaint no one, till he could form some reasonable pretext for remaining beneath the roof of St. Clair, till at least he could obtain a sight of the Bohemian lady! and no pretext appeared so feasible, as by entering immediately into all the sentiments, and adopting all the plans of the haughty Margaret, and her minion, the crafty Benvolio. Thanks to Providence, they were already in his power, and one of the mysteries in the castle of St. Clair, had that night, in the armory, fortunately presented itself in the form of the blood-stained knight, who had acknowledged to Margaret, that he had sustained deep injuries there; and had used a mode of expressing and revealing them, most likely to shame her dauntless spirit, and to humble her haughty soul; and she trembled, lest the apparently supernatural being should reveal more of her crimes, and the dark deeds which had been performed beneath her battlements in the presence of St. Julian's page: but before whom he had already revealed too much; and she was therefore obliged to adopt the unwilling necessity, which this unlooked for circumstance imperiously imposed on her,—to demand his secresy! and Sir Walter, in order to aid his own newly formed plans respecting Augustina, faithfully promised her that it should remain in silence.

"Lady, I am no idle babbler of idle tales, although

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you deem me such," uttered he, "I shall utter nothing that aught concerns yon blood-stained knight, who hath, I own, somewhat mysteriously appeared to night in this gothic chamber. But let the matter pass:—I will not trouble you with interrogatories about him, since so well you seem to know his history. Mention him no more; and I, the knight, nor yet his grievance, will no more repeat to thee."

"Thanks, most gallant Sir Walter," answered the Lady Margaret; her features now losing much of their haughty and inflexible expression towards him, so lately repulsed by her with disdain;—"thanks, gallant Sir Walter: beshrew me, thou wilt not fare the worse for this goodly turn to Margaret. And ere to morrow's sun again has set on these gothic towers, a safe and speedy convoy shalt thou have to thy mighty master, with all appliances and means to boot, from the rich and plenteous stores that in this castle have owned as yet no lordly power over them but the great Albino! yet I will yield them to the service of the famished troops, although I had resolved I would not lend relief to any that served under St. Julian! But—but—in truth, it were a woman's resolution, for well thou knowest, that we have sickly fancies, and inconstant minds; and I grieve, the mighty conqueror should so settle his affections on my young daughter. I grieve, too, that she should have taken her vows so lately!"

"And, perhaps, so rashly," bluntly observed Sir Walter: "but since it is so, lady, it were useless to lament it, if thou thinkest the maid has done so wisely, so virtuously; thou canst not change the colour of her fate, neither can St. Julian." With this an-

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swer, the Lady Margaret was perfectly satisfied. And now entreating Sir Walter to take some repose, summoned her page to conduct him to the chamber, which had before been prepared for his reception there; and with which request he immediately complied, not a little rejoiced that he had already achieved two points so favourable to his wishes, with the haughty Margaret, and the interest of his illustrious master. The one to enable St. Julian to recruit the exhausted spirits of his nearly famished soldiery;—and the other, that he had blinded this crafty and subtle woman to the real nature of his designs, while he sojourned at the castle of St. Clair; to aid which, the assistance of the youthful page would be highly necessary: but how to trust him? that was a fearful and a doubtful point to be considered where affairs were so truly critical. He might immediately betray him to Margaret, aud then the interest of St. Julian would be lost for ever! the safety of his own life be endangered, and the lovely Bohemian maid be instantly sacrificed to stern and parental authority, and fanatic superstition! Yet Sir Orville Faulkner appeared to have qualities about him of an open, fair, ingenuous, and candid nature, that would disdain to act the whining hypocrite, or the false dissembling traitor! True, appearances greatly preponderated in his favour; but what have appearances to do with the heart of man, or woman either?

When in the words of the immortal bard:—

"Our own doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt it."

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And Sir Orville Faulkner was also swayed by the mightiest passion that rules the breast of mortal man! He was in love! and sighed for the possession of the fair Bohemian maid, himself: and although that passion was entirely hopeless in his youthful breast, yet the resignation of so lovely a creature to a rival so powerful as St. Julian, was certainly a thought which could not be accompanied with any pleasurable sensations; for it was possible that hope, the false delusive, yet still enchanting flatterer, had whispered in the ear of the youthful page, that Augustina, constantly in her society as he was wont to be, in the apartments of her lady mother, had glanced towards him with an eye of pity, for she had long been sensible of the deep passion she had inspired, and there were peculiar times, when he fancied that his assiduities were not unwelcome to the lovely maid.

How then could Sir Walter disclose to Sir Orville Faulkner the design he had in contemplation on the daughter of Albino, without placing himself completely in his power? Yet, without the assistance of Sir Orville, it were next to a total impossibility, that this design could succeed; he knew not in what part of the castle the grand apartments were situated, and although a lovely range of gardens opened on his view, beneath the casements of the gothic chambers, which had been appropriated for his use, and that there, it was probable to suppose, that Augustina sometimes walked, to inhale the freshness of the balmy air. Yet to approach her with a stranger's bold familiar gaze, was not the way most likely to attract the attention of the lovely creature, whose maiden modesty would instantly take the alarm, and she would

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shun him evermore;—while detection and dismission from the castle would be the immediate consequence of his rash temerity.

After some moments, therefore, of mature consideration, Sir Walter determined to make a confidant of the youthful page by cautious degrees, ere he unfolded the whole of his intentions respecting the Bohemian lady, whom to save from the claws of a blind infatuated and fanatic priest, he would run some risk. After this resolve, the harrassed mind of the careworn gallant soldier felt considerably relieved, and he endeavoured to snatch a few moments of repose, on the sumptuous couch of crimson velvet, which the attendants, who had long withdrawn themselves, had duly prepared.

But though to sleep Sir Walter was but little inclined, yet the silence of the midnight hour, with every object around him still and tranquil possessed an influence, if not a charm, over his senses; and, for a short space, he closed his eyes in utter forgetfulness of his situation.

The sultry heat of the weather had that day been intense, and the casements were purposely left open to admit the cooling breeze, which at this hour of midnight usually prevails. A blue etherial sky, and a bright moon, nearly at the full, threw its silvery rays on the dark pines that shaded, in various directions, the lofty and gothic towers of St. Clair; while buds of fragrant flowers, half opening to salute the first blush of roseate morning, yielded their incense and sweetened all the air.

At this moment, when all nature had seemed to have sunk in soft and gentle slumber, and Sir Walter, in

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truth, slept most profoundly, a rude little butterfly, (as if weary of sipping the dews of the balmy flowers, and cloyed even with too much variety) found its way into the casement, and, without ceremony, fluttered around the couch where the warrior lay sleeping. At length, more bold and familiar grown, it perched upon his lip, and thus suddenly awoke him from his transient slumber.

" Little robber !" uttered he, gently fanning it away, but not to hurt it, " knowest thou not thou hast provoked my vengeance ? but go hence, and I will give thee liberty, as sweet, no doubt, to butterflies as men : and, ah, who can tell, if thou hast not thy feelings too, as well. Thou art as roving and as inconstant ; in that, at least, thou resemblest mankind."

So, moralizing and smiling all the while at the little trembler that he had taken prisoner in his hand, he approached the casement to set it free ; and gently drawing the transparent drapery of the curtains aside, beheld the shadow of two females gliding to a bower, o'ercanopied with roses, in which they presently seated themselves, with the calmest composure possible, perfectly unconscious, no doubt, that at this moment they had any witness of their actions but the bright shining firmament above them, or the dew-dropping flowers that scented the air with their balmy sweetness. There was a stately owl that nightly took her station on the battlements ; but, as no one went near to disturb her " ancient solitary reign," of which she had the entire possession, she was no interruption to the conversation which in a few minutes took place between the two ladies ; both of whom were clad in snowy vestments, and both were certainly young, if not beautiful : for

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Augustina

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1823.

UNIV. OF VIRGINIA

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the melody of the night warbling bird that pours its tuneful song upon the ravished ear, had not more sweetness in the sound than both these female voices had to the listening ear of Sir Walter De Ruthen.

Yet, they were so deeply veiled, that he could only discern, as the rays of the bright beaming moon fell on the white dresses in which they were clad, that they were females of exalted rank, but the features of each were hidden from his view; and, softly letting the curtain fall in the same direction as it was before, that he might not be observed, he applied his ear close to the casement, and caught, at different intervals, the subject on which they were conversing, although it was conveyed in low and whispering sentences: yet the name of St. Julian was audibly pronounced by one of them, and in the following manner:—

"Oh! my Antoinette! friend of my bosom! sister of my earliest dawn of youthful infancy! how do I grieve to tell you of my mother's cruelty—of my mother's injustice towards St. Julian! Ah, how my heart pants to redress his wrongs; how my tongue swells with rapture at his praise. But, oh, Antoinette, would you think that my mother has this day denied him succour or assistance in his so perilous and forlorn state—she has refused the supplies he has so humbly implored for the exhausted troops, that lay expiring on the ensanguined plains—even to the brave herald, his faithful page, Sir Walter De Ruthen, whom he sent hither, to entreat her friendship and her assistance. Oh, my Antoinette, how doth my heart melt with pity, and yet how unable am I to help his cause. She questioned me, sternly too, on the love I bore for St. Julian; and wondered much that our young

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hearts should e'er be twined together, or I for him should ever breathe a sigh :——me, who loved St. Julian more than the light of heaven ; and my dear father warranted this affection. I was taught to love St. Julian, long ere I knew the name of love ; and I have treasured him so dearly in my virgin bosom, that I think my heart will shortly break, if I never more behold him. Benvolio, too, the holy priest, whose counsels and whose friendship my mother so reveres,—he tells me, it is a crying sin to heaven to think of love ; but I have thought that heaven was more kind, than to punish me for what I could not help ; for I no more could help loving St. Julian, than I could help loving thee, my Antoinette, though the love I bear for him, and thee, are widely different. And, know you not what my mother and the holy father have been commanding me? Dost thou not know the promise I have partly made them, to become a virgin saint, and pass my life in holy exercises, in the sequestered bowers of the convent of

MARIETTE MOULINE?"

A death-like silence for some minutes prevailed, unbroken even by the voice of the whispering wind, till a response was at length mournfully made by the companion of the beauteous daughter of Albino, the Lady Augustina; for that it was she, Sir Walter could no longer doubt.

"A virgin saint in the bowers of the convent of Mariette Mouline! Almighty powers! and do I hear you rightly? and will my Augustina sign her passport to misery, for mockery like this? Doth heaven require such sacrifices as these, for the security of virtue? Are there, then, no bounds but an utter renun-

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ciation of all the blessings—of all the comforts—that heaven, in its goodness, hath given and provided for all earthly creatures; the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes that swim in the wide expanse of ocean,—do they not all enjoy the privileges and the sweets of nature? and, thinkest thou, to man or woman it is denied? or, that they should hide them in holy convents or religious sanctuaries, (so falsely termed) to fly from the exercises of virtue and humanity, for which performance, in the active duties of public life, there is more glory to be achieved, and a brighter crown will be prepared, than in holy cloisters, or canting whining sophistry of cold nuns, or false dissembling priests? Heed them not, then, I charge you, my Augustina, nor sell thy youthful beauties for hypocrisy like this; heaven hath made thee for more goodly purposes. Thou art young and beautiful, and what is more praise-worthy than either youth or beauty, thou art virtuous, and thy young bosom knows no guileful passions! Why then should Augustina shun that world she was born to adorn? Believe me, thou wouldst wrong thyself, and the mighty conqueror who adores thee still, shouldst thou once consent to become the voluntary slave of such a sacrifice."

"But, Antoinette, I have promised it to my mother, and Benvolio!" now uttered, in breathless accents, the affrighted maid.

"Then thou hast promised what thou canst never perform!" responded her companion; "or, if performing, thou art condemned, through ages of eternity, to suffer for thy rash vows. Hear me, Augustina, my beloved, in the lonely hour of midnight's fearful gloom, I rise, as from the precincts of the mouldering tomb, to

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visit thee, and to counsel thee against thy foes. My murdered Ferdinand is buried beneath the battlements of these walls: he was a vassal of thy great father's, and I was high in confidence with thy noble mother, then but a young maid, when Ferdinand first whispered his tale of love to me.

Thy mother, as with thee, would oft beguile my ear of men's treachery towards our helpless sex, and fain would have, had me enter the walls of the holy sanctuary, (for such they call it) to shun the embraces of Ferdinand; but, I disdained the vile hypocrisy they practised to deceive me, and, I married Ferdinand, in spite of all their arts. Thy mother, Augustina, never forgave me for disobeying her high authority, and I fled with my husband to avoid her anger. Remote, far in the wilds of Bohemian plains, I passed a life of peaceful bliss, in the arms of him who adored me, till the ruthless war broke out, and drove me frantic. Bound in the service of the Emperor Josephus, my husband left me, to sojourn in foreign climes,—to wield his sword in the service of his sovereign and his country. Alas! my sweetest lady, thou knowest then my woes began: Ferdinand unwillingly fought against your noble father, the great Albino! but he was taken prisoner, and brought hither. In vain I sought to obtain an interview with my wretched husband, but that was peremptorily denied; and, ah, I grieve to say, it was thy haughty and vindictive mother that refused this request to a wretched wife. I saw not Ferdinand, nor was granted permission to enter these walls, till told that he had fallen in battle, under the allied forces of your noble father. At your intercession, thou lovely kind-hearted maid, thy mother

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granted me her protection, and I came here a disconsolate widow, to attend, as a menial servant, in her household concerns! at the thought, I spurned! but my humble fortunes tempted me to accept of it."

"And blest was the hour that you did so for my sake, my dearest Antoinette," cried the daughter of Albino; "for, till you came, I had no companion—no friend to whom I could unburden my sorrows, or impart my secret griefs; and you are the only one to whom my mother will intrust me."

"And yet, I have had such fearful dreams—such dreadful foreboding dreams about my Ferdinand, that I would fain suspect he was hardly used."

"And why thinkest thou so, my Antoinette?" uttered Augustina, in a tremulous and faultering accent. "Thy late gallant husband, as I have heard, perished in the wars:—at least, I have heard my mother say so. And hath not my great father and my brother perished also? In the battle's heat have they not both fallen?"

"True, it hath been said so," uttered the now weeping Antoinette. "Thy father and thy brother died in valiant glory; but a different tale has reached my ear of my lost Ferdinand, in which, thy mother and the priest, Benvolio, has had some share. But let this matter pass. I will not grieve thy young heart with such appalling terrors. I have heard such tales, that in this gothic castle have been performed, as would blanch thy roseate cheek with fear, were I to reveal them.—Didst thou hear last night where they bestowed the page of St. Julian? a goodly warrior, they say,—a most gallant soldier!"

"No," softly replied Augustina; "but I know that

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he, in converse with my mother, did tarry late, and in the armory."

"And how didst thou know that?" enquired, curiously Antoinette. "I doubt thy mother's page, Sir Orville Faulkner, hath, of late, assumed a liberty of speech he never dared avail him in thy great father's time. Beware of him, my Augustina: I do not like his flattering looks,—far less, his flattering tongue."

"'Twas not my mother's page that informed me that Sir Walter De Ruthen was with her in the armory," rejoined Augustina; "it was the holy father, Benvolio; and much he feared that my mother would be surprised by treachery, while in council with St. Julian's page, and bade the guards to be alert and vigilant, in case such danger should be apprehended: but I did not hear of any. Although they were long in conference, they parted in peace and amity. I wonder much what Sir Walter said of St. Julian that made my mother so start, Antoinette; for, when I went to ask her blessing, as is my wonted custom, ere I retire to my chamber for the night, I found her pale and motionless—her eyes upraised to heaven, and humid with a tear! My mother doth not often shed tears, Antoinette: she wept not at my great father's death! no, nor my dear brother slain!"

"Nor would she weep had she ten thousand sons and gallant husbands slain!" responded Antoinette. "Some other grief than loss of them has stirred her complexion, and made her heaving bosom swell with sighs. Yet, it is strange she should so have parted with Sir Walter, and denied the succour he implored for St. Julian. Something, I wot, has passed between them

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that hath a reference to the state. Thy noble father and the Emperor Josephus were in bonds of amity till the Austrian army planted thorns between them, and the feudal wars broke out against him, and then he denounced vengeance on all those who had opposed his great authority, and murmured at his laws. And all but the then young St. Julian were dismissed from their offices of state in the court of Vienna; he alone gained the favour, and won the affections of the mighty emperor; and, but that he refused the hand of the Princess Geraldine, he had swayed the emperor still."

"How! Antoinette," uttered the daughter of Albino, in a yet more faultering accent; "and was this the cause that St. Julian was dimissed the service of the emperor? You much surprise me by the intelligence; yet delight, and fill my soul with rapture at the confirmation of St. Julian's love for his Augustina!"

"Which you would repay with eternal banishment, and eternal misery!" echoed Antoinette. "Thou wouldst consecrate, to the cold convent's gloom, and the cloistered cells, those smiling beauties, and those youthful charms, which to Julian only should belong. Augustina, as thou valuest life—and what isfar dearer than life itself, thy truth, thy honour—take not the holy vow! Enter not the convent of Mariette Mouline! from which, thou canst never more be free. Thy young bosom shut out from all earthly enjoyments—all social and endearing ties—all kind and tender interests—and all the residue of thy future days present one dreary blank! Lost to thyself, and to St. Julian,—irrevocably lost for ever!"

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CHAPTER III.

"There's a bower of Roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music, I never forget,
But oft, when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think,—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"

MOORE.

"IN pity, Antoinette, do not fright me with such foreboding terrors, and appalling fears," softly, yet mournfully replied the beauteous Augustina. "I will not take the holy vows my mother so entreats me, for all the riches that Bohemia boasts, since still St. Julian loves me with a zeal so fervent. But, how—how shall I avoid the pressing solicitation of my mother, and the stern and angry lectures of the holy father, Benvolio? To-morrow, when I shall attend the holy father, he will expect, nay positively demand, my final answer to his pious exhortations; and when, in the presence of my lady mother, he will more boldly assert the privileges of his holy functions, and the high authority with which she has, since the death of my noble father, so greatly invested him. Say then, my Antoinette, when trembling before my mother, and she

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sternly demands to have an ingenuous confession of my secret thoughts, how shall I dissemble? ah, teach me how to be a hypocrite!

"Then should I teach thee falsely, and the worst of hypocrites should I be then!" uttered Antoinette, in a voice at once spirited and decided. "No, my Augustina! Truth is a holy monitor, and when we turn aside from her warning voice, our path of life becomes bewildered with thorns: fear not thy mother, nor yet the crafty priest, in following the impulse that reason bids thee seek, without a moment's pause; and tell them boldly, you will never take the holy vow. Be resolute and firm,—implore of heaven the aid you will require, and though the earth shall shake from its foundation, you will be secure in a pure unruffled conscience, and pitying angels carry your petition into that court, where justice—mercy never is denied. I must leave thee, Augustina, already doth the roseate morn appear in yon blue ethereal sky: the guards too, ere long, will relieve each other on the weary watch; we must not be surprised together, but at early *matins* we will meet again; till then, my love, may all good angels visit thy repose! remember my counsel, and farewell!

"Farewell, dearest Antoinette," softly and mournfully responded the beauteous daughter of Albino, and cautiously stealing from the bower of roses, they separated, leaving Sir Walter De Ruthen charmed with the artless simplicity of the one, and the noble and frank ingenuous disposition of the other; and more firmly resolved than ever, to snatch the lovely Augustina from the impending danger which surrounded her, and the destiny which awaited her, if

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she listened to the persuasions of the crafty priest, or was frighted into compliance, by the arbitrary wishes of her stern mother: he longed most impatiently for the return of morning, that he might hold some private conference with the youthful page, Sir Orville Faulkner, and inform him of the perilous situation of the great Albino's daughter. If she remained beneath the Castle of St. Clair, a few hours hence would seal her fate, and this beauteous creature would become the victim of blind superstition and unrelenting parental authority; which her timid nature, and artless unsuspecting disposition would not be able to resist against such powerful assailants, opposed to her inexperienced youth and innocence. They would compel her to take the holy vow, at which she revolted, but from which, after having taken it, she could never be absolved, and thus she would be lost to St. Julian! lost to herself! and irrecoverably lost to that world she was formed to adorn! It is true, that the friend and confidant of Augustina had spoke of the Lady Margaret's page but slightingly,—but, it was possible that she imagined he was gaining ground in the opinion of his imperious mistress; and that, in consequence, he might use every effort in his power, to obtain the notice of this lovely unsuspecting maid, to listen to his vows of adoration, and thereby possess an influence which Antoinette, by no means, wished him to be in possession of; and, therefore, it was no wonder that she exerted all her eloquence and rhetoric in order to prevent the fatal consequences which would result by her lovely friend placing too much confidence in the friendship of so youthful and handsome a counsellor as Sir Orville Faulkner.

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For the graces which adorned the person of this young man, added to the *seemingly virtuous* propensities of his disposition, would have deceived one of far more discernment and experience, than the daughter of Albino—so artless, and pure of thought, that whoever told her a flattering tale, she believed! Perhaps it was the knowledge that Antoinette had gained of this disposition in her lovely friend, that had cautioned her against any persuasive argument, used to draw her from her duty, or induce her to listen to his solicitations.

But Antoinette was a woman, and an injured woman, not only from the treacherous arts of her *own sex*, but deceived by the false dissembling arts of the other; and, with respect to her husband, whom she called Ferdinand, Sir Walter De Ruthen had not the least doubt remaining on his mind, but that the blood-stained knight, who had that evening so mysteriously made his appearance in the armory while he was in conferance with the Lady Margaret, had been murdered in the Castle of St. Clair, for he had not the appearance of a mortal being; and, however averse Sir Walter was to credit the report of supernatural appearances, the figure of the blood-stained warrior, and the effects which it produced on the Lady Margaret, made him somewhat stagger in the belief that an influence did not prevail at peculiar times, and also, directed by supreme agency, that they should appear in the presence of such persons, by whom they had suffered such wrongs as could not be appeased or revenged, but by the timely warning they had given them of their crimes!

It was a fearful and a doubtful point, however, with

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Sir Walter to contend with the reality of such a circumstance, and so involved in dark and impenetrable mystery, that he left it to an after-time to reveal it. Yet it had been such as had never occurred to him before: he had faced the cannon's mouth, and had seen, and been familiar with the forms of death, approaching him with the most appalling terrors—he had slept beside warriors drenched with human gore, and whose last expiring sigh had been breathed on his bosom in that awful and tremendous hour of all human sufferings—a soldier's grave! whose short-lived moments would scarce admit of uttering farewell to all his loved companions in the field of martial glory, (so termed) e'er he closed his eyes for ever on all martial exploits, on all martial fame, and where little could avail him of all his gallant deeds, if none besides had recommended him to the throne of mercy!

Men are sent hither to act like men, and it matters not, whatever their callings or their occupations, while they perform the duties of humanity, and answer the great and grand purpose for which they were designed; and he who does this conscientiously, is, although placed in the most abject and humblest station of life, as great and as acceptable as the monarch seated on a throne. All this Sir Walter knew, nor valued himself upon the gallant actions he had performed, where the duties of his profession called him to the field: he did not place his glory there, or suppose that there was more merit to be ascribed to him for his being a soldier, than if he had been born a peasant; for he well knew, that whether in the most exalted station of life, or in the most lowly, that

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise:
> Act well your part! there all the honour lies!"

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Thus he considered all states, all ranks of life equal to his own, and wondered much that men should value themselves so much upon the pride of ancestry, or the exalted sphere in which they moved; when a breath would make them, or a breath dissolve them to their mother earth, with the poor worm that they so oft have trampled on and crushed beneath their feet, as unworthy of the existence, which, with man alike it shared! Still, however, though familiar to the sight of death, in all its various and appalling forms, no man had risen from the dead to tell him to what region he had flown, to tell of the past, or warn him of the future! Men had died on the ensanguined fields, and though never buried, had not after risen, to say, what aught befel them.

Some doubts, therefore, arose in the mind of the gallant warrior, as to the supernatural appearance of the blood-stained knight, who had that night so suddenly intruded himself into the presence of the Lady Margaret; whom, he believed, notwithstanding his terrific appearance, and the blood-stained marks he bore about him, was still an inhabitant of this world's earthly space: and that, for reasons most potent and powerful, he wished to conceal that earthly existence from the knowledge of the Lady of Albino, or the crafty priest, Benvolio, lest he might again be betrayed into their power; and that he had devised this stratagem, to awe the soul-subduing Margaret into the most appalling terror; at the sudden appearance of one, whom it was probable, she considered long since numbered with the silent dead, and, therefore, could no longer threaten or alarm her on the score of the injuries he had sustained under the immediate direction of the evil and malig-

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nant spirit, who possessed such unbounded influence over her mind and actions; and this evil spirit he believed to be no other than Benvolio, now, also, on the eve of sacrificing her only child to the crafty and pernicious doctrines, he had so falsely and sacrilegiously termed religion, and adoration to the laws of the Most High; but which, in fact, was nothing more in him than to hide a deceitful heart, a lying conscience, and a strong propensity to all the base passions that sink and degenerate mankind into little better than mere brutes.

Sir Walter was persuaded that the designing priest with all his pretended sanctity, was nothing more, and that he would find such e'er he bade farewell to the Castle of St. Clair; and the long wished-for hour for seeing Sir Orville Faulkner, soon arrived.

He entered his apartment at an early hour, by the command of his liege mistress, and respectfully saluted him; enquired most anxiously how he had passed the night, and informed him that the Lady Margaret was then waiting audience for him, in order to demand what ammunition and stores were immediately necessary to furnish the supplies of the great St. Julian; and to which, the youthful page, with the modest blush of ingenuousness glowing on his youthful cheek, added,—

"Gallant Sir Walter, well have you sped with our imperious and haughty mistress. By my truth, the private conference you held with the lady in the armory last night, hath done the state much service. What-e'er it was I know not; but, it is certain, that she hath relaxed much in her severity and rancour towards the youthful conqueror, whom before she hated: and she

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hath given orders, (which much surprise, and fill with astonishment her guards and vassals) that Sir Walter De Ruthen hath full liberty to march with these men beneath her battlement, or sojourn, as long as he may please, within the towers of St. Clair. She hath, likewise, charged me with commission to desire that you will attend her presence, after you have partaken of such refreshment as will best suit your palate, in order that you may name such supplies as will be forthcoming, for the allies, and the great St. Julian. Believe me, sir, none more rejoices at your successful embassy with the lady of Albino than I do. I wearied heaven with my prayers that you might not go from hence without your wishes granted; and that they are so, I thank the gods, who have given you such grace to move her: to all else, methinks, she would have been stern and unrelenting."

"Then, by my sword and buckler," cried Sir Walter, "it was not by flattery that I prevailed. I scorn to use a language that my soul disdains."

"Would to heaven that all men under courtly favours, and high in office of authority disdained the language you despise," uttered the youthful page, a brilliant colour mounting to his youthful cheek, in crimson dyes; "but all are not men who bear the human form, nor all soldiers who wear the military costume. May it please you, sir, to take your morning meal, after which, name the hour that I may have the honour of attending you to the Lady Margaret."

There was a frank and open ingenuousness which marked the fair brows of the youthful page, as he was about, respectfully, to retire; a smile played complacently on his fresh and roseate lip, and the soft ex-

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pression of his dark beaming eye promised that no deceit lurked in ambush there : and Sir Walter thought, that thus invited by his kindness and respectful courtesy, their could not be a fairer opportunity than the present one of disclosing his intended plans ; and to implore his assistance to favour his designs in behalf of the lovely Bohemian maid, whom, in a few hours, it was probable, would be beyond the possibility of any effort to rescue her from the power of priestcraft, or the machinations of her artful and insiduous mother. Lowering his voice, therefore, to the softest whisper, he entreated that he would stay awhile in his chamber, as he had a matter of some moment to convey to his private ear.

"And, in which your services will be much required," uttered Sir Walter,---"nay, your pity---your compassion. You are young, and pity, in the breast of youth, falls like the dew-drops on summer roses. For a beauteous lady I implore---I solicit your aid. There is none lovelier, worthier, under the bright beaming sun---the daughter of Albino !---would not Sir Orville make some sacrifices to save that matchless fair one ?"

The brilliant glow of crimson which had before so animated the features of the youthful page, faded to the palest hue. Surprise, and even fear, alternately possessed him, while, in alarmed and tremulous accents, he pronounced,—

"The daughter of Albino ! for her does Sir Walter so earnestly implore my aid, and solicits my assistance ! Heavenly powers ! is she then in danger ? what mean you, sir ? explain—quickly explain, I beseech you, why you imagine that Augustina is in want of my

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assistance? she whom angels visit with repose, and saints watch over as their choicest treasure,---who could harm such lovely innocence?"

"The spirit to whom innocence is hateful," cried Sir Walter, "and the demon who derides the power and the influence of virtue, because he can never feel the happiness which it produces. Evil cannot be allied to good, neither can innocence dwell with guilt, although human means are sometimes employed to make it share in its punishment."

"And what has guilt,—what has punishment to do with the fair Bohemian maid?" now impetuously demanded Sir Orville Faulkner.

To which, Sir Walter bluntly replied;---

"Much! if she is unwarily led into its intricate mazes by artful and insidious design, by canting hypocrisy, and false piety, and by seeking after the semblance of virtue, she will only grasp at the shadow."

"I do not understand you, Sir Walter De Ruthen," cried Sir Orville, colouring deeply, "nor know I, at what—at whom, your allusion points; if at myself, your fears for the beauteous lady are groundless: by the immortal powers, I would not wrong that lovely maid, to reign a monarch o'er a created world. But for her safety—for her happiness, what would not Orville Faulkner achieve? what perils not encounter? what weary hardships not undergo? Even to the holy land, where pilgrims kiss the shrine that they adore, barefoot would I wander for that sweet maiden; and ask no other boon, no other reward, than to behold one smile illumine her lovely cheek, and hear those lips more fresh and ripe than mountain berries, accent my

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name in kindness.——I ask no more, by holy——" Sir Orville paused.

"No more!" uttered Sir Walter, with an incredulous smile, and a sly insidious look; "by my sword and buckler, then, thou art the most modest serving gentleman in Christendom; and, by my faith, thy wishes are as moderate, were I to credit their report. But thinkest thou, boy, that I will e'er believe them? No! truly, thou hast too much young blood in thy veins, to feel so coldly when a young maid is the point in question,—and that maid is the daughter of the great Albino!"

"Whom I so loved, and so revered," faulteringly uttered Sir Orville, "that—that—that I——

"Cannot help loving his daughter, for the very life of you," uttered Sir Walter and smiled. "Well, Sir Orville, it is not my business to interrogate you about the state of your affections, which, if they lean to youth and beauty, and to merit withal, is very natural; for, if woman had not smiled, the very Garden of Eden itself had been a wild! For the Bohemian lady, there are more dangers pending o'er her beauteous head, beneath the battlements of St. Clair than you are aware of; and the authority I give for warning you of these dangers that assail and threaten her, was her own beauteous self! From the lips of Augustina I heard the confession, thrice repeated, and her mother, the Lady Margaret, in conjunction with the pious counsel of the priest, Benvolio, did much exhort the lovely maid to enter the Convent of Mariette Mouline, and to take the holy vows according to the conventual order of the sisterhood; which signifieth, that she and the

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world must separate for ever. By mere accident, I was stationed near the casement, that overlooketh yon beautiful, wild, and romantic plantation; and, as I gazed on the full orbed moon, which so brightly shed her silver light on the shadowy face of things; while I contemplated and adored, in silent wonder and admiration, the awful majesty of heaven; when all was still, but the night warbling bird, who breathed its song of melody through the acacia grove, sweetened by the spicy incense of the fragrant flowers,—two lovely figures, tall as the graceful pine, that bespoke the beauty of woman's loveliest form, glided to yon bower of budding roses, and quickly entered into sweet discourse. Methought the voice of one had a charm in the sound, e'en like unto music! the other, something more mellow, but not less grateful to the ear. St. Julian was the theme, and ever and anon they talked of Benvolio, till at last, the whole truth, sentence by sentence, was conveyed to my shocked, and suddenly alarmed senses,—that the intention of the Lady Margaret, aided by the pious counsel of her virtuous friend, is to sacrifice this lovely creature to the vile laws, mistaken and blind, of priestcraft, bigotry, and superstition! Forbid it heaven! and forbid it nature! that she, so formed to reign the partner of a monarch's bed, so heavenly gifted with beauty's fancied excellence, should have those smiling charms devoted to a cold cloister's gloom. Feels not thy young heart the cruel sacrifice she is about to make? pants not thy young heart to set her free? for thou canst do it, noble Faulkner, if thy will inclines that way. Hasten, then, ere these hateful rites are performed, and join with me to snatch her hence, far from the power of monkish priests,

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and her tyrannic mother: hasten, generous youth, to save a lovely woman from oppression, cruelty, and injustice. Pause not, linger not in thy resolves, but boldly say, that you will become a godlike hero, by the performance of a godlike action! for, great as the immortal gods is he, who flies to aid a helpless woman, and redress her wrongs!"

Astonishment, for a moment, deprived the youthful page of Lady Margaret of all power of utterance, for he knew that at a late hour he had observed Augustina and Madame La Roche, (for so was Antoinette called) enter the gardens of the pagoda, and that they were both deeply veiled, and earnestly engaged in conversation; but never had he the remotest thought of the cruel and arbitrary intentions of the Lady Margaret, or the fate she was preparing for her lovely child! And he shuddered at the idea, while he emphatically pronounced,—

"Oh! teach me how to save her! bid me fly o'er the wide expanse of ocean, or plunge in fiery Etna's burning flames, and I will do it, fearless, to save the sweet maiden from a fate so cruel!"

"Brave youth, thou needest not wing thy flight so far," uttered Sir Walter De Ruthen, "nor risk the dangers that thou wouldest so courageously share: there is a shorter way to serve the fortunes of the beauteous lady."

"Name it gallant Sir Walter," impatiently demanded Sir Orville Faulkner.

"First promise me thy implicit confidence," cried Sir Walter; "betrayed to Lady Margaret, we are undone for ever!"

"And can you think me guilty of so base and per-

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fidious an action?" uttered Sir Orville, while a blush, certainly indignant, for a moment dyed his manly cheek. Betray you to the Lady Margaret? I would perish first! and little does Sir Walter De Ruthen know of Orville Faulkner, to suspect him thus."

"And for that little knowledge I possess, I pray you pardon me," cried Sir Walter, hurt that he had unintentionally wounded the feelings of so spirited, and certainly, *to all appearance*, so amiable and disinterested a character; "but there is a lovely lady whom you love, in question, and there is a master, whom I am bound to serve with truth and loyalty, whom, you know, loves her too, and would woo her to his arms, were he able, by trampling empires under his feet. I am certainly placed in an awkward situation, Sir Orville Faulkner. You are the rival of the great St. Julian!"

"But I am also his friend, would St. Julian honour me with so sacred a title," replied the youthful page. "I am also his admirer, and would be his follower, did circumstances at this moment warrant it, with honour. For rivalship, I disclaim having any, with one so far above me: and, for interest in the heart of the Bohemian maid, presume I not to think of it. No, sir, the humble vassal, (but at best) of the great Albino, aspires not to the hand of his daughter. I have slumbered in dreams of bliss, and murmured forth the name of Augustina, but never dared I, when waking, approach the lovely maid, as one who had a right to address her in the language of love. Sir, if I love, I have concealed the passion with the honour and the prudence that may become a man in my situation, not less critical than your's; and, whatever truth or loyalty you bear your noble master, it should

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not teach you to suspect those who would willingly serve you. Alas, may I die young, if growing old, I thus impeach my fellow-men—my fellow-brothers! for I consider all men brothers, born together in a world of pain, of sorrow, and of weary pilgrimage; yet we are hourly journeying to that land, where all men should meet as brothers and as friends, whether in this world's earthly space they chanced to be rivals or foes. There is no rivalship in heaven, and all who are admitted there, are on equal terms. Sir Walter De Ruthen, you have pained me much; still, I will do all that I have professed, and, ah, much more beyond professions, were deeds within the limits of my power. Say how I can serve the daughter of Albino, and I will quickly do it, though life itself were the sacrifice, for Augustina."

"By my sword and buckler, thou art the bravest and the most manly youth that my eyes e'er looked upon," cried Sir Walter, eying the youthful page no longer with suspicion, but with looks of admiration, which he had no power now of suppressing; "and I will believe thee such, yes, I believe thee, thou most gallant youth, to be truly such as thy ingenuous countenance bespeaks thee—most just, most honourable—just to the cause of humanity and virtue. By the valour of a soldier, I here declare, though no one else is near to witness the assertion, (save alone the eye that never sleeps on human actions) that were the Bohemian maid my daughter, I should be puzzled to bestow her hand—were you alone the rival of St. Julian! But she is not mine, brave boy, and so let the matter pass. A soldier trifles when he talks of love; for love, as I take it, being made of such soft and 'witching mate-

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rials, would be apt to draw a man from his duty. Mark Anthony, when he loved Cleopatra, was no more a soldier; Troy was fired by the charms of Helen; and, by my sword and buckler, I would sooner face a cannon's roar than the eyes of one fair woman! She deals more deadly blows by one ecstatic glance—by one melodious accent, than whole armies of overpowering foes, howe'er so terrible. When I was a boy, I well remember, my father, in the rude noisy camp, used to get me in a corner of his tent, and there caution me to beware of a woman's smile, and a woman's tear; so that by habit, as it were, and a father's rigid doctrine, I shunned an intercourse with lovely woman: and they wondered much to see a youth, scarce growing from his teens, (for I had not yet numbered twenty) so averse to female manners—so insensible to woman's loveliness! It was strange, they said, it was passing strange; and some called me an unlicked cub, while others called me by names I will not mention: for there were old women in the camp, as well as young ones, and they all hated me. I led the life of a dog among them, while my father gloried in me for the counsel I had listened to. He bred me for a soldier! and war was the idol of my heart, in which I had no rival. At length, in India's burning clime, while exposed to summer's scorching heat, and, alternately, sent on duty to feel the icy chill of Lapland's freezing snows, I fell sick of a contagious fever, peculiar to the country, and I was borne to the hospital, with only soldiers for my nurse, and nature for my physician.

I struggled long with death—with youth—with a soldier's hardihood; I did not fear to die,—but it was the death I had to die, that made it terrible. I had

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gloried to have breathed my last sigh on the field of battle; and, as I lingered languishingly on the bed of feeble inanition, exhausted by my sufferings, I prayed one of the soldiers to shoot me, to put an end to them; and which he was about to execute—his arm already extended over my wasted and pallid form, aimed the threatening blow that was to exterminate my misery—he grasped the pistol—be quick! feebly articulated I; do thy duty—the duty thou owest to a friend, and a soldier! Boy, even at this moment, I hear the voice of the mediating angel, who, in woman's form, arrested the fatal and the deadly aim—it was a negro woman, who, unheard—who, unseen, had crept, in the darkness of the night, to my bedside, to moisten my parched lips, and allay the fever of my burning brain.

With the fury of a tygress, she hurled the pistol from the trembling hand of my brother soldier, who ne'er had trembled in his life before, while, in piteous accents, she exclaimed,—

"Why you killee him that God no killee? you no killee, because you no givee life,—you no killee, when negre woman here—dat me, sure! Massa, me give you drink, me give you meat, me give you plaintain leaf! bind him head, make pain leave you,—fever no come again,—plaintain leaf make all quite well, and massa glad, glad he no be killee!"

I returned no answer to this black angel of pity, whose heart so floated with the milk of human kindness, that she seemed, in my eyes, to resemble in purity, the alpine snows: but I suffered her to approach me, without rejecting the means she offered for my relief. Boy, imagine my transports, conceive my unbounded gratitude to this faithful creature, when at the

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expiration of three days, the raging fever left me; and, attended by my black nurse, night and day, I at last recovered, and appeared to my brother soldiers, as one who had arisen from the dead; so hopeless had they considered my condition.

Ah, then in my breast, first sprung my love for woman,—it was a new-born feeling, to me, unknown, unfelt before.

I acknowledged their influence, I owned their preeminence in the heart of man; and from that hour, when I looked on the face of a woman, I remembered that a woman's hand arrested the blow levelled at my heart by a brother soldier,—that a woman's kindness administered to my wants in the hour of sickness,—that a woman's voice imparted what man could never yet do—to make a soldier tremble! and an apostate bend to the holy shrine of nature, woman's loveliness and woman's truth! She is alike in all ages, and in all climes; and whether her complexion be white, brown, or black, her heart is the test of all human kindness; whether in the adverse hour, or in the days of prosperity, she is still the same constant, faithful, persevering being! Mother, maid, or wife, she discharges the tender duties which are incumbent upon her with the most admired patience and fortitude; and, though too often undeservedly harshly treated, never deserts the being whom she is bound to serve. If she is a wife, she is faithful to the chaste ties of honourable affection: if a mother, she there shines unequalled in the tender task which nature has assigned to her: if a daughter, dear and sacred, to her, are the parents to whom she owes her existence: if a sister, she performs a sister's duty to her brethren; and delicate are the bonds which subsist

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between a sister and a brother; a sister's love for him if he is kind to her, extends to every sacrifice that she can make for his sake. I have seen, and I have known what a sister can suffer for a dear brother, whom she loves. We had a deserter once in our regiment, and he was on the point of being shot for the crimes he had committed, and his apostacy to his sworn liege king, and country. I remember well the morning that was destined for his fate! already had the fatal guard who had watched o'er him through the night, dragged him from his dark dungeon, to which, for many long and tedious months, the poor wretch had been confined: but during this time, miracles had been working in his favour, by the exertions of a young and lovely sister. He had been in the service of the Emperor Josephus, of all others the most unpitying and inexorable, when his vengeance was provoked; and from whose ranks he had deserted. The young sister heard of his desertion, and was apprized of his fate, and, on the night before the order of his execution had arrived to St. Julian, she presented a petition to the officer of the guard, to meet the eye and melt the heart of the unrelenting Josephus; but it was contemptuously rejected, and she herself rudely repulsed, and turned from the grand entrance, through which the imperious emperor was about to pass, with the princess Geraldine, a kind and lovely maid, who had that day become of age.

The rejoicings of the people were loud and unanimous; and the princess wishing to evince her gratitude to a nation by whom she was so beloved, opened the windows of the carriage, as the royal cavalcade passed by, and bowed her beauteous head to each pas-

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sing stranger that wished her long life and happiness: while the mighty emperor, in the fulness of his heart, and pleased with the admiration and loyalty which his lovely daughter had inspired, promised to give a free pardon, on this day, to all who had offended against his laws, provided that they would amend their faults by better behaviour and more regular conduct.

At this moment of the declared proclamation, a piercing shriek was heard amidst the crowd, and rent the air with its agonized sound.

"Whence is the cause of those piteous and lamentable cries?" eagerly demanded the lovely Geraldine. "My royal sire, if ever pity touched thy heart, and sure it does on such a day as this, command that the sorrows of this wretched suppliant may be made known to us."

"And what wouldest thou do daughter, were they so?" vociferated Josephus.

To which the lovely maid instantly replied:

"I would both pity and redress their wrongs, were I able, sire, and you must, you will redress them, when thy daughter pleads. Pray let the wretched suppliant be brought before us; it was a woman's voice that mine ear assailed, and it is woman's duty to hear a woman's prayer."

The order of the beauteous Geraldine was instantly obeyed, and the sister of the poor deserter, sentenced to suffer death on the coming morrow, appeared before them.

She was a young maid, whose cheek blushed with modesty and beauty; and prostrate she fell at the feet of the mighty Emperor Josephus, and the Princess Geraldine.

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"Oh, thou who art mighty, and hast power," uttered she,—"and thou, who art lovely, and hast compassion soft nestled in thy snowy bosom, hear the plaint of a wretched maiden, who hath journeyed, sorrowing, to this land, that she might behold thee, and set her petition before thee. My brother is a deserter, and tomorrow he is condemned to die, in the camp of St. Julian. Recal the fatal mandate, mighty emperor; let not the natal hour, which gave to thee a beauteous daughter, be doomed to rob an aged mother of her only son."

"How! a deserter!" fiercely vociferated Josephus, his eye flashing with fury on the prostrate maid: "then it would be injustice to pardon him. Desertion is a crime that merits the punishment he has provoked: beyond all other crimes, I cannot pardon this. Maiden, go hence, I cannot grant thy suit,—thy brother's doom is fixed, and the sentence is irrevocable."

The young maid fainted, and was borne from the presence of the emperor, amidst the pitying sighs of a murmuring populace. But in two hours hence she was visited, in private, by the Princess Geraldine, who, throwing aside her costly garments, and seating herself at the side of the afflicted maiden, pronounced, in sweet and melodious accents, to her ravished ear,—

"Maiden, thy prayer is heard, and heaven, and pitying angels have rewarded thy pious affections, breathed so pure, so holily, for thy captive brother. He is free—by my father's authority, he is reprieved from the sentence, and the crime for which he was about to suffer. Speed thee to the camp of St. Julian, and bear this mandate with thee: it will rescue him, though at the point of death. Fly, then, to save him; here is money

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for thee: fly, gentle maiden, nor tarry here a moment longer: to me, no thanks are due, nor do I require them. I have done but my duty, and I am rewarded by the tear that bedews thy pale cheek, and the prayer of gratitude, that, when thou thinkest on Geraldine, will be heard on high. Go, gentle maiden, and may all good and holy spirits guard thee."

She came in the midst of the multitude who had been gathered together to witness the execution of the deserter. She appeared by the order of the Emperor Josephus, (uttered she) holding the mandate out to the guards, who, in a few successive moments, would have been commanded to do their duty. Already was the bandage placed over the brows of the unfortunate soldier. "My brother is pardoned! release him, and give him liberty, that he may behold his sister!" more loudly, but tremulously vociferated she.

And the deserter, now unbound by the hands of the soldiery, rushed into the extended arms of the heroic creature who had preserved him. All this have I seen of lovely woman! and seeing, will believe, that they are as true of heart as men in the hour of danger; and, by my sword and buckler, with all the courage and philosophy that man can boast of, I have always found that they are the greatest philosophers of the two.

"Sir, I do not doubt your assertion, after what you have related of the lovely sex," uttered Sir Orville Faulkner. "Now, then, to your point, gallant Sir Walter, say, how can I serve the fair Bohemian lady?"

"There is only one way," cried Sir Walter, "and that must be immediate flight?"

"But how achieved," answered Sir Orville, turning pale at the suggestion. "Whither must she go, were

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it possible to bear her from the towers of St. Clair?"

"That were an after-thought,—the present only claims our attention," answered Sir Walter De Ruthen, by no means willing that the name of St. Julian should once be mentioned in this affair. "Cannot I see the lady, and, through your entreaty, solicit conference with her? Have you no influence with her attendants, even she who spoke with her in the bower of roses?"

To which, the youthful page thoughtfully replied.—

"Of Madame La Roche, I will endeavour to gain you an audience, after she has been to *matins*. With the daughter of Albino, none bearing the form of man are permitted to approach her lovely person. Concealed from the bold familiar gaze of all who would behold the beauteous maid, none, save her waiting gentlewoman, dare venture to steal upon the sacred privacy of the apartments which are appropriated to her use. The lady has peremptorily forbidden any of her most favourite vassals to ask admission there, or seek conference with her lovely daughter, on peril of her extreme displeasure—nay, instant dismissal from her service."

"And goes not the holy father, Benvolio, sometimes to the apartments of the Lady Augustina," enquired Sir Walter, with sarcastic pleasantry; "surely the Lady Margaret would not exclude so pious and so chaste a friend—so active in the cause of virtue, and so zealously devoted to her young daughter's eternal happiness, to abstain from having access to her."

To which, Sir Orville ingenuously replied, (a crimson blush mounting to his cheek, as if occasioned by some involuntary sensation he felt, and could not overcome)—

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"However chaste, and piously disposed, the priest, Benvolio, does not enter there; for, by the imperious order of our liege mistress, guards are placed at the entrance of the doors, to check the bold advance of any presuming stranger; and none, save herself and Madame La Roche pass through them. Once, indeed, when the Lady Margaret was indisposed, and could not leave her chamber, she dispatched me with a *billet* to her fair and beauteous child; and I—I—was commanded to enter the blest abode of smiling innocence and beauty! Gods! how transcendantly lovely she appeared, as now, unveiled she sat, reclining on a sofa, in sweet and modest simplicity arrayed! her golden tresses, unbound, and waving gently on her snowy neck to the soft zephyr that wafted its fragrance in at the casement which o'erlooked the gardens of the pagoda; where the eye roved among woody recesses and romantic glades. The apartments too were sumptuously adorned: the sofa was of a light celestial blue, and the rich tapestry with which the chamber was ornamented, produced an effect so strikingly beautiful, that I could not contemplate it but with wonder and admiration; for they represented wood-nymphs, bearing on their heads baskets of flowers, while others, in fantastic shapes, were crowning little cupids with wreathes of roses. But she herself, the fairest nymph of all these smiling beauties—the living goddess of this enchanting scene!—on her I gaz'd with rapture! and from that very hour——"

"Cupid had finished his design," uttered Sir Walter, smilingly: "by my sword and buckler, I began to suspect that you was somewhat in danger of being besieged. Yes, it is doubtless, that from that very hour

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you loved the daughter of Albino; and, truly, there was temptation for thy young heart; and if thy young heart still so doats on the lovely maid, thou wilt yet do much to serve her. Give me audience, then, with this Madame La Roche, and I will propose such things as may immediately rescue the lovely lady from the fate that threatens her. She must away with me—with you if you are willing to go. You said, you loved St. Julian; prove, then, thy assertion, and fly with me these hated towers of St. Clair; and the companion of thy flight shall be a lovely one: the daughter of Albino shall bear us company—or quickly enter the convent of Mariette Mouline: choose thy alternative; stay, and see the lovely maiden receive the holy vow that shuts her from the world for ever—or, by to-morrow's dawn, hasten with me, far from these hated towers, so involved in treachery and mystery, to become what thy young heart pants to be—a soldier! and the follower of the great St, Julian! But we must take the lady with us; are you aware of this, and that a few hours hence, the fair Bohemian maid will be lost to us for ever."

To which, the youthful page replied,—

"I am aware, sir, of all you have said—of all that you propose, and I willingly enter into all your designs. I will go this moment, and watch the hour of *matins*,—whisper a word in the ear of Madame La Roche, and prepare her, entreat her, to receive your counsel. In an hour hence, expect to see me. In the mean time, I would have you attend the summons of the Lady Margaret: avoid the colour of suspicion, which, in these gloomy towers, is ever wont to walk, with the most gigantic strides."

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" Let me but see the daughter of Albino, and leave me to settle all beside," cried Sir Walter. " Go, speed thee, brave youth, and may all good angels prosper thee, and grant that thy embassy may prove successful in the cause of innocence and virtue."

" Amen !" piously ejaculated Sir Orville Faulkner: and the one respectfully retired, while the other endeavoured to appear calm and collected, as he was about to enter again the presence of her who in superior art and hypocrisy rivalled all woman-kind !

CHAPTER IV.

" Full fathom five, your Father lies !
Of his bones is coral made !
These are pearls---that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him but doth fade :---
And must suffer a sea-change
Into something new and strange !
Then come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;
Foot it featly, here and there,
And all the *rest* a *chorus* bear !"

SHAKSPEARE—*Tempest.*

AND in the presence of the Lady Margaret, Sir Walter De Ruthen again appeared ; but how different were the manners of this proud, haughty, and rebellious woman towards St. Julian's page now, than when before, as the humble supplicant of St. Julian's petition, he came to solicit her assistance in the

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cause of humanity, and suffrage of the poor nearly famished and exhausted soldiery. She, in her turn, was the humble supplicant now; for she was in fear of St. Julian's page! and she trembled, lest he should disclose to the ear of mortal, that which he had witnessed in the castle of St. Clair. Guilt marked every lineament of a countenance never lovely, even in the bloom of youth; and how terrible, how disgustingly hateful doth it appear, when it marks the brow of hoary headed age! and how just, that "guilt makes cowards of us all," however so lovely or renowned. Wealth, and all its boasted pride of bloated affluence and worldly power,—what are its advantages, and what are its comforts and its blessings, when compared to the inestimable treasures of a pure and spotless heart, an unruffled conscience, at ease with itself, and at peace with all mankind?

Alas! it is nothing! the most abject state of poverty is preferable; for poverty is no crime. It may depress, exhaust, and weary the poor languished and worn-out sufferer, who groans under its heavy burden; but it cannot debase, and may exalt, the human mind: and while it makes us sorrow for ourselves, it teaches us to feel and partake in the misfortunes of others; for, without a feeling for others, it is morally impossible to expect that the kindly hand who created us shall have compassion for us, when we deny the fellow-feeling to his creatures. It is unreasonable and presumptuous to imagine that we are protected, while we refuse protection to those who stand in need of our assistance; and however small our means, they are not to be weighed or extenuated for faults, or alleged as excuses for the want of humanity, when

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we behold a suffering fellow-creature pining under anguish. It may do well with worldly men, whose sole object is confined to this world's earthly space; but with the Power that rules above us, these excuses avail us nothing. The consciousness of having discharged our duty, while here we sojourn, will clear our passage to realms of everlasting bliss, where happiness eternal reigns, and peace is for evermore!

Various were the expressions which were alternately blended in the countenance of the Lady Margaret, at the approach of St. Julian's page: and she exclaimed, with a complacent air, strongly concealed under the mask of the most smiling hypocrisy,—

"Gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen, hast thou fared well under the battlements of the great Albino? have my vassals discharged their duty? and hast thou banquetted on that which best suits thy palate? Beshrew me, it would go ill with any one of my domestics that did not pay thee obedience."

"I have had that with which nature is sufficed, and he who requires more is unjust to the laws of nature," coolly and deliberately replied St Julian's page. "Now then to business, and to the purport of my great errand here, noble lady; you are willing to grant the supplies to St. Julian, are you not? be pleased then to give me a written order, for the immediate execution, and I will pay you monies for the assistance thereof. I have not read the terms of this negotiation: you, Lady Margaret, are apprized of their import: I must abide by your immediate and imperative decision, which cannot be delayed."

The negotiation was now a second time perused by

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the Lady Margaret, and the proposals agreed to, in all but giving her daughter in marriage to St. Julian.

"Which, for weighty reasons, thou knowest, gallant Sir Walter, it is not in my power to grant to the mighty conqueror," uttered the Lady, and smoothing her features to complacent and smiling courtesy: "to the convent of Mariette Mouline, I must in a few days hence journey, with my young daughter, there to witness the solemn and holy rites performed, and to offer up prayers in that blessed sanctuary, that her vows may be accepted. This thou wilt tell St. Julian, gallant Sir Walter."

"I will not forget a tittle of what thou hast commanded; by my sword and buckler, I will be faithful, even to the very sound of a word, my gentle dame," uttered Sir Walter, boldly; and drawing out a leathern bag, in which the monies given him by St. Julian were carefully deposited, and at sight of which, the eyes of the avaricious Margaret, sparkled with no small satisfaction.

"The keys of the fortress are in the possession of my treasurer, and here is the order, that thou mayest demand of him, in my name, such supplies as the monies are worth; and, beshrew me, I will do more than the terms do here warrant!" cried the Lady Margaret, fixing her eyes alternately on the paper and on the glittering gold that was spread before her: "thou shalt be furnished with horses to take the ammunition some leagues on thy wearisome journey; and may all good wishes speed thee on thy way, gallant soldier."

"Lady, I am rude in speech and manners," uttered Sir Walter, sarcastically, "and want the grace to give you back a compliment so courtly paid. Were

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the great St. Julian here, thou wouldst receive more praise, more gratitude, and eloquence of tongue, than I, his vassal, have the gift to shew. Now to your treasurer, lady, may it please you, that I may be conducted forthwith! and by to-morrow's dawn, we will leave your battlements with mighty thanks."

"It shall be ordered so," cried the Lady Margaret, with a most gracious smile; and handing over the order to Sir Walter, he beheld, with involuntary disgust and surprize, the name of Cardinal Benvolio, as lord also of the vast treasury in the Castle of St. Clair; and of whom, it was now necessary that he should obtain an audience, e'er his mission could be finally completed.

"The pious priest is then your treasurer, lady, as well as your confessor!" uttered Sir Walter, while a flash of crimson, for a moment, mounted to the before sallow cheek of great Albino's wife. "By my sword and buckler, the worthy gentleman hath a mighty trust; body and soul were too much for one agent to take charge of, and in one cause, holily and wisely too: and worldly matters do sometimes call us from heavenly duties, lady. But the pious priest, Benvolio, can study all these, not like unto other men; and, had he been a statesman, by my sword and buckler, he had been a pious priest still."

"Nay, now thou speakest slightingly of the holy father," uttered Margaret, with ill concealed displeasure lowering o'er her haughty brow: "he is the great Albino's friend! and as such I prize him."

"And for great Albino's lady, the holy father hath a friendship of some years growth: it is no wonder then that the pious man, having evinced such strong

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fidelity to his most virtuous lady, should be invested with such high authority and affairs of office, as surprize the state, and much offends the mighty Emperor Josephus; with whom the cardinal is no favourite! nay, start not, lady, I speak truly! The emperor disapproves the influence that Benvolio hath lately obtained in the castle of St. Clair, and much fears that he hath asserted it unworthily, and somewhat to the disadvantage of the vast possessions and the rich treasures left you by your late gallant lord. In the court of Vienna, there are rumours spread abroad that much tend to discredit the seeming integrity of this holy virtuous man. Look to it, lady, and so farewell! Beware of treachery, even under the specious form of sanctity and religion; it sometimes conceals a smiling hypocrite, and a fawning courtier.

"When the serpent of old approached the lovely Eve, for the wily purposes that he intended, and to seduce---to charm her mind from heaven, he came not, lady, in the form of evil; nor used he language that could aught alarm her chaste and delicate apprehensions. Had he done so, he well knew, she ne'er had sinned, nor the tempting apple ne'er been tasted; and, therefore, borrowed he the gentleness of virtue; and she, by virtue caught, fell into error, and became the victim of his deception. Was it not so, lady? Even so may not the great Margaret be seduced, and so fall? Beware, then, of the tempter, who, in the person of the cardinal, may assail thee; and thou, the wife of the great Albino, and the mother of the beauteous Augustina, may,---gods! let not the winds hear the dark tale, nor mountains listen to the echo, that would breathe a murmur against the bright fame of great Albino's wife!"

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"Fool! dolt! madman!" vociferated Margaret, now enraged beyond the power of endurance or concealment; "and would the winds or mountains trouble themselves, (since thou makest winds and mountains so intelligent with mortal intercourse, and mortal things) about the fame thou speakest of, that concerneth man or woman!---not that I care for the rumour spread abroad about the holy father; or that it e'er can stagger my great resolves, which no change in him shall ever know, till I find better cause than that which thou pretendest, to do him wrong in mine estimation. For the vast treasures which my lord hath left me, what doth that concern the state? since to the state I owe nothing, but to my great lord it is beholden much. All this I know, and do not fear the tongue of envious slander, that, belike, would bereave a poor widow of her just rights and privileges, could their malice or their rancour prevail, or do aught to change my purpose with Benvolio. But I will not be so dictated to, and I will be mistress of mine own estates, left me by my dear lord, to do that which best I please in my own domains. Were my son Fernando living, thou wouldst not dare to wag thy tongue in such rude and noisy insolence against his mother. Begone, therefore, and leave my battlements by to-morrow's dawn, and take the supplies for which thou hast paid the monies: but, mark me, Sir Walter De Ruthen, another hour shouldst thou linger here---thou, or thy vassals---thou shalt dearly pay for this thy great presumption, which much I thank St. Julian for."

"Lady, it is not to St. Julian thou shalt owe my vengeance," cried Sir Walter. "Since thou hast so fear-

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lessly braved my counsel, which meant so well to serve thee,—since thou art alike deaf to the voice of reason, or that which would give thee warning of the evil which is now pending o'er thy head,—I leave thee to thy fate, and to the pious counsels of thy ghostly confessor. Farewell, lady! in some adverse hour, perchance, we meet again; then shalt thou know thy friends from thy foes, and repent thee of a woman's falling weakness,—the two greatest that can befal her in human existence, —*passion and vanity!* To them I leave you: so, save you, gentle dame, farewell!"

So saying, and seizing the written order, for which he had paid the monies of St. Julian, for the supplies, lest, in a moment of frenzied rage, it might be countermanded by the now infuriated and indignant Lady Margaret, he attended Sir Orville Faulkner to the door; not deigning to bestow another glance on her whom he had left, notwithstanding the intrepid boldness of her character, overwhelmed with the tide of her furious and malignant passions. There were reasons most potent, however, for concealing them in the presence of the youthful page, as well as to hide them from the knowledge of her vassals. It was necessary, therefore, to adopt a seeming air of courteous civility towards St. Julian's page, which, at another time, her proud heart would have disdained. Besides, there were also reasons why Benvolio was not to be made acquainted with the nature of the sentiments of Sir Walter De Ruthen, or what the state alleged against his holy zeal. There were political reasons for all this to be hush'd up in silence, at least till the daughter of Albino had taken the holy vows, and entered the convent

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of Mariette Mouline; turning, therefore, towards her page, with constrained complacency, she exclaimed,—

"Faulkner, conduct Sir Walter de Ruthen to the great seal of the treasury, there to have access to the holy father, Benvolio; then see that he hath the provisions and ammunition he will have liberty to take from the stores of the garrison, well bestowed, ere he depart the towers of St. Clair; with cattle well caparisoned, to help him on his journey hence; and see that my bidding be obeyed with the nicest exactness and dispatch. So, save you, gallant soldier! and all imaginable success attend you to the camp of thy great and mighty master."

Sir Walter bowed his head in silence, which, as the indignant lady waved her hand for him to leave her presence, had more contempt in it than courtesy; and till he reached the place appointed for the meeting with the crafty priest, not a word was exchanged between him and the youthful page, although they had much to talk of.

They passed through the long winding passages and gothic chambers, till they reached that suite of apartments which were appropriated to the use and pleasure of the holy father, in profound silence; fearful that if they exchanged but a whisper with each other, that it would be heard and reported to the Lady Margaret by her watchful spies, who were placed in secret ambush, and lurked in every corner of the castle of St. Clair. At length, they reached the entrance of the cardinal's apartment, before which a sentinel walked on duty; and, ere they could enter there, demanded to know their business, and to give him the pass-word, before he could allow them to enter the postern-gate:

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on which Sir Orville pronounced, with great solemnity,—

"Friends to the high and mighty cardinal, the holy and pious father, Benvolio, we come on business from the Lady Margaret Albino."

"And by her order we are to admit you," surlily replied the sentinel: "you are the page of Lady Margaret,—that we are aware of; but who is the stranger that you have brought along with you, bearing the military costume of the Austrian army."

"Sir Walter De Ruthen!" indignantly answered the youthful page; "a right and gallant soldier! who hath also business with the Cardinal Benvolio: he is of exalted rank, and bears a high commission in the service of St. Julian, the Bohemian conqueror!"

"Whate'er his rank, it is to us indifferent, unless thou bearest the order for his admission here," cried the sentinel; "we are bound to have credentials, and those signed with the signature of our illustrious lady: let me behold them, and thou mayest pass freely."

Sir Orville Faulkner immediately produced them, and which, after being duly examined and handed over to the officer of the guard, no objection was now made to orders so imperative, although looks of suspicion and jealousy were exchanged, one with the other, as Sir Walter passed the postern-gate, with the intrepid gait of a bold warrior, little used to be treated with such fastidious ceremony, or opposed in his designs when he marched against an enemy.

"A goodly warrior, by my faith!" cried one of the soldiers, to which the other made no reply; but reaching the ear of Sir Walter, as he journeyed on with his youthful guide, he softly murmured, or rather, growled,

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(for the events of the morning had not rendered the temper of Sir Walter remarkably mild or forbearing, although several times exhorted to patience by Sir Orville Faulkner) "and, by my sword and buckler, thou shouldst find me such, should I meet thee and the cardinal, whose safety thou so closely watchest, in the camp of the great St. Julian! dastardly cowards all, and by bribery alone made faithful!"

"I beseech thee to moderate thy warmth, and thy petulance, gallant Sir Walter," uttered the page of Lady Margaret; "a word—a look, incautiously given or uttered, in an hour so critical, may expose us to the most imminent danger, and for ever frustrate our designs. Made captives within the towers of St. Clair, we never could escape the mysteries that lie concealed here."

"Never?" uttered Sir Walter, energetically.—"Young man, hast thou so little faith in Providence? or canst thou doubt the goodness of a just and omnipotent Being, whose power is superior to all human agency—to all human means? if thou dost, I pity thee. But for me, fearless I brave those mysteries you have spoken of; and, (but for the safety of the lovely maid whom we are about to rescue from the hands of tyrannic, and cruel, and arbitrary parental authority, and blind fanatic superstition) by holy Paul, I would not stir an inch from these battlements till they fell crumbling into dust, or were consumed by flames, on the head of the base usurper of Albino's rights;—the pious, holy imposter!—the sanctified libertine! who, in the pulpit, soars to preach doctrines which he ne'er has practised, and never means to do;—the wolf in sheep's clothing!—and let the world behold the monster in his

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natural form, and avoid the sight of him. Yet fear not that I will now mar the golden prospect that we have in view; and when you find me jogging on a pace, with a bit of spleen that I cannot get off my tongue, for the soul of me, when I think of the wrongs of that much-injured fallen hero, the great Albino, and his gallant son, who perished by his side, all through the vile machinations of that perfidious monster;—I say, brave boy, when thou seest me in the presence of this cold-blooded cardinal, and beholdest the colour of mine rushing to my cheek, like angry floods that would not be opposed in their course,—twitch then my sleeve, or, perchance, strike at my helmet; or, if thou canst come near to me, whisper the name of Augustina in my ear, and, by my sword and buckler, thou'lt find me mute as a stockfish, and quiet as a dormouse."

"We are here, great sir," uttered the youthful page, with a countenance somewhat agitated, and a manner by no means unmarked with trepidation: "we are now arrived at the grand avenue that leads to the cardinal's apartment."

"Silence is the watch-word then, and caution the order of the day," softly ejaculated Sir Walter De Ruthen, and smiled: "courage, boy! what art thou chicken hearted for; beshrew me, yon white-livered priest dare as well offend his high and mighty mistress, and lose the favour he hath gained in her affections, as wage war with either of us. I have a word—a little word, shall make his ghostly highness tremble beneath his silken robes; that would go nigh too to shake him from his pillar of fancied greatness, had I a mind to use it."

"I must, presently, twitch you on the sleeve, or

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strike you on the helmet, I fear sir," uttered Sir Orville, "for we are close at the cardinal's elbow: behold the guards, who will shortly conduct us to his presence."

The pass-word was now exchanged, and the grand entrance thrown open; and, after ascending a flight of marble steps, covered with the most costly crimson velvet, a page, as richly habited, waited to receive the errand which had brought them there to seek an audience with his holy highness, now seated on his throne of state.

"I will inform the Cardinal Benvolio of your approach," uttered he, and vanished in a moment, with the order of the Lady Margaret in his hand.

"Beshrew me, but there is nothing like two callings for a man that serveth the church," cried Sir Walter, in an under tone; "for the one doth serve the state, and the other serveth himself; and he is a wise and able servant that doth follow the duties of both masters, while he is feathering his nest all the good while at the expense of both these great masters. This is policy and religion, with a vengeance! is it not, boy?

"I must twitch your sleeve, Sir Walter," again as softly responded Sir Orville; and at this moment the page of the cardinal approached them.

"This way, sirs! will it please you to follow me?" with great solemnity, exclaimed he.

And so they did, to the great presence of the pious, holy man, seated, with all possible dignity in his high office, and bearing all his blushing honours about him.

But the most perceptible blush was that which crimsoned his features on the approach of Sir Walter De Ruthen, who neither bended his knee nor bowed

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his head before him; while all others had prostrated themselves according to the fashion of the times.

"Save you, holy father!" boldly pronounced Sir Walter, as he advanced as boldly towards the sumptuous canopy under which the cardinal was seated, in all his pomp and greatness; and, neither regarding the splendour which surrounded him, nor the homage which was paid him by the sycophants that servilely crouched to his all-commanding nod, he seated himself unceremoniously on a seat near one of the pillars; only uncovering his head of his weighty helmet, apparently to relieve himself of the heat which oppressed him: and laying his shield aside merely because he had no use for it at the present moment;—"Save you, holy father!" again uttered he, "and the blessing of your ghostly intercession for all us earthly sinners fall among us! For me, a poor unlucky wight, who has been dropped from the kind heavens, and lighted on a field of battle, where he has seen nought of the pleasures of this life; but blood and carnage, and poor murdered souls, who have expired without a friendly sermon being preached over them to conduct them on their journey to the other land,—you must not expect to find in me behaviour such as is suited to your holy calling; for I do confess, that I am marvellously ignorant of all such things; and marvellously stiff in the joints too, so that I cannot bend my knee unto your holy worship with the grace that may become me: but, as to the purport of my visit here, why you have the credentials before you that may save all trouble of my rude speech and manners; which might much offend your highness, were I to convey them in language of a rough soldier, and bred in camps. I am like the hare that

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followeth the hounds; I have an excellent scent, as it were, and can pounce upon an enemy when I know he is advancing, as well as I can use my mother tongue. You have there, may it please you, holy father, a slight memorandum of how the matter stands betwixt the master whom I serve and the Lady Margaret Albino. She hath been pleased to grant the supplies, that soldiers may not die of hunger when they have been fighting in the service of their sovereign. So by your leave, holy father, we will possess ourselves of the same, with all right and imaginable dispatch; seeing that I have tarried longer beneath these battlements than may become our necessities, and my noble master may take offence at the delay."

The rapidity with which Sir Walter De Ruthen had delivered to the cardinal the whole of this speech, had given him no time to demand a single interrogatory of the Lady Margaret's youthful page; and having perused her written order with great precision and solemnity, during which, his holy countenance had undergone several perceptible changes, he, in the mildest accents possible, addressed the intrepid warrior in the following words :—

"Whatever may be your wish to journey hence, Sir Walter De Ruthen, it cannot exceed mine that you may depart in peace from the towers of St. Clair; and that you may prosper in your ardent zeal and sworn fidelity to serve your liege master, the mighty conqueror, St. Julian; whose principles, as far as they extend to martial valour, have given him a name in arms, which, indeed, greatly surpass his youthful years, and have rendered him the idol of a people's praise and glory. I do commend him much, I say, for these his

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martial exploits; at his green age, when older warriors have retreated from the field, dismayed and overpowered by their foes. Yet in St. Julian there are faults which——" The holy father paused, and coloured deeply, for the stern eye of Sir Walter was fixed upon him, with the most scrutinizing attention, determined that no specious language that he could adopt should blind him to his well-known hypocrisy and sophistry of character; or that his smiling eloquence should for a moment tempt him to utter aught that should betray the confidence reposed in him by his mighty master: and the pause which the cardinal made was filled up, without a moment's delay, by Sir Walter, who, more loudly than ceremony warranted, in presence of so august a personage, exclaimed,—

"The faults of St. Julian, holy father, if any faults he hath, more than belong to frail mortality, neither concern you nor me; nor have they aught to do with my errand here. I beseech your holy highness, dispatch the business, and let me be gone; every moment that I tarry here is impregnated with danger and delay. Death hovers o'er the camp of St. Julian, and the exhausted soldiery lay wounded, and expiring in their tents for the supplies for which I have been sent; and they are granted—freely granted—by the lady of Albino, to whom I have paid the monies for the same: and whom else doth it concern? not you, holy father! Your office is to teach sinners to repentance, and show them the way to heaven! perform your duty as a churchman, and meddle not with the state! and giving you my good counsel, I bid your reverence farewell!"

"Thy intemperate warmth, Sir Walter De Ruthen,

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becomes you not, when I so courteously wooed you to my converse," uttered the cardinal, with assumed composure; "but go hence, even as it please you, I am not used to language so uncivil, so uncooth."

"No, truly!" cried Sir Walter, calmly replacing his helmet which he had taken off, "because you are not used to the language of *truth*, which I grant is sometimes uncivil in its letter of introduction to fawning hypocrites, and smiling soothsayers; you are better pleased with flattery, holy father, although your calling renders it profane; but, by my sword and buckler, it is a law that I inwardly despise, and throw it to the dogs to bay the moon with; for, it is said, that dogs are planet-struck sometimes, as well as priests with strange and idle phantasies that do trouble much the waters when we drink of them; but, whether true or false, I know not."

"Sir, it doth not become me to parly with such disorderly and opprobrious terms," cried the cardinal, still preserving a calm unruffled brow; and while he struggled with contentious passions, his pride and policy forbade him to reveal it. "Regarding the instructions of the Lady Margaret Albino, I will observe them Sir Walter,—at sunset all things shall be ready for your departure from these battlements, which much I fear hath been little benefited by your presence. But let that matter pass, heaven will protect its faithful votaries against the rancorous malice of its vindictive foes: the widowed wife and the fatherless child will not sue in vain, when they offer up their prayers in pure and fervent devotion to the most high and mighty One! A virgin saint soon will the daughter of Albino be! and safe within the walls of the holy

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sanctuary, she will be secure from the licentious approaches of the tempter that would seduce lovely woman from the path of virtue, and lead her into the profane haunts of men: and that it hath been my work, together with the spirit I adore to convert the young maid to such a miracle of wonder and of praise as surpasseth all womankind, the high and mighty heavens receive our thanks. The Lady Margaret too, that most discreet and virtuous matron, hath all due praise from the holy church, for the vestal saint she hath given to such heavenly purposes: whispering angels approve, and smile upon this deed, and naught but glory can attend it.

Bear this Sir Walter, even as thou wilt, to the camp of St. Julian; I know thou wilt not be tardy in thy intelligence, and however thou scornest the holy functions of my sacred order, I heed it not; but much I pity thee, who know'st no better."

"And would scorn to be taught by thee!" uttered Sir Walter, as he indignantly turned from the presence of the cardinal, who still concealing his rage, which now burned high within him, coldly and ostentatiously bade the warrior farewell; while on lady Margaret's page he smiled most graciously, and signing the order of the grand seal, to furnish the necessary supplies for the camp of St. Julian, he motioned to he guards to conduct them out of the postern gates; through which they passed with the same ceremony as before, only that Sir Walter, ever and anon, cast a look of triumph on the youthful page; which was alternately exchanged for one of a most contemptuous expression, thrown at the soldiery, who so strongly barrica-

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ded the entrance of the passage which led to the apartments of the Cardinal Benvolio.

"I thought that heaven had been sufficient to guard a pious priest," uttered he, as he passed the last centinel, who eyed him with suspicion, yet withal, could not help admiring the intrepid bravery of which he seemed possessed; "but, by my sword and buckler, here are locks, and bolts, and bars, and files and ranks, enough to stock a whole garrison with, that is laying wait for the approaches of an enemy, and is in fear of being besieged by them. Heaven save his most holy reverence, the pious cardinal, I say, from all such bold invaders of his blessed rights and privileges; but, by the faith of a soldier, it looketh not well, all these barricadings and these cautions, these bolts and bars, and these moats and draw-bridges. If a man stands at ease with himself and his own conscience, he would face danger as a man ought to do; for what hath innocence to do with fear? canst tell me that, Faulkner?"

To which Sir Orville responded, in a low voice,—

"Sir, I have had occasion to remind you more than once of your own proposition,—the twitching of your sleeve and the striking at your helmet, when you became intemperate in warmth, and hasty in passion,—but all, I fear'd, would have been to no purpose: a word now uttered against the cardinal, in the hearing of his guards, may authorize them to use violence with impunity. They are armed, we are defenceless."

"What when I bear a soldier's sword about me?" uttered Sir Walter, grasping it at the same moment firmly in his hand: to which, Sir Orville coolly replied,—

"It is true, sir! and that you would use it manfully,

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no doubt: but what is your sword opposed against many? Believe me, sir, I venerate your martial courage and your intrepid bravery; but reflect on your situation here in these battlements, where there are hundreds of soldiery all under the command of the Cardinal Benvolio, and you are here with only vassals four in number, whose lives would pay the forfeit of their temerity, did they offer opposition to the high authority with which the cardinal is invested here. I beseech you, sir, to hear me with patience, and to feign a forbearance which you do not feel; yet the safety of the lovely Augustina depends upon your calmness: opposition would be useless in this fearful hour; submit to the necessity of the moment, and that moment past, I will no more presume to dictate to one so far above me, but leave thee to thy discretion."

"Boy, hadst thou been Plato, thou couldst not have reasoned better," cried Sir Walter, smiling with complacency on the agitated features of the youthful page, and feeling more than ever convinced of his unshaken rectitude, and that he intended to be firm in his purpose, and just to the cause of St. Julian and the fair Bohemian maid; he added,—

"Boy, I will trust me to thy counsels, and I will abide by them, come what will, what may! Come, we will sojourn, and stay awhile to partake of some refreshment in the chambers which the Lady Margaret hath appointed me the use of, while the cardinal is giving orders that the supplies may be got in readiness, and truly he cannot deny that, though the influence of his ghostly counsel hath done much to sway the mind of Albino's wife, I do not think that from the conference I have held with her, (although it hath dis-

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pleased her greatly) hath tended to promote her future favour with the holy man. She is staggered in her belief of his firm faith to do her service in the state, and that much hath galled her, although, woman-like, she dared not confess it; and much less to me would she own that she ever thought less of Benvolio, for the hints that I had given her! I have left her thus, but, mark you, she did not part with me as one whom she ne'er wished to see again, or one who e'er would wrong her, having it in his power so to do. She hath been beguiled by a holy serpent, in that pious man, and now doth tremble at her weak credulity, which could yield so much to his persuasions. Believe me, boy, that women are not so much the fools we take them for; and Margaret hath a soul above the tameness of her quiet sex: she hath never been in her person lovely or desiring in the eyes of men; but she hath the witchery of twenty beauties in her tongue, and that induced the great Albino's lord to marry her. She won him, once a gay and gallant youth, not over wise, and scarce had numbered twenty, when his great father left him in full possession of the vast treasures of St. Clair: and Margaret then an heiress was, in her own right. How she wooed him to her arms, I know not, for many smiling beauties at that time contended for his hand. But Margaret was the only claimant that succeeded in an entire possession of his hand, (whate'er her doubtful claims to the possession of his heart) and in this she exulted. She had obtained all she wished; and, by superlative art and flattery, so entirely gained an ascendency over her weak and infatuated lord, as to induce him to be guided alone by her counsels; in addition to which, she was the mother of two lovely chil-

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dren, of whom Lord Albino was passionately fond. Augustina, the first fruits of his marriage with the Lady Margaret, was a paragon of beauty and smiling innocence, which she inherited from her father, of whom, in features, she was the exact model; and Fernando her brave brother, two years younger, not less resembled the manly graces of Lord Albino. Neither daughter nor son had the slightest resemblance of their haughty mother in person; and much less did they claim affinity with her proud and rebellious disposition, and her crafty and parsimonious principles. And while Albino lived,—and he lived long enough to inculcate in the minds of his children the influence of virtue, by which he himself was swayed; and by which they were taught to adore the Supreme more from the natural impulse of their own hearts, than compelled to do so from the mere outward forms of religion: and from this early bias, it was not in the power of their mother to dissuade them. The religious principles of the Lady Margaret were widely different, and she could not alter those so strongly engrafted in her children; they sought God in private,—she in public! they gave alms in the most secret manner, for the relief of the suffering and the distrest; not wishing that their benefactions should be made known, except to him who had inspired their hearts with pity: they implored the passing tribute of a sigh, but they dropped the mite for relief of the unfortunate in a way so delicate that it was unseen by the multitude: while the charities and bequests of the pious Lady Margaret were always enrolled in the public newspapers, by her own particular desire! that her goodness and her propensity to charitable deeds might never be doubted. There was policy,

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even in these matters of religious duties! for what is humanity but religious duties? and what is religion without humanity? Yet the Lady Margaret wished that her religion should be made public, and she had, for this pious purpose, an able counsellor and friend in the Cardinal Benvolio, then in high repute, from the purity of his doctrines and the high authority with which he was invested from the powers of the state: and in his hands large sums of money were deposited by the Lady Margaret to supply the wants of the several convents, who, from report of the holy father, were suffering under indigence and distress, on condition that this pious man would enrol her name among the number of the contributors of this charitable relief of the miseries of these cold and cloistered saints; and none groaned under the burden of poverty more than the holy sisterhood, shut out from light and day in the convent of Mariette Mouline, in which the holy father was a ghostly confessor; and in this convent he first obtained the notice, and also the favours of the Lady Margaret Albino, while engaged in his pious orgies, and charitable benefactions.

She beheld him, as then he was seated on his parochial throne, in the midst of an assembly that listened to his doctrines as though a second Saviour had descended from the skies to save, a second time, mankind.

Scarce arrived, but certainly not past the vigour of the prime of manhood, the holy prelate stood six feet high; and finely proportioned were his sinewy and polished limbs; fit for a statuary, he might have passed for an Apollo of Belvidere, had the priest numbered some years younger. But he was young

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enough to rivet the eyes of Lady Margaret towards him with pleasure—with wonder—with delight! although the pious, virtuous lady called it holy enthusiasm, and devout rapture! It might be such; but such it was as to induce the pious lady to seek an interview with the pious gentleman! and truly, at this period there was some temptation in the figure and the countenance of the holy father!

Whose features were perfect symmetry!—his hair of a light shade of auburn,---his complexion radiant and fair! his mouth small, and exhibiting a row of pearly teeth!—and his eyes blue, soft, and languishing!—his voice melodious, and his manners gentle and persuasive!

No wonder, then, that when summoned to the presence of the great Albino's lady, that he bended low in humble obedience to her; while he exalted himself a step or two higher in his own estimation, as she charged him with the great office of being treasurer to her charitable benefaction in the convent of Mariette Mouline, from which she had received such earnest petitions for relief.

And, for a while, he discharged these duties of commission, and continued to increase in favor with the lady of Albino; even so much had he influenced her with the spirit of his holy calling and devout zeal, that she commended him to her dear lord, to obtain a higher office of authority than even that which he had before in the court of Vienna; and, with her dear lord, the word of Lady Margaret was a law, and by habit, more than by choice, he granted her requests, and acceded to all her wishes, however absurd.

And, in due course of time, the priest Benvolio became a favourite with the Lord Albino, as much as

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with his lady, and a cardinal by the same specious means, you now behold him. Blame not the affairs of state, when a woman's smile, or a womans' frown, can overturn a mighty empire, give churchmen a place in parliament, and——" A gentle twitch of the sleeve from Sir Orville Faulkner, reminded the undaunted warrior that they were within hearing, and he postponed all further conversation to a more convenient opportunity.

CHAPTER V.

"Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force—by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man;
From smiling man, a slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire."

Dr. Young.

WHEN the attendants had entirely withdrawn from the apartments that Sir Walter de Ruthven occupied, during his abode at the castle, while he partook of the sumptuous meal which was spread before him; in which he had the company of Sir Orville Faulkner, by the express command of the Lady Margaret, that he

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might attend the warrior, in order to see that the supplies and the ammunition were all got in readiness, and well bestowed, for his final departure from the towers of St. Clair.

And, certainly, nothing could be more favourable or auspicious to their present designs on the lovely Augustina than these very commands of the Lady Margaret, which gave the youthful page and Sir Walter De Ruthen an opportunity of being together in private converse, and to consult on the best means now left of putting those plans into execution and effect.

Scarce were the attendants withdrawn, therefore, when it was proposed by Sir Orville that he should steal quietly into the gardens of the pagoda; *matins* being long since performed, and all having retired to their respective duties, save alone Madame La Roche and her lovely mistress, who were permitted to walk some hours there for healthful air and exercise; at which time they were seldom watched by the emissaries of Lady Margaret, or even the vigilant spies of the father Benvolio, who well knew there was no probability in these gardens that they would be approached by mortal being, much less that they would ever wander beyond the boundaries which it prescribed; and these were hours, for which Augustina and her faithful attendant, watched the approach, with the most eager delight and most transported joy: it was the only spot in which they could not be broken in upon by the intrusive gaze of the Lady Margaret's curious and prying attendants, —it was the only place where no unhallowed step could rob them of their three hours sweet discourse; and it was no wonder, then, that the bower of roses was their favorite retreat, to which they silently stole along

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after the vassals had retired to rest, and when no eye, save the great Creator's, was witness to their sacred intercourse of friendship.

Ere the sun sets all will be ready for your departure, and you will no longer be suffered to sojourn here when all is obtained that you came hither to seek. Pardon me, Sir Walter de Ruthven, if my bold speech offends; but I must speak plainly, ere you will give a patient hearing to my discourse.

"Well, and thou speakest rightly, boy!" answered Sir Walter; plain speaking and plain truth is the only language I have been taught to listen to."

"Well, then, sir, having displeased the Cardinal Benvolio," said Sir Orville, "I am in duty bound to forewarn you that every minute beyond the time limited for your stay beneath these battlements teems with danger. Although he did not part with you as one who had offended his holy highness, yet, believe me, he is possessed of ample power in his high office of authority to do you wrong; now wants he the inclination. The minutes, therefore, are precious between this and sunset; and I have much to perform in the great cause for which we are both so anxious,—the safety of the beauteous Augustina. In half an hour hence, she will be in the gardens of the pagoda with Madame La Roche, and there will I seek an opportunity of conversing with her, and introduce you, if possible, while they remain there. But this must be done immediately; in order to which, I will leave you for awhile; and begin my occupation: I will return and give you intelligence as soon as possible."

"By my sword and buckler, it were far better that I should go with thee," uttered Sir Walter, jocosely,

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"Thou canst let me wait in ambush behind some tree, or pop me into some gothic pavilion, while you engage with the ladies; then, if thou wantest assistance, call me forth, and I will be your faithful ally, my boy, through the rest of the business."

"Sir, had you not better let me reconnoitre a little first," replied the youthful page, smiling: "should you be discovered, by any accident, before I have spoken to Madame La Roche, the consequences might be fatal."

"Do, even as thou wilt, I will abide thy bidding; but see that thou return with some intelligence of the fair Bohemian lady," cried Sir Walter, "for, truly, boy, patience is a virtue that I am not much gifted with."

Sir Orville now departed on his embassy, leaving Sir Walter to reflect, for a moment, on the peculiarity of his situation. He was, in the first place, the sworn enemy both of the Lady Margaret Albino, and of the Cardinal Benvolio, whom he had much offended; and he was also anxious for the fate of the lovely victim they were about to sacrifice to false piety and fanatic superstition, who was the idol of the great St. Julian, whom he served with such unshaken zeal and fidelity that he would perish ere he would deceive him, or forfeit the implicit confidence he had reposed in his honour; and he had formed a daring and a dangerous enterprize, that no mortal man had ever risked before; and in this enterprize there was so much danger, that if it had failed, his life would become the forfeit of his temerity: to steal an heiress, and, also, a vestal saint, offered up to the convent of Mariette Mouline, was certain death, if the perpetrators of such a crime could be discovered;

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even if with her own consent she permitted it to take place, there was no escape from the sentence of the law, in Bohemia, in such a case; however strong the necessity, and however just the cause, provided that the offender became known, and it could not remain a secret long; nor could the protection even of the mighty conqueror, St. Julian, afford him the least assistance, even though Augustina had become his wife. Still he would suffer the sentence pronounced for his first offence in enticing her away from the roof of her mother; and, for the second offence, because her virgin vows had been offered up to the holy church: and, for a moment, Sir Walter suffered a momentary apprehension of the dangers which threatened him, even if his plans succeeded in taking the daughter of Albino from the castle of St. Clair, and placing her, in triumph, in the arms of St. Julian; but how momentary, in the breast of this faithful and intrepid soldier, was any sensation which was accompanied by fear; and the powerful emotions that weighed against it, were such as to induce him to abandon it altogether, and fearlessly to encounter death, in every shape to serve the master whom he loved.

And in this noble and generous resolve, Sir Walter had forgot the difficulties he had yet to surmount, or the dangers, also, which would befal another, equally zealous in the cause, though instigated, perhaps, from different motives. The situation of Sir Orville Faulkner was equally critical as his own, and though his apostacy to Lady Margaret would be attributed to his influence wholly, yet, in the flight of the Bohemian maid, he would equally be made chargeable, and become an equal sharer in the offense, and, consequently, in the punishment of such a crime: besides, Sir

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Walter had not once reflected that there was still the consent of Augustina herself, to be obtained, to her quitting the roof of her lady mother, and throwing herself under the immediate protection of St. Julian; perhaps the delicacy and the timidity of this lovely, elegant, and innocent maid, might shrink from a proposal so suddenly made; and that however stern and austere was her haughty mother, or peremptory in her commands, that the daughter of Albino, who imbibed the purest notions of propriety, from the virtuous principles of education inculcated in her by her noble father, would reflect on the duty that she owed to a parent; and that there would be some struggles and some feelings strongly opposed to her love, even for St. Julian.

Most anxiously, therefore, did Sir Walter wait for the arrival of the youthful page, from the gardens of the pagoda; scarcely in his short absence, (for Sir Orville Faulkner had not quitted him but half an hour,) being able to endure the torment of suspense—the most painful sensation in existence.

But at length he arrived, and the very first look that Sir Walter directed towards his pale and agitated countenance, convinced him, that their designs on the Bohemian lady had been unsuccessful, or had been detected; nor was he mistaken, for in breathless accents, Sir Orville exclaimed,—

"Sir, I grieve to tell you, that my utmost efforts have not been able to prevail; and that Augustina peremptorily refuses to leave the roof of her mother under circumstances which she conceives so derogatory to the character of a virtuous female; she deplores the cruelty of her fate, and the sufferings of St. Julian,

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with tears, confessing, that she so truly loved him, that to part with him eternally, in this world, was a bitter trial of her heart's anguish; but to live with St. Julian, although his lawful bride, and that he could make her empress of the whole created world, from her high sense of female honor, and female prudence, she must refuse, while loaded with a mother's curse, and a mother's vengeance; which, were she to abandon her paternal roof, would incessantly follow and pursue her, even though in the arms of a husband: yet she could not abandon her mother, from whom she derived her existence, and be happy, even in the embraces of her loved St. Julian, while she thought that her mother was rendered miserable for her sake."

"Then, by my sword and buckler, let the perverse fair one die a maid!" cried Sir Walter, highly incensed and mortified at the total failure of all his plans, with respect to his mighty master; "let her, with cloistered nuns, enjoy the pleasures of a convent's gloom, and waste out the sweet bloom of fresh and roseate youth, by midnight lamps, and, with holy friars, in black cowls and shaven heads, pass her days in silence and in nothingness; and, in blessed singleness, count her beads, till she grow weary of her holy pastime! If she hath a cheek of rose, which they say she hath, may the rose wither!—if she hath lilies in her snowy bosom, may the light of the holy taper, to which she pays her nightly orisons, discolour and change their pearly hue, till they be dark as the plumage of the night-screaming bird, the hideous raven!—if her tresses are as gold, which I have heard St. Julian describe them, may they turn grey ere she hath numbered twenty! and those rosy lips, which I have

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also heard him speak of with delight, till his soul sickened with rapture, to behold this woman-idol, that so early caught his boyish fancy, and whom no other hath superseded, in his great affections,—I say, that when those roseate lips first open, to pronounce the vows of everlasting virginity, to that cold sanctuary, which she has preferred to the great St. Julian's love—to reign the undivided empress of his heart and throne—may those lips be pale for ever, and never have life, or sweetness more! Fantastic maid! would that the great St. Julian, for whose hand princesses have contended, had sighed for aught but this Bohemian beauty, who so fickle and capricious is, that she doth not know her own mind; or, knowing it, would try what woman's power and woman's beauty can enforce over the noble heart that she hath made the captive of her charms. By my sword and buckler, were I the great St. Julian I would sigh no more for the coy maid, nor any such proud, scornful beauty, that would not seek to know the difference betwixt a cold, joyless, cloistered convent's gloom, to the happiness she would find in the arms of such a man as St. Julian. Thou hast never beheld him, Faulkner; but when thou dost, thou wilt say, the world boasts not his fellow: not yet arrived at the prime of manhood, although in youthful vigour, you ne'er beheld so perfect a form and face as that of the Bohemian conqueror; and I do not think that five and twenty summers have yet passed o'er his head; and he, in shining arms and deeds of valour, hath numbered twice as much; and yet he is to be slighted, forsooth, by this baby girl, as so, at best, I term her. Had she but possessed the mind and the heart of a heroine—nay, I do pronounce, had she been gifted

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with half the spirit of the Lady Margaret, who is her mother, she never had scorned St. Julian's love, or feared to encounter the perils of her safety, when such a bright star as him was to light her on her way. Love St. Julian! I will not believe the idle tale that e'er she loved, or knows the constancy of love's sweet passion; which in woman's heart, burns with far more ardour than ever man felt or knew! It is woman's element, and her sweet privilege to know no other passion that becomes her half so well! and for that, what hath not woman dared?—what perils, what dangers, hath not woman encountered?—what shame, what disgrace, hath she not shared? Ah! we are behind in woman—far, far behind—where love becomes a chaste and holy fire, that is not to be quenched by whole lengthened years of servitude, of hard suffering, and patient bondage. In sickness, or in sorrow—in wealth, or in prosperity, still woman's heart never changeth to the first object of her bosom's choice; faithful to the last expiring sigh that nature breathes, she is alone steadfast and unchanging in her fond affection! Through winter's icy snows, and summer's scorching heat, she ventures where her affection and her duty lead the way; even in death she clasps the cold clay, which in life she loved, and mourns, like the tender dove, for the spirit that is departed, and no longer her's,—still she regardeth it with decent ceremony, and suffereth no unhallowed step to approach it. Yet, oft blamed for her seeming inconstancy, when she weds a second, she is charged by the unfeeling and the licentious world, with levity, and even wantonness; as if celibacy in womankind, was any more a requisite or a necessary duty incumbent upon her, than

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upon man. But, rightly considered, it is far less so; for woman, from her delicate and fragile nature, stands in need of protection, and it is wise for her to seek it, and secure it, when she can. But, for this proud Bohemian beauty, she would both scorn and refuse the protection of the man who offers her both, and who loves her, as holy pilgrims love the holy shrine; yet she scorneth both, from mere maiden coyness and affected pride."

"Sir Walter De Ruthen, you wrong the beauteous maiden much!" uttered the youthful page, deeply colouring, and now feeling a resentment which he had no longer the power of suppressing; "by holy Paul! you wrong her by this foul reproach! she loves St. Julian with maiden modesty, she hath confessed to me she truly loves him."

"Why then doth she not seek his protection?" uttered Sir Walter, "and such protection as may not shame that maiden's modesty, which so highly you extol;—why doth she tamely submit to become the victim of arbitrary power, and prefer a cloister's gloom, to a life of happiness with the youthful conqueror, and Bohemia's glory and Bohemia's pride? unless thou canst tell me why, I will blame her still."

"Then you will blame her falsely, sir!" uttered Sir Orville; "but hear me out, and patiently listen to my discourse till I have made an end of it:—I hied me to the gardens of the pagoda, and, unseen, unwatched, by mortal eye, approached the bower of roses, where Madame La Roche and the beauteous daughter of Albino were sitting together in social converse.

They started at my accosting them, wondered how I had gained admission without the knowledge of the

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Lady Margaret, and briefly demanded to know my errand, and my business there; which I as briefly related, for there was no time for delay; and which, when I had made a finish of, had nearly produced fainting in the lovely maid. Thrice did her cheek turn pale, and thrice it flashed all o'er with a roseate red; while in faultering accents she demanded to know, at what hour you departed from the battlements of St. Clair, and in what manner you parted with the Cardinal Benvolio? and, when I told her, thrice turned her lovely cheek pale again, and thrice she blushed with crimson.

"My resolve is already made," uttered she: "bear to St. Julian the true love that a young maid has ever borne him; and if thou goest with Sir Walter, tell him the hard struggle, 'twixt love and duty, that you have seen me suffer! but, oh! do not let St. Julian think that the daughter of Albino will e'er consent to proceedings so rash and sudden: or, that I would become his bride, under circumstances of so mysterious and suspicious a nature! Shall my fair fame, which was the glory and the pride of my gallant father, be forfeited by an act like this?—shall I clandestinely leave my mother's house, and become the sport of scandal to idle fools, by a step so desperate? No! rather will I perish first! tell him this, and that the virtue which my dear father engrafted in my tender years, burns high within me; and I ne'er will shame his sacred counsels by an act that a maiden's modesty would blush to name; and yet I ne'er will shame to own that I love St. Julian! To my stern mother have I owned it, and to Benvolio have I oft confessed it. Yes! St. Julian is dear to me as the light of heaven, or the breath I draw! but with the pure flame of sacred virtue only can I love him."

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"Then you will take the holy vow, lady," uttered I, "and renounce St. Julian for ever?—must I, perforce, bear this message to Sir Walter, ere he departs to the camp of St. Julian? Answer quickly, for quickly must he leave your mother's battlements, or well you know the forfeit of his life would answer the offence of long tarrying here."

"The Bohemian maid for a while stood irresolute, like some beauteous statue that had not the gift of speech, or the power of motion; and much struck by her speechless grief, Madame La Roche importuned her for an answer, at the same moment that she reminded her it was no time to shew a woman's weakness, or to evince a woman's fear.

"Be firm, my Augustina," exclaimed she, "in this hour of peril, to thine own safety and to that of others, who would thus, in the face of danger, and even death, fain forth to secure thee. Think not of thy mother, or what she e'er would suffer; if thou art resolved to go with Sir Walter, or art resolved to stay, say at once thy resolution;—but what thy mother feels, or e'er would feel, to lose thee, it is contemptuous; and I would laugh to scorn such idle fears, were I the daughter of Albino, and were so beloved as thou art by a mighty and a youthful conqueror, who shines in such glory, like a bright star, that envious malice or envy, ne'er can reach to do him harm. I would defy a thousand mothers, and a thousand pious priests to oppose my youthful inclination, were all such mothers like the Lady Margaret, and all such pious priests, the Cardinal Benvolio!—Nay, why trembleat thou, my Augustina, and why doth thy cheek turn pale?"

For awhile, the lovely maid struggled with the soft tumults that filled her gentle breast with love and

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filial duty; and, oh! had you seen her, sir, as I did,—had you beheld her heaven-born countenance, as she turned expressively her eyes, blue as the azure heavens, full upon Madame La Roche, so moistened with tears, that they fell in torrents, and could not be restrained o'er her beauteous cheek,—like the dews that the first breath of morning sheds on the opening flowers,—so soft, so gentle, fell the tears of the Bohemian maid, as, in trembling accents, she thus addressed me,—

"Faulkner, I have ever thought that you bore a mind of virtue, and a kindness of disposition,—far, far from what I should have imagined, from the influence that prevails amongst all the vassals in the castle of St. Clair,—and, as such, I trust you with a high commission to St. Julian's page, the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen, whom, on no account, my mother wished me to see; but I know him well, and to St. Julian he bears an upright heart about him, and for that, I do much respect the gallant soldier. Tell him all this,—that Augustina bears in mind his loyal services, and his unshaken fidelity to his mighty master;—bear him this ring of precious gold, and tell him to wear it for my sake,—for that very love he owes St. Julian: and see that thou place it on his finger, Faulkner, ere he departs from the castle of St. Clair; but with it, bear also my heart's firm and irrevocable resolve. I will not quit my mother's roof clandestinely, though consuming flames bury me beneath my father's battlements! I will not consent to an act, that may sully my fair spotless fame with dishonour, or wound the feelings of my mother, to upbraid her child hereafter with the cause of her unhappiness. Dear is St. Julian

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to Augustina, as the light of heaven!—from a child I ever loved him;—the first name my infant lips pronounced, was the name of Julian: we lived and grew together, like berries on one stalk, or as twin roses, we twined together on one parent tree! I loved my young brother also: and I thought I loved St. Julian too, with the same innocent and chaste fondness, only with this difference was my affection marked between them,—that when St. Julian, in sportive play, used to call me his pretty sister, I know not how it was, that I so deeply blushed and sighed when I was left alone, and thanked the gods that he were not my brother; but, when Fernando called me his pretty sister, and as warmly did caress me, I neither blushed nor sighed, as I were wont to do with St. Julian: which made me oft suspect, as I grew to womanhood, that I felt that passion which bewilders womankind. My great father, too, would oft delight, when we sat alone, conversing in yon bower of roses, to steal some fancy from my girlish mind about the young boy who was the wonder and the pride of all Bohemia; and scraps and parcels he did slyly gather of such discourse as made him apt to think I loved St. Julian. And so I did, and so I do now; yet, I should disgrace the love I bear him, were I once to sully the brilliant light with which it burns! Tell Sir Walter this,—and that I will be true to virtue, and to St. Julian, while I breathe the breath of life, without this rash act he fain would have me take: nor will I e'er consent to take the holy vow! Never, in the sight of heaven, will I enter the convent of Mariette Mouline, the vestal saint they fain would have me be, and firm to this purpose I will be for evermore. Farewell, Faulkner!

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thou hast heard my last resolve; bear it to the gallant soldier, who is the follower of St. Julian's fortune, and if thou goest with him, may all good wishes and success attend thee on thy way; perchance we meet again in happier times, Faulkner, I'll ne'er forget the services thou hast rendered to me, nor the dangers thou wouldst so generously have encountered for the daughter of Albino: so, heaven save you, gentle sir, farewell!"

These were the last words, sir, I heard pronounced by the Bohemian maid; and, truly, I shall never forget the look she cast upon me as I left her beauteous presence. Alas! who can tell, if ever more I am destined to behold her?"

"By my sword and buckler! that can I not tell," uttered Sir Walter; "but a plague on all women, I say, when they are like to give a man so much pains to come at them. Not but what I prize the ring of this beauteous queen, whom thou art many fathoms deep in love with, boy, or I am much mistaken: and, beshrew me, it were a goodly task to take you from the sight of so dangerous a beauty. Well, then, now to the camp of St. Julian; and, since there is no hope of taking the lady with us, why we must e'en go by ourselves. If, indeed, thou art resolved to be the follower of the fortunes of St. Julian, be ready and resolute in thy resolves, for another day shall not dawn on me in these hateful battlements; to me more hateful from the disappointments I have so grievously sustained in my plans and wishes! If therefore, boy, you are determined to go, let us be jogging; but how will you contrive to steal away from the presence of your haughty mistress? There will be danger in your

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being seen with me, or any of my vassals, when once the ammunition is safely bestowed and all things ready for my departure; and, on the other hand, if thou journeyest after me, where shall we agree to meet? The country through which you will have to travel, is desolate and wild, and many of the passes are almost rendered inaccessible by the heavy rains, which at this season of the year, lay in complete sheets of water, near that part of the coast which leads to the camp of St. Julian. I fear me much, boy, that you will encounter danger, if thou journeyest without me; and if thou goest with me, thy danger will be no less, from the vengeance that will pursue thee from the Lady Margaret and the Cardinal Benvolio.

"There are other perils, too,—there are robbers and renegades lurking about the country through which you will have to pass. They may surprise—rob you, and would not hesitate to murder you, if they gained a single *sous* by the perpetration of such a crime, which they consider nothing in their lawless trade of blood and rapine. Now, boy, shouldst thou fall in the way of these blood-hounds, lurking on the banks of the dark Danube or sojourning in the forest that paves the way to the camp of our mighty conqueror, St. Julian, it would pierce me deeply to hear that such had been thy fate;—after thy brave young heart hath panted so much for the interest and the happiness of St. Julian and the Bohemian lady, it would, indeed, grieve me much to find that any ill had been the reward only of all thy pains. Tell me, then, how will you quit these hated battlements without discovery? or, can you aught advise how we may meet again, if, perchance, I go without you?'

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To which, the youthful page calmly replied,—

"Sir, long ere this hour, I considered the means by which I intend to escape, and to avoid the vigilance, as well as the vengeance of my pursuers; as, no doubt, some will pursue me, the moment I am missing in attendance at the accustomed hour on the person of my mistress. Believe me, I have not thought of this great danger, without some apprehension, that even liberty—nay, perhaps, life, would be the consequence of my desertion from the service of the Lady Margaret Albino, whose proud and haughty soul would not brook the nature of such an offence, without seeking punishment for the great crime I had committed, in defiance of her authority and the cardinal's;—nay, jealousy and suspicion, which form the greatest feature in her aspiring and proud rebellious disposition, would sign my passport to death, in lingering tortures, the very instant that my apostacy to her was discovered: for Lady Margaret is, by nature, cruel, Sir Walter; she delights to torture even those she loves; what then would she not do towards those whom she regards but coldly, or who are the objects of her direct vengeance?"

"By my sword and buckler, I do not exactly know but I have a tolerable shrewd guess," uttered Sir Walter, with a smile; "and, like a cat, hadst thou nine lives, she would catch you in her trap: would that her pious friend, the holy cardinal, were once caught in it, as I think he soon will be, before he has done with her. By the faith of a soldier, I would give the one half of mine inheritance, from the dear laurels I have gained in the field of glory, to see him caught in such a trap as Margaret's: did he once seriously

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offend her, his holy reverence would have a hard matter to break her bondage, with all his pious exhortations, and the prayers he puts up to the saints in the convent of Mariette Moulins. It would be a trap, from which none of them would be like to set him free! But come, tell me how you will escape this sybel, that hath a syren's tongue, with a hyæna's face?"

"There is but one way," answered Sir Orville, "and that requires your consent, ere I can perfectly achieve it: one of the vassals who accompanied you in your journey to these gothic towers, from the camp of St. Julian, is a Bohemian, his name——"

"Francisco!" quickly vociferated Sir Walter, "and, by my sword and buckler, a fellow of shrewd wit and apt invention; he is the bravest and the most courageous of the fellows who journeyed with me hither, and I have tried his fidelity on several occasions, and never found he played me falsely. He is a wight of some genius, too, although but obscurely born, with nought but his knapsack on his back, to help him on his road to fortune's favours; and, truly, I wot, the saucy jade hath not been very bountiful towards him; it is folly's children that she delights to smile on—it is men who have no souls, and women who have no hearts, that she visits; we know it well, but what o' that? when genius lets fall one feather of her wing, as she mounts the starry skies, the favoured happy mortal on whose head it lights, though it be a child of poverty, which oft it is, is rendered immortal by the gift, and is far better recompensed, than even by the sunny smiles of fickle fortune; for fortune oft deserts its votaries, but genius never! It ebbs and flows, indeed; but, if to energy aroused, the heavenly flame

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rekindles with a brighter glow, and with a purer light; it warms—it fires—it animates, to deeds that bloated affluence never felt, or splendid pomp and pleasure never knew! A kingdom of its own, it smiles on kings and queens, and envies not their greatness, their courtly favours and their crowns; which, being stripped off, make them mere earthly things! But what shall debase or lower genius, when to worth and virtue it is allied? it hath a crown unfading, and a kingdom of which monarchs might be proud to boast; but, by my sword and buckler, monarchs seldom wear it.—Well, as I was saying,—that this same Francisco, whom thou wert speaking of, is a man of genius, call him what else you please; an humble vassal in the service of St. Julian,—but the fellow bears an upright heart about him, and fortune may mock him, but she does not despise him! or, if she did, he hath the wit to laugh at it, and to bear her scorn in contemptuous silence. So he grows fat upon the very frowns that she doth breed, and looks saucy, and sings merrily; and in long winter nights he hath a store of witty sayings, that do make the soldiers laugh mightily,—and for that is Francisco much followed in the camp of St. Julian. A mirthful wight! that doth inspire good humour and harmony on all around him. What sayest thou of him, boy, and how camest thou in discourse with him?"

To which the youthful page replied,—

"Sir, his merry looks and cheerful pipe won my attention! As I passed the guard-room he was sitting in the midst of the soldiery, chaunting a ditty of his native country, which, ever and anon, pleased them so well, that they gave him sherbet, while some handed him segars,—and then he sung again! and, as I pass-

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ed, I stopped and listened! The air he sung with so much spirit, had, methought, a curious and inviting melody; and the words were as curiously whimsical and pleasant; seemingly designed on purpose, as I thought, to attract my attention towards him; and so it did, for the words ran thus, although the air was Spanish:—

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day,
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array:
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown,
Woe! woe! to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain;
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh, Glenallin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love lighted watch-fire,* all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead.
For a merciless sword shall on Culloden wave,—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave!
Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal;
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore;
And coming events cast their shadows before."

No sooner had the soldier finished his warlike ditty, than he received the applauses of his delighted and

* The Fire Fly, a beautiful insect, so called, from the brilliant light of its eyes, in this country.

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gratified auditors, with reiterated shouts; and the cheerful and enlivening glass again went round with mirthful glee, and increased jocular pleasantry. At length I was observed by one of your vassals, who, in a whisper, exclaimed to his merry companion,—

"You must take your pipes a note or two lower, Frank, or, by holy Paul, you may chance to rue the day you gave a merry stave in the castle of St. Clair; for behold, yon fair looking young gentleman is the page of the Lady Margaret Albino, and his coming here bodes us no good, Frank: I have watched him looking at that ugly mug of yours, this half hour!"

To which, Francisco, with a hearty laugh, replied,—

"Looking at thy fool's head! the more like, you silly goose, you! wherefore should the young gentleman bear an ill mind to us poor fellows, already here in bondage, and on duty to their master, and who beareth no evil towards him? what, in the name of all the saints, art thou afraid of, thou chicken-hearted loon? I will be sworn, he will do us no harm, though we sing loud enough to crack our sides, and move the vaulted heavens: by the faith of a soldier, there is that on his youthful brows, that I would trust my life with."

"And thou sayest truly!" uttered I, advancing towards him; "honest soldier, fear no harm from me, for neither thy life nor thy honour would be endangered by my means: besides, thou art the vassal of the gallant Sir Walter de Ruthen, whom I bear both love and loyalty to; and, therefore, thou art doubly safe, while I have the power to keep thee so. In short, sir, I have had frequent conversations with this Fran-

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cisco, since,——and——and——what think you has been the result?"

"By my sword and buckler, I cannot tell thee," cried Sir Walter, laughing: "hast thou commissioned him to storm the castle, or hang the pious cardinal upon a high tree, so that his holy reverence may be exalted to a higher eminence than he has ever yet attained?—or what hast thou charged him with? for, by my sword and buckler, that which thou hast charged him with, he will do with all good truth and honesty; and, by my faith, he will not leave it, till once it is accomplished."

"Why then, sir, I will tell you," cried the youthful page, "what he will do to serve me. We are to change habits and conditions:—he, the page of the Lady Margaret, shall, in my habiliments, at the darksome hour, appear; before which she will not need my attendance on her person, believing me to be engaged in the preparations for your departure from the battlements of St. Clair. Meanwhile, habited in the garb of Francisco, I seize the lucky moment for my escape, and for ever quit these hated towers. There will be no suspicion entertained till many hours after I have taken my flight; and Francisco tells me, that he will brave the rest, and fearlessly encounter what he does not fear—the rage, the vengeance, of the Lady Margaret. What thinkest thou now, Sir Walter, of my plans? is Francisco to be trusted, thinkest thou, with an enterprize so daring?"

"Verily, thou shouldst have preferred that interrogatory before thou hadst trusted him," uttered Sir Walter, after a thoughtful pause: "to confide thy whole history to a man of whom you knew so little,

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and then ask me if he were trust-worthy, would seem, young man, a mystery, did I not know the present motives of your conduct, and that, both execution and design, follow your purposes;—I will, therefore, put you out of all fear, on the score of Francisco's steady adherence to his word and honour; and that if he has promised to do all this, that he will do it at the peril of his safety beneath these gloomy battlements; and I think the plan admirable if it will succeed,—but that's a doubtful point, if it is not immediate: first tell me, if thou hast bribed him to achieve this mighty purpose; for bribery is a cursed cheat, let me tell ye, and will play the part of the foulest hypocrite, with some kind of men, who seemingly wear the form of the fairest virtue.—Hast thou bribed Francisco to risk this danger for thee?—if so, it is the moneys that he will save, and not thee."

"Sir, I thought that you had known the man better," cried Sir Orville, with spirited warmth, "for still you wrong him. It is true that I laid before him precious gold, and shining rubies, to tempt him to my purpose, but he rejected both—yes! by my soul and honor! the Bohemian soldier would not touch them, saying thus—

"Sir, though I am poor, I have never yet sold my word or honour for baubles such as these. The reward I seek is in the high heavens: and, if I have done rightly, I am better rewarded, where neither gold, nor shining jewels are the recompence for my favours. Speed thee to Sir Walter, and tell him, that Francisco means to serve thee, and I hope he knows me better than to think that bribery e'er has tempted me to do a kindly or a friendly act, to serve a fellow-man. Perchance we meet again, you will remember

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me, and give a soldier welcome, should my knapsack, fail me on a weary march; and, if thou shouldst forget me, which by my soul I do not think thou wilt, I will only say, Never mind it, Frank! because thou hast found ingratitude, for thy goodly deeds, from man —it is not strange, for, with him it is more common than with the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, or the finny tribe that swim in the ocean: for, they are natural to each other; but man, it would seem, though born in the same likeness, and after God's own image, is the only living creature that is discontented with his bounteous gifts, or sheweth unkindness to its fellow-creature. 'But to the point," continued Francisco, "I'll serve thee without bribery, or I will not serve thee at all."

"Then that soldier is a man!" exclaimed Sir Walter, energetically; "and thou mayest freely trust the perils of this adverse hour, and thy adventurous fortune, safely to the honour of his keeping; but, mark me, boy, and see that thou trust not to the semblance —'All are not men, who bear the human form!'—— Speed thee, then—get the stores in readiness,—put on the habit of Francisco, and soon, beyond these gloomy battlements, I'll lead thee to the mighty conqueror, high in arms, as he is unrivalled in victorious actions. Yes, my brave boy! soon shalt thou know what thy young heart so pants to feel and to practise—the experience of a soldier's fortune, and a soldier's fame

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CHAPTER VI.

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heaven.
Some safer world, in depths of woods embraced;
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold;
No fiends torment,—no christians thirst for gold."

POPE.

THE departing rays of the setting sun, glorious to behold as at the rise of morning, had already tipt with gold the gothic towers of St. Clair; while a clear cloudless sky, of soft celestial blue, was streaked with tints of roseate red. Calm and unruffled was the white bosomed ocean, which seemed to invite the majestic god of day to linger there.

The very air had a charmed stillness in it; and gentle was the lullaby of the whispering winds that fanned the breeze, and hushed to silence and to peace the face of nature, and bid it taste of bliss; while heaven, so indulgent, smiled upon the earth it made. There was but a lone bird in the woods, and that was the eve

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warbling nightingale; and she complained, for she had lost her brood of little nestlings, and her tender mate, that man—remorseless and rapacious man—had, in the early morning of that day, laid cruel siege to, and destroyed: to gratify what?—his love of power o'er a harmless race! as the blood-hound follows the scent of the timid hare, and little recks he the desolation he has made. But, to proceed,—such was the evening destined to behold the departure of the brave and gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen, from the proud battlements of the Lady Margaret Albino; and speedy was the transformation of the youthful page; in the habit of Francisco, he soon appeared to Sir Walter,—so well disguised indeed, his fair proportionate figure, and so stained his blooming cheek, with the colour that Francisco had prepared for him, that he might have passed well for the Bohemian soldier in the grey shades of evening, while only to silence he kept himself confined, and to which he was strictly enjoined by Sir Walter; who, surveying him with evident looks of satisfaction, exclaimed,—

"By my sword and buckler, thou lookest well, and a better man than thou wert before, with all thy peacock finery; and that sword doth well become thee, boy. Tush! tush! why tremblest thou? who would be a serving man, when they can be a soldier? and gain a name in arms, and mount the fiery steed, and hear the cannons rattle, and hear the shouts of victory resounding from tent to tent!—Oh! it hath an animating sound, my boy! it warms the coldest heart to rapture, to glory, to actions of the brave, and makes men feel gods! Then why tremblest thou, now

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that thou hast accomplished even the very purpose of thy inmost soul?"

"Sir, I do not tremble for that which thou hast painted to me in such glaring colours," uttered the youthful page, with a long suppressed and struggled sigh; "it is not the dangers that I may e'er encounter in battle, that prompts this struggled sigh,—nor is it the glory of conquest that now fills my anxious breast with rapture! No, by yon shining firmament of heaven, that now so brightly glows, as it would seem, that the sweet angels had met in consultation, to decide on mortal's fate; nor yet the air so still and heavenly, nor yet the balmy fragrance of those flowers, nor the moon's heaven giving light, that so absorbs my mind in strange disordered thoughts—that makes me tremble at the very breeze that stirs the foliage of those dark pines that wave above us;—but it is the thought of the Bohemian maid, that so disquiets me, ere I depart for ever from these battlements. Look, sir, yonder is the casement o'ershadowed with moss and ivy, that conceals the lovely maid from our observation: perhaps she sits reclined against that casement, and sees us depart, without one kind farewell, one kind look. Alas! sir, the thought that the Bohemian maid would accuse me of cruelty, is more than I could bear: cannot I bid her farewell, without danger, think you? if so, I would hazard much for Augustina, ere I lost sight of her sweet form for ever."

"Thou wouldst hazard a fool's head!" cried Sir Walter. "What, hast thou not risked enough for the sake of this proud scornful beauty, but you must needs thrust your nose into greater dangers for her coy

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ladyship? beshrew me, I would sooner journey me to Loretto's shrine, than travel with a man so warm in love as thou art. Wherefore shouldst thou see her, I pray thee, or bid her farewell, more than thou hast done already? if to St. Julian, whom she has confessed that she loveth more than mortal race, she can so coldly turn,—thinkest thou, she will bestow a word on thee? Come, boy, let us begone from these hateful towers, which, by the faith of a soldier, I ne'er desire to see more, till I behold them a pile of mouldering ruins, with the cardinal's head swinging at the top of them."

"May that day be far distant, I beseech you, sir," uttered the youthful page, "were it only for the sake of the lovely Bohemian lady."

"Who will be taken care of, long before that hour arrives," responded Sir Walter, significantly.

"The necessaries are all bestowed; the attendants and the equipage are all in readiness for instant departure, and wait for us at the entrance of the great postern-gates," uttered Sir Orville Faulkner; "and I have an order to pass you and the cavalcade over the ramparts, signed by the cardinal. The waggons are loaded with ammunition, and the provisions are of the most excellent quality; the horses strong, and fleet as Arabian coursers; and the men, who are to conduct you some leagues on your journey, finely comparisoned."

"There is more pride than liberality displayed in that," cried Sir Walter; "I know the haughty and ambitious mind of great Albino's wife would disdain an appearance of poverty in the eye of St. Julian, were she really poor,—but, by my faith, she has

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wealth unbounded, and cannot count her riches; but 'the love of money is the root of all evil:' never philosopher, statesman, or politician, uttered a wiser or profounder saying. I have, boy, since my earliest contemplation, studied the origin of the moral and political evils of what they call civilized society, and I have at length succeeded; I have tried to trace them to their source,—I have discovered that they all flow from the desire of acquisition—from the love of wealth—and, if I may so term it, (and, by my faith, I do not think I term it wrong) from the love of lucre. And to this I have traced all our feudal wars—all our quarrels and litigations; to this I have traced all our vices and all our crimes; to this also have I traced all our fraud, imposition, duplicity, lying, perjury, distrust, jealousy, hard-heartedness, hatred, and rancour. It is the love of money, and the love of gain, that makes all the catalogue of human crimes complete: and it is this disposition that has rendered the Lady Margaret Albino what you now behold her—ready to sacrifice her only child, and that a young and lovely female, to this curst and insatiate love of avarice and ambition. Yes, she deposits in the convent of Mariette Mouline certain sums of money, which will be doubly repaid, with interest, when this beauteous victim shall become a member of their unholy rites—for tell me not of loveliness or virtue, when nature and virtue are perverted by a direct opposition to its sweet, sacred, and wise intentions. Man was not born or created to live alone, or why had all-kind and bounteous Heaven given Eve to his arms? and if man was not born to live alone, why should woman? The poor Indian finds happiness because he finds content: the poor untutored Indian,

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who 'sees his God in the clouds, and hears him in the wind,'—he is called savage; but, believe me, he is happier far than us—than in a state of polished civilization,—because he is in a state of nature. But in refinement—in the mercenary busy world, where all is traffic, and the love of gain, not one of us, in court or cottage, finds happiness, because no one finds content; though, certainly, of the little that exists among us, the much greater share, both moralist and philosopher, and poet, and novelist, agree, is found in the cottage; for they, with all their poverty and rustic toil—with all their hardships and their misery—with all their ignorance of the polish and the brilliancy of life, are happier than riches and acquisition, with all their convenience, and all their advancement in splendour and the accomplished art of living in a great world; when, at the best, they know so little,—die,—and are forgotten; their only epitaph,

"A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

Boy, thou must know this ere thou thyself die, or thou wilt know nothing."

To which, the youthful page replied,—

"Sir, short has been my life, but long has been my experience in the towers of St. Clair; and I should have made but little use of that experience, had I not turned it to my advantage."

"And what has that experience taught you, my brave boy," cried Sir Walter, surveying the warm animated glow which now crimsoned the countenance of his youthful companion.

"It has taught me this," modestly replied Sir Orville Faulkner, "(and oh, may it never teach me

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worse) " that to the misplacing of our passions, we owe most of our errors ; ambitious of eminence where we are most restrained, we are more jealous of our intellectual than our moral merit ; we are content to be thought cruel, provided we are thought wise and sagacious ; and, to support the fancied stateliness of worldly wisdom, often descend below the rank of the common hangman ; we catch at a revenge, or ordinary offence offered by our fellow-men, not palliated by the plea of provocation, and thus we show the spirit of revenge, at which a man should blush, and a christian tremble."

" And, by my faith, boy, if thou hast learnt thus, thy experience cannot teach thee better," uttered Sir Walter ; " for real preeminence, whatever our condition, is ever bestowed by the hand of generous forbearance ; and the most thrilling flattery, is the voice of misery relieved,—to see the tear of gratitude swelling in the eye, and the features throbbing with the emotions of a grateful heart,—to see happiness, like a new creation, brightening up at our touch, and feeling ourselves rising in the estimation of the supreme Being. These create a pride, which humanity may avow, and a superiority which will survive the fleeting phantoms of distinction, to time's eternal register : and be this thine in the battle's heat ; it will spur thee on to conquest in the hour of peril,—it will give thee courage against the relentless foe,—in the hour of death it will disarm it of its approaching terrors, and the angel who is sent on his awful mission, will, in pity, drop one gentle tear, softly close thy eyelids, and waft thee to regions of eternal bliss for evermore. Reflect, dear boy, when all aid is vain to frail and suffer-

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ing mortals,—when joy is fled, and the soul begins to disentangle itself, and to feel the presages of the approaching future, from a consciousness of the past,—when the stage of life becomes darkened, and the great much talked of scene begins to realize, and open on the view,—the debts we have remitted, the wrongs we have forgiven, and the miseries we have relieved, will play, with cherub faces, round the fancy, and turn to rapture the pangs of dissolution. Now let us depart, in peace and quietness, from these battlements; and peace be unto all that dwell within them, save the mighty cardinal, and he ne'er wishes peace to any. There is a kind of hostile war between his reverence with all mankind who do not flatter, fawn, and cringe, and play the smiling hypocrite; but that my soul disdains to do, were it to serve a monarch on his throne, much less he, who is none, and nothing was, and nothing is, save his pride and craftiness, and his assumption to the favour of Albino's lady. Come, boy, give me thy arm, nor cast thine eye on yon bowers, where last you beheld the Bohemian maid; love and beauty are dangerous opponents to a soldier's courage,—his only motto should be 'Battle, death, or victory;' and the shield that covers the heart of the brave, nobly resolved to conquer or to die, is 'God and our native land.'"

With these concluding words, the gallant warrior, having buckled on his armour, and placed his helmet on his head, sallied forth with the so ingeniously disguised page, that, in the habit of Francisco, he passed the guards and soldiery, till they reached the postern-gate, without suspicion, and so on till they arrived at the draw-bridge, where the cavalcade and the attend-

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ants of Sir Walter De Ruthen waited his approach; and soon they mounted their chargers, in silence,—Sir Walter, only waving his hand to the surrounding soldiery as he set spurs to the steed on which he was mounted; and a more gallant and warlike appearance never soldier exhibited. At length the command was given for the cavalcade to advance; the horses were put in motion, and the martial flag, bearing the arms and colours of the great St. Julian, hoisted in front of the waggons.

"On, my good fellows!" vociferated Sir Walter; and whispering to Sir Orville to set spurs to his horse, and keep close to his side, the whole procession moved rapidly away, leaving far behind them the grey monastic towers of St. Clair, that the setting sun no longer gilded with its golden rays; and sober twilight evening was coming fast on—two or three bright stars had already appeared, and shone in the hemisphere, as if to light the warrior on his way. Over a wild heath they jogged apace, and passed a few straggling huts, chiefly inhabited by shepherds; but they were lone and dark, not a light was visible, and no chimnies smoked, to give warning that a cheerful blaze was kindling within them. Naught could be heard by the advancing travellers on this wild, rude, desolate heath, but the distant howl of the shepherd's curs, intermixt, at moments, with the screaming of the raven; still the air was fresh and sweet, and, as the horses' hoofs dashed into the opening flowers, wet with the dropping dews of the evening, they snorted, and snuffed the balmy fragrance which was exhaled from them. For leagues they journeyed without encountering any living objects, save a few harmless asses and their young foals,

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who had been left by their equally harmless and innoffensive masters, to browse on what the wild heath afforded, and were sleeping beside them: and till then not a syllable had been exchanged between Sir Walter and his youthful companion, fearful that the slightest whisper would betray the voice of the page to the vassals and horsemen of the Lady Margaret Albino, and discover, through his rough disguise and grim visage, the pretty page; for Francisco had given him a pair of tremendous mustachios, the more to conceal his blooming and soft gentle features; and, in all but his voice, he resembled the Bohemian soldier. But the cavalcade were now some way before, and, in a low voice, Sir Walter exclaimed,—"Well, boy, how farest thou, now thou art some miles distant from the towers of St. Clair, and journeying on to the camp of St. Julian? By my sword and buckler, we have had a smartish bit of a breather over yon wild heath that skirts the borders of the Black Forest, through which we must, perforce, journey, ere we can stop our steeds; but after that, we will halt awhile, and let the fellows take refreshment. There is a tolerable good house of entertainment on the road side about a league or two distant, who are accustomed to deal with the soldiery; they will treat us kindly for our monies' sake, if not for that of hospitality. Besides, they stand in fear of us in these turbulent and rude times; the wars have tamed these burgomasters, and put them a little on their mettle, which else had made them bull-dogs; and I will be sworn, and wager a thousand sequins, when the cavalcade stops at the gates, they will step forward, cap in hand, to meet us, afraid of having their throats cut, and the women maltreated by us butchers, for so

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they call us, who, with a murrain to them, have more humanity in our horses that bear us on their backs, than these churlish mercenary wretches have in their whole souls. Thou art pensive, boy—perhaps, art weary: thou art but little used to marches and counter-marches: but, courage! set fresh spurs to thy courser, (which, by my faith, is no sorry beast); courage, I say, and, ere long, thou shalt rest and refresh thee with the best fare that shining gold can purchase in the house of old Bibbo, at the sign of the queen and three crosses."

Sir Orville had rode close to the side of Sir Walter, now his gallant friend and protector, almost the whole of the way as they journeyed over the heath, and taking advantage of a moment's respite, to hear the sound of his own voice, he softly exclaimed to his cheering exhortations,—

"Sir, I am neither weary, and in no way pensive, but rejoice that I have thus far escaped detection; but, were I to tell you that I was perfectly content, when I reflect on the fate of the lovely daughter of Albino, while immured in those solitary walls, and under the control of the cardinal and her stern mother—I were to tell thee falsely; my heart doth swell to fearful beatings, as though it would burst its confines, when I think of the beauteous fair one."

"The more fool thou," uttered Sir Walter, "to bestow thy cares on one, who little thanks thee for thy pains, did she but know thy thoughts; but knowing them not, thou art a silly goose, to think about her who never thinks of thee. Boy, thou wilt raise my choler, if thou sayest much more about this Bohemian beauty; and much greater wilt thou offend the mighty

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master whom thou art going to serve, shouldst thou aught reveal of the passion with which thy young heart so labours. Besides, is it not folly and madness, even to the extremest point, to sigh for a dainty queen, that careth not what mortal suffers in bondage for her sake? hath not St. Julian sighed for her in vain? and hath she not been deaf to his most earnest supplications, his tears, his prayers, his entreaties. Prithee boy, waste not thy thoughts on woman, unless thou art desirous to be bitten by a mad dog, or a centipede, or fixt by a rattle-snake; for women are like unto all these venomous animals. I would as soon encounter a laughing hyæna, as the love of one of these syrens. But let us onward, the shades of night are fast drawing in upon us, and I should not much like to be girted in by these robbers that infest the forest; they are a set of daring desperadoes, that would not mind attacking us and hanging us on the top of every high tree, if they thought they could overpower us in number: but fear you nothing, I have a stout sword, and a stouter heart that is not wont to be dismayed at perils such as these."

But at this moment, there were far greater perils in view, than what the intrepid warrior had proclaimed,—and those he little thought of, or dreaded; for one of the guards that attended the cavalcade, and was foremost in the party, suddenly stopped his horses, from a vapour arising from the forest, on which they were already on the verge; which, resembling the smoke of cannon, had nearly suffocated the horses from its sudden and unexpected discharge!

"Halt, soldiery!" cried Sir Walter, with some symptoms of anxiety depicted on his countenance: "advance not a step nigher to this forest, ere we in-

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vestigate the cause of this sudden effusion of smoke and sulphur from the borders of this black and impenetrable forest; it looketh not well, this explosion at this darksome hour. It may be that renegades, from the camp of St. Julian, are lurking in ambush, to surprise and rob us of the supplies and the ammunition that we are carrying hither with all convenient speed, for the relief of the expiring and famished troops, who lie languishing, sick, and weary, in their tents in the camp of the great St. Julian: unknown wealth has it cost the mighty conqueror—from his private coffers has he drawn it—for the relief of his brave soldiery who have bled in his service; and by order of the Lady Margaret Albino, are you not sent to guard and to convey such supplies as he has purchased from the garrison of St. Clair, as far as the Austrian boundaries. Soldiers, do your duty! be vigilant o'er your charge, as becometh men who wish well to one another; whether we be friends or foes, in one cause we are now united; if we are attacked in this forest—if we are disarmed, we shall, perforce, be robbed and plundered, and taken prisoners, and the brave soldiers will perish. Feel, then, for your fellow-men: let them not die a death so inglorious, but let one animating sentiment of compassion fill your manly bosoms, and arouze you to actions in the great cause which all men feel, if they are men at all—the cause of humanity: shoulder your arms, get them in readiness, and be prepared to fire on the instant on the dastardly cowards, who would molest or plunder us of our rich laden stores. If they are robbers they will retreat at the sight of our soldiery; but if, as I much fear, they are the enemies of St. Julian, bribed by treachery, to defeat the noble purposes of

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humanity, let us boldly contend with them, and dispute our rights, if we cannot protect them; let us not die like dogs, nor fight like butchers: some of you reconnoitre, and see what they are who have so discharged fire-arms in the forest, we cannot say on us, because, as yet, they cannot have perceived our advance. What say you, brave fellows, shall we advance or retreat?"

"Most gallant sir, I would advise you to do neither," cried the oldest and most experienced of the horsemen; "your honor knows best, but, by holy Paul, there is not one of them that would have the heart to face us, when they see how well we are mounted, for the sport they are so marvelously fond of; the devil a tiger's skin of them that I would not make mincemeat of, if they were to shew any of their black looking mugs near our cavalcade. They are renegades no doubt, who are on the watch for prey, and expecting a large booty from some travellers crossing the forest,—have fired off a few of their lame shot for a flash in the pan, thinking to frighten us, but that wont do for Steevy Macgreggor! I am an Englishman, every bit of blood of me, and that I will let them know."

There was something in the manner and look of this intrepid soldier, when he uttered this to Sir Walter De Ruthen, that tended greatly to his advantage; for he believed that he was not imposing on his credulity when he boasted of his valour; for Steevy Macgreggor had certainly the appearance of a man not easily to be put into bodily fear, being of a stature far above the ordinary height of men; his limbs, formed of equal proportion of strength, and broad and sinewy, seemed

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calculated to wage war with giants, more than with men; his countenance was marked by one expression only, and that was undaunted courage with something of ferocity when he spoke of vengeance being inflicted on his foes. And Sir Walter was more pleased than angry with the freedom of his speech; he was just the sort of man that he felt well convinced would do his duty, without consulting any man's humour but his own; he addressed Mr. Steevy Macgreggor, therefore in the following terms, which made the intrepid soldier not a little proud of having gained the approbation and the favour of one of the bravest and most gallant officers in the Bohemian service.

"Soldier, I am well pleased with the sentiments thou hast expressed; for, although plain and blunt, I do believe that they are honest: and honesty is a gem with men now-a-days; one out of five hundred playing the hypocrite, the knave, and the common robber of another's rights and privileges, which were better to be pardoned, did they not assume virtue under the mask of religion and holy piety. I would sooner meet the bold-faced villain than any pretenders, (for they are nothing more) to such as these. I will, therefore, trust thee, Steevy Macgreggor, although thou art in the service of the Lady Margaret Albino, and, what is far worse, in the service, (as I presume thou art) also, of the Cardinal Benvolio. Be that as it may, it doth not interfere with thy courage and thy intrepidity as a soldier, nor, I should hope, with your humanity as a fellow-man; for all men are our fellows, and should be our brothers, too, were it not that man is grown so wise in his own conceit, that he thinks all things are under his controul, both heavenly and earthly ones,

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the poor worm of a day and the reptile of an hour. Now then, let us on to the Black Forest, to meet these renegades,—or, what say you, honest Steevy, shall we sojourn awhile, and make the best of our way to the house of Bibbo?—thou knowest Bibbo, who keeps the sign of the queen and the three crosses, dost not thou? For myself, I care not what aught may befal me on the point of personal danger; but for these stores—I would guard their safety while I have life and breath, seeing that they are for the relief of the brave fellows, who are suffering in St. Julian's camp. Mark you, soldier, I do not fear danger,—that thou knowest—but it would be unwise, in the present condition of our affairs, to run headlong into it, if by any expedient we could otherwise avoid it."

"And so I think, with all due submission and reverence to your honour's opinion," uttered the soldier; "we had better, by half, seek a quieter way of settling the business, and strike into the bye-roads, with which these robbers are not yet acquainted; and there is not a nook nor a valley, a wood or a bush, but is as familiar to Steevy Macgreggor as his mother's milk,—though, saving your honour's presence, I have not tasted of that for many a long year: nevertheless, I remember it, and the mother who gave it to me: ill fares that son who is e'er forgetful of a mother's kindness, or a mother's care. I know the sign of the queen and the three crosses, too, and so please you, we will quickly journey thence; and I know the man who keeps the sign, too,—an arranter knave doth not exist under the face of the sun, when he thinketh he can *honestly* play the cheat, and ne'er be suspected; but he is marvellously affraid of the buckler and the helmet, and

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would as soon encounter a legion of devils as a band of soldiers: he standeth in awe of us, and therefore will be peaceful and civil when we ask for quarters. If not, so please your honour, we carry that about us, that will make him so, whether the sorry knave likes us or not. I have known Bibbo this many a long day, and never found him wanting to know which side his bread was buttered on."

Sir Walter had no propensity to indulge in laughter at the present crisis of affairs, or he had certainly done it at the expense of Mr. Steevy Macgreggor's wit and jocularity of humour.

But this was not a moment to be either devoted to mirth or to idleness; and the order to put fresh spurs to the horses, and move onward with all imaginable speed, towards the habitation of Bibbo, was given, and immediately obeyed, there being no time for further discourse; while the night, which was rapidly advancing, made them anxious to seek some place of security for the cattle and the heavy laden waggons, ere it completely closed in upon them, and prevented the possibility of their seeing by what perils, dangers, or enemies they were surrounded.

Avoiding the Black Forest, therefore, and wholly directed by the instructions of Steevy Macgreggor, whose knowledge of the bye-paths, and roads almost inaccessible, had rendered a very fit guide on such an expedition; the cavalcade halted at the foot of a stupendous steep hill, where was erected on a post, the very conspicuous sign of the queen and the three crosses, close to which was the dwelling of Bibbo: it was a sort of antiquated old building, whose desolate and decayed appearance, on the first glance of it, seemed

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fitter for a den of banditti, than either affording refreshment to weary travellers, or inviting them to enter its rude walls; for a watch-dog growled most hideously on the approach of the cavalcade, which the trampling had disturbed from his drowsy slumbers. But there were lights within, to denote that the inhabitants of this mansion had not yet retired to their beds, and if they had, it was of little consequence to Steevy Macgreggor and the formidable party he had brought with him; for he presently set forth an alarm in the sound of a musket that he fired in the air, which very quickly brought the host and hostess to the door, to demand the pleasure and the business of their no very pleasing and unexpected visitors.

"Save you, sirs," uttered the affrighted Bibbo, on perceiving that the whole cavalcade and train of horses had drawn up to his door, and that, whether he liked their intrusion or not on the premises, he must, perforce, give them quarters, if they demanded it. "Save you, sirs," again repeated he, "what is your good pleasure at the house of Bibbo?"

"That is the pleasure of my master, who will answer thee," responded Steevy, in no very gracious or conciliating tone. "What, old shining bottle-nose, art not tired of drinking thy flaggons of brandy, which have so besotted thy old crazy carcase, that thou dost not know an old friend when he stops at thy sign post? Hast thou forgotten Steevy Macgreggor, who has brought thee some goodly company, for old acquaintance sake, to take up their night's lodging?"

"Steevy Macgreggor!" uttered Bibbo, "Santa Maria! What brings thee so far abroad, honest friend? What! hast thou enlisted into the service of St. Julian? If so, thou art right welcome to such fare as mine

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house affords,—which, truly, is not the best, in troublesome times like these. I would the wars were ended I say; but come, Steevy, dismount! dismount, and wet your whistle with a drop of brandy! then, belike, you will let me know who you have gotten with you. Consider, consider, Steevy," in a low voice, added Bibbo, "the imperative orders of the emperor!—and I live by the good-will and mighty favour of the emperor,—consider, Steevy, that I have a character to lose!"

"And, shortly, thou wilt have a head to lose, if thou standest prating much longer there, thou old weather ram!" fiercely vociferated Steevy. "What care I who thou livest for? every man must live while he can, and die when his day comes—and, why look you, because he cannot help it. Come, bestir thee, and bustle the lazy queens thou keepest about thee; for here is a goodly gentleman, that hath charge of this cavalcade, all journeying to the camp of St. Julian, with supplies for the troops. See that thou bestowest them in safety within thy premises, and thou keepest in secresy what is lodged within thy walls: then make ready a chamber for the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen. Now, old blue bottle! now know ye the rank and quality of your guest? but, by holy Paul, if thou sayest aught to mortal that he is here—to any of the passing travellers which may call at thy dwelling—thou shalt breakfast on a mess of gunpowder, my old shiner."

The change in the countenance and manner of old Bibbo on this uncourteous-like address of the blunt, but honest soldier, might very naturally supposed to be instantaneously produced by fear, and personal danger; as, certainly, the civility he presently evinced towards the soldiery had nothing to do with hospitality, much

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less had it to do with the feelings of humanity; which induced him to come forward and pay his humble obeisance to Sir Walter De Ruthen, and to give immediate orders to his wife, Jacquelina, to prepare every accommodation that the house could afford for the attendants and vassals, and guards, that were conveying the supplies to the camp of St. Julian. For, in the first place, Bibbo well knew that he would be doubly paid for his services; and, in the next place, he had some taste of the disposition of Steevy Macgreggor, and that doing any violence to his wishes, was like the feeble attempt to still the raging of the winds, or bid the stormy ocean cease to flow. In one moment, therefore, all was bustle and confusion at the queen and the three crosses.

Dame Jacquelina presently prepared her best bed for the reception of Sir Walter De Ruthen, and every bed in the house and article of warmth and cloathing provided for the attendants, consisting of twenty in number, including the vassals belonging to Sir Walter, one of which Sir Orville Faulkner personated, and was, therefore, treated with no further ceremony than the rest, although his rank was far above them. Nor dared Sir Walter distinguish him, however willingly he was inclined so to do; such a procedure would instantly have discovered him; and he had only time to whisper in his ear, as they dismounted from the backs of their weary coursers,—

"Remember what thou art, brave boy, and do not betray thyself; a word, a look, uttered in hasty and inconsiderate warmth, will discover thy thoughts, although thy person be disguised. There is some eye vigilant to search into our most secret actions, and

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Steevy Macgreggor alone excepted, I do not think there is one of the fellows who have borne us on this journey but would buy and sell us, if they could get any recompense for their pains. Let us away by dawn of light from this house, also, for I like not the appearance of the dwelling, nor the manner of the host and hostess; they are too civil, by half,—less courtesy would have pleased me far better. They are also under the protection of the emperor, and, therefore, in their hearts, are the enemies of St. Julian. I shall be on the watch,—so be thou. On the least alarm of treachery or surprize, awaken me, though I should be sleeping; which I shall not do to-night on a bed of roses, believe me."

"But have you not confidence in the brave soldier?" softly. responded Sir Orville, as they were about to separate. To which, Sir Walter replied, in as low a key,—

"Yes; but he is but one, and, though strong and vigorous, what would it avail among so many. Farewell, for a few hours I leave thee to the protection of heaven, who never yet deserted its faithful votaries."

"And such is the confidence that I repose in it, sir," cried Sir Orville, "that I will never yield me to despair, or doubt of its interposing kindness in the hour of peril."

With these words they parted, as they entered the lowly roof of old Bibbo; Steevy Macgreggor having already preceded them in order to prepare the way for Sir Walter De Ruthen.

The interior part of this mansion was correspondent with the appearance on the outside; the decorations and furniture of which, the hoary hand of time had laid

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siege to. The tapestry, which once had the honour to represent kings and queens, sitting on their thrones, in all their regal pomp and glory, now were disrobed of their finery, and patched, here and there, to substitute the torn draperies, with large pieces of blue and brown paper, which, contrasted with other parts of the mutilated furniture, had a somewhat novel effect on the eye of the beholder.

Even the sleeping chamber which was prepared for the reception of Sir Walter De Ruthen, and which Jacquelina had boasted was her best bed, was devoid of cleanliness, convenience, or comfort; and, in consequence of not lately having been occupied, sent forth a damp and noxious vapour, which rendered such a place of repose highly dangerous and injurious to the health of the sleeper who stretched his weary limbs in it.

To make up for all these deficiencies, however, in the house of Bibbo, there was, in truth, a most excellent larder; a great quantity of fish and wild fowl of the most delicious quality, and for which this part of the country was remarkably peculiar; and to these delicacies, were added sweet butter, new cheese, honey, and eggs,—and to which the hungry soldiers did ample justice before they retired to their roosts, made up of straw and hay, while some of them were furnished with matting from the neighbouring vineyards.

But these to a soldier were luxuries, which to the pampered sons of idleness and dissipation would have appeared and been deemed the misfortunes of life, while to real misfortune, they are strangers.

Several flaggons of strong ale were, by order of Sir Walter, given to the guards, to drink his health; and when the table was spread before them to take their

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repast, Bibbo, in order to keep them in good humour, and his house in perfect security, made his appearance with a large flask of brandy, and some segars, and pouring out a bumper, drank to the health of the goodly company, who had that night paid a friendly visit to the queen and the three crosses.

" Save you, sirs, there is one thing that I had forgotten," uttered Bibbo, " though truly I am reminded of it, every time I cast my eyes on the sign-post. I have sworn, never to taste of the juice of the grapes, nor a glass of the cordial spirit, without drinking the health of the Emperor Josephus."

" And success to the great St. Julian !" vociferated Steevy Macgreggor, " dost thou not hear, my hearty ? thou shalt drink that first,—or you will be reminded of another sign-post, that hangs pretty nigh to your habitation ; it was thy friend Petro, the burgomaster, who was hanged for betraying a Bohemian soldier !— dost remember, Bibbo ? if not, I will refresh thy memory. Come, here's success to St. Julian."

The necessity, but not the will of Bibbo, consented to this arrangement, and to a command so imperative ; and the bumper-toast was gulped down in silence, and without any opposition from the affrighted landlord. The allusion to his friend the burgomaster, was a lucky hit of Macgreggor's, to keep him in fear of him ; and the high post a memorandum, he was by no means desirous of having his memory refreshed with, a second time, and which had afforded peals of hearty laughter, to the merry soldiery.

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CHAPTER VII.

" There is a flower which oft unheeded blows,
Amidst the splendour of the summer's ray;
And though this simple flower no sweets disclose,
Yet would it tell thee all I wish to say.
And when we'e parted by the foaming sea,
And thou art heedless what may be my lot,—
I'll send that flower a messenger to thee,
And it shall whisper thus,—" Forget me not."

PHILLIPS.

PERFECT courage or cowardice are extremes rarely known; some begin a battle with courage, but relax at its continuance; most are content to satisfy the world's opinion. Some are very unequal in their fears, and some are drawn on through panics; some attack through fear of remaining where they are; small dangers fire the courage of some, and prepare them for greater; some are brave with the sword and the pistol; and, as we find all is seldom done that seems practicable, we may conclude the fear of death always diminishes valour.

But no such fears alarmed or agitated the mind of Sir Walter De Ruthen, much less had any such fears

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Stevy. Macgregger Listening to the Insolent speech of the Intoxicated Bibbo.—

to do with Steevy Macgreggor, as he sat at the head of Bibbo's table, surrounded by the soldiery, with several flagons of ale before them; and as its potent and exhilirating influence was beginning to steal over their senses, all their tongues were set in motion at once, and all their humours waxed warmer, in proportion to the quantities they had swallowed.

And all but the youthful page seemed to enjoy the present scene of hilarity; but the painful restraint which necessity had imposed on his feelings, rendered his situation extremely obnoxious and disgusting to one whose habits and manners were so widely different, and whose disposition was so mild and gentle; yet there was no alternative but patience, and that is a remedy which, though it does not cure the evils or the misfortunes to which we are exposed, lessens their severity and makes the smart divested of half its gall and its bitterness. In silence, therefore, he was compelled to listen to the coarse ribaldry of the soldiers, and join in the loud laugh that was excited by their boisterous mirth and pleasantry, or one single word had betrayed him into their power.

And the following dialogue passed between them, to which he listened with profound attention:—

Bibbo, who had drank his share out of Sir Walter's liberality, with as good a grace as any of the soldiery, without replacing any of the flagons, had now nearly reduced himself to that mere empty state which makes men considerably below the brute creation, however wise they may imagine themselves in their own conceit, and had entered into a very warm dispute with Steevy Macgreggor, on the merits of the late victory, obtained over the allied forces, by the gallant St. Ju-

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lian. Bibbo persisted in maintaining an argument which every soldier present flatly contradicted; and he had broke out in the following indecorous and uncivil terms, respecting the courage, merit, and conduct of St. Julian on that day which had proclaimed him conqueror, to the wonder and the admiration of the whole world:—

"Yes, there was a bloody battle, no doubt!" uttered he, with a contemptuous sneer; "but where is the use of it, I should be glad to know, but to make us, poor rogues here, who cannot fight at all, obliged to cry you mercy to every braggadocio that chooses to thrust his nose in at your house and call for what he likes, without a *stiver* to pay for it, merely because they have a licence to cut a man's throat, and blow a man's brains out with impunity? but where is the merit of it, or the good of it, cans't tell me that, Steevy? A murrain light upon the wars! they have been the ruin of us burgomasters, for many a long day; we have not had a turtle-feast since the wars began! and there is my harvest too,—a pretty good-looking harvest I have made of it, for the devil a man could I get to mow my grass, or thrash my corn, but the answer was 'they are gone for a soldier, to serve in the camp of St. Julian;' not a sturdy fellow was to be had for love nor money, as the saying is, while these cursed wars have lasted, so belike they will last another year, as long as St. Julian strides, like a giant. over our vanquished armies, and defeats our forces; Bohemia will be spread in ruins, while St. Julian strews Bohemian fields with our slaughtered heroes. Steevy Macgreggor, talk e'en as thou wilt of the glories of this youthful conqueror, but, by my good

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faith, he hath done no service to the country, save the butchering of men—making wives widows, and children fatherless."

"And burgomasters know their duty!" uttered Macgreggor: "pitiless knaves! plodding knaves! and worldly knaves! whose sole virtue consists in rubbing one shilling against another, to see whether it be good or bad; by my faith, they ne'er can do that now without a tax upon their cursed love of gain, plunder, and lucre," more loudly vociferated Steevy, whose mettle was now roused by the arrogant pretensions and insolent reflections cast upon the conduct of the brightest hero that ever shone in arms. "St. Julian hath done this service to the state and the country,—he hath made some men tremble at their conscience, which, by my faith, do bear an intolerable burthen; and you, you old blue-bottle! you old shining nose! who art tippling every hour in the twenty-four, and cramming that round unwiedly paunch of thine with the fatness of the land,—what hast thou to do, to wag thy tongue aught in insolence against St. Julian or the wars either, thou land-porpoise thou? by the goodly sword that hangs in my belt, thou deservest the fate of thy brother burgomaster, honest Petro, who is swinging on yon sign-post in the highway, thou saucy knave thou! Were it not for the wars, thou numscull, and the brave fellows who have drained the dearest drop of blood in their veins, where would be thy fat carcase now,—and thy goods and thy chattels, and thy oats and thy cattle, and thy smiling meadows, fast ripening with corn? who protected them, porpoise,—answer me that—but the soldiery who fought under the command of St. Julian, the young and the

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brave St. Julian ? who thrice like a thunderbolt, has hurled vengeance on Bohemian foes, and spared the country, which else had been a mouldering pile of dust and ashes ! And who prevented it ? not the emperor, whose mighty name thou bawlest so loudly in our ear,— it was not Josephus who saved Bohemia from this wide spreading ruin ! no, by holy Paul, he was too fat and lazy, and too fond of cardinals, and priests, and friars, who count their beads twenty times a day between whiles that they have crammed their unwieldly stomachs with dainty morsels, and think they have done the state a mighty service ! but a plague to their ghostly council, I say, that would starve a man to death of a cold winter's night, while they are feasting off luxuries, and warming their bottle-noses by an emperor's fireside,—I say, while the priests and the friars are so employed, soldiers are perishing, master Bibbo ! think of that, and hold your gab, when you talk of the emperors and the Austrian allies doing you a service. I say it was the mighty valour and the intrepidity of St. Julian, or well had the emperor rued that day the renegades retreated ! he may, perchance, rue it sorely yet, when St. Julian's camp shall again be replenished with ample stores, and the spirits of his exhausted troops reanimated with the so much needed supplies that the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen is bearing for their relief. Think of this, master Bibbo, and hold thy peace, thou croaking raven, or, by the sword of a soldier, I'll ne'er leave the sign of the queen and the three crosses, till I give you a taste of a soldier's vengeance !"

"Nay, nay, Steevy ! I did not mean to raise thy choler so warmly," uttered Bibbo, now not only in

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bodily fear, but heartily repenting, that he had mentioned the name of St. Julian in so indecorous a manner, while Sir Walter De Ruthen and his followers remained beneath his roof, from which he wished them to make as speedy an exit as possible; and eager to repair the mischief which his own imprudent folly had occasioned, he furthermore exclaimed,—

"Come, Steevy, let us fill another bright flask and flaggon, and I will drink to the health of the brave St. Julian, as long as I am able to stand, man, without differing about a foolish piece of business, which neither you or I can get a *stiver* by, whether we are right or wrong in the affair; and, in the cardinal's name, let us be friends upon a march. I would not anger thee, Steevy—I would not anger thee! so let us e'en be friends, ere you be jogging on to the camp of St. Julian, and be telling a tale that would not mend me much, were the great conqueror to hear it. Come, come! let us be friends! save you, sirs, mend your draughts, and let us part peaceable and quiet to our roosts. Jacqueline, haste thee, jade, and bring more ale, and another resh flask of brandy! Santa Maria! it shall never be said, that Bibbo, the landlord of the queen and the three crosses, e'er did a scurvy trick to soldiery, when they stop at his house for quarters and refreshment."

This salvo produced the desired effect in calming the irritable warmth of Steevy; and Jacquelina instantly obeying the commands of her husband, the health of St. Julian was drank in a bumper of three times three; in which, very unwillingly, the assumed Francisco was obliged to bear his part, but so little was Sir Orville Faulkner a votary of Bacchus, that

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he not only did violence to his inclination, in swallowing down the copious draughts which were handed to him in rotation, with the rest of the soldiery, but he felt, if he continued to do so, that he would be seriously indisposed, and incapable of any exertion, if required at a period so critical: and to avoid the fatal consequences of inebriety, he actually feigned to be that, which he would have blushed to have avowed in any other situation; and that was, to appear dead drunk, from the effects of the potent draughts he had just partaken of: and falling at length fast asleep on one of the mats that was spread on the floor, he was suffered to remain quietly there, without any interruption to his drowsy slumbers. And thus stationed, he obtained a double advantage over Sir Walter, who reposed in what dame Jacquelina termed 'the most sumptuous bed in her house.' Thus did he acquire a knowledge of all that was passing under the roof of Bibbo, and hear the whole subject of the discourse of the soldiery; while he only feigned to be in profound slumber, he could watch and attend to all their motions, as he laid him on the mat, and it so happened, that it was the only one that was spread in this apartment; all the rest of the bedding was disposed of in a more commodious part of the house, so that only one mat remained, and that being small, was placed in the very room where they were now assembled, and had all slept.

"Yon poor trooper is quite done up," cried Bibbo, hiccuping, from the effects of the libations he had been offering to the only god that he adored, and that was the god of wine: "or in other words, 'he has sucked the monkey.' Now that's a pity; for, as I say, (hiccuping again) when a man don't know

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when he has got his fill, he—he ought to be gibbetted ; what say you, Steevy ?"

" What do I say !" roared out Macgreggor, on whom the brandy was beginning to work most potently ; " why, I say, if that were the case, you deserve to be gibbetted as much as any man I know, master Bibbo ! and that you would look as well on a gibbet, since you are so fond of one, as your friend Petro, the burgomaster. What the devil ! cannot a poor fellow stretch his weary limbs on a mat, and enjoy a nap, without your troubling your head about the business ! and as for getting any more at the sign of the queen and the three crosses than what we have a right to,—you are not much given to hospitality ! dot and carry one, has served your turn in this world, master Bibbo, but, by the faith of a soldier, it wont serve your turn in the next, if you have nothing better to recommend you."

" Steevy ! Steevy ! do not be quarrelsome !" cried Bibbo, " Santa Maria ! think you, I want to hurt the poor rogue that lies sleeping there so soundly, that it would seem, he never meant to wake again : by my faith, he snores rarely, and so let him, for I am marvellously given to snoring myself when I have had a drop of the good creature to sing me to a lullaby. Steevy, a good night to you, I must away to my roost, for I have got to rise at break of day ; there is a holiday feast to be held here to-morrow, and my old dame and I must be busy, and take the shiners. We have been reckoning on our gains at this feast-day, for a month and more."

" But you may reckon your chickens before they

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are hatched, master Bibbo," uttered Steevy. "What feast do you speak of?"

"Why hast thou not heard that the cardinal is appointed to a great and mighty place in the convent of Mariette Mouline," replied Bibbo, "for offering up a vestal to its holy walls. Nay, thou must know it, Steevy, for it is said, that vestal is the daughter of the Lord Albino, who fell in battle with his gallant son, and that the lady is the Lady Augustina Albino, whose beauty surpasseth all Bohemian maids."

"By the faith of a soldier, thou mayest say that, and ne'er say falsely," uttered Steevy. "The Lady Augustina Albino is a rich jewel, beyond the wealth of worlds to purchase; for, in my mind, the beauty that is to be bought and sold, is not worth a single sous for any man to wear on his sleeve, and I have a shrewd guess, she is no more designed to enter the convent of Mariette Mouline, as a vestal nun, then I am, and I do not look much like a vestal, master Bibbo. But where didst thou pick such a tale about the cardinal and our sweetest young lady, Bibbo? how shouldst thou get intelligence of such private matters, when I, who am living in the service of the Lady Margaret, have never heard the tale you speak of?"

"That is my business, Steevy," cried Bibbo, who with a lamp which he had taken from the table, was now fast retreating towards the door—at least, as fast as his legs could carry him; all the soldiery, save alone Macgreggor and the supposed Francisco, having one by one stolen off, to enjoy a few moments repose, which indeed, they stood much in need of, not only, from being weary with the fatigue they had endured for several successive hours, but actually overpowered

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with the wine and liquors they had swallowed with such avidity as almost to drown every other sense.

This was the condition of the soldiery when they retired to the places which Jacquelina had set apart for their repose; and no one remained in the supper room but Sir Orville Faulkner, in the disguise of Francisco, when Bibbo and Maegreggor parted for the night, or rather, for the morning—the tints of the rosate sky already appearing through the casement; and Bibbo being in a perfect state of stupidity, Macgregger suffered him quietly to depart, without troubling him with any further interrogatories respecting the affairs of the Albino family; which not materially concerning the interests of the honest soldier, (whether the Lady Augustina was, or was not to be made a nun of) he betook him to his pallet in silence, only nodding significantly to Bibbo as he closed the door after him; leaving the supposed trooper, as one of the vassals belonging to Sir Walter De Ruthen, locked in profound slumbers, and insensible to every passing object around him.

The light was now extinguished, but not by the hand of Jacquelina; a softer and a lighter step approached near to the mat where, to all appearance, the besotted and drunken soldier laid. It was the figure of a youthful female, so different in appearance to any Sir Orville had yet beheld in the house of Bibbo, that, unseen and unsuspected by her, he took a complete survey of her features and countenance, as she softly took the lamp that was yet burning faintly in the chamber, and now and then stole a distant glance at the supposed insensible sleeper.

The countenance of the female was pale, though

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excessively lovely; and there was an air of terror as well as tender compassion, as she fearfully looked round the apartment she was about to quit: and yet she seemed irresolute, and stealing one more glance at the sleeper, she softly and involuntarily murmured, in accents scarcely intelligible,—

"Shall vengeance slumber for crimes like these? Remorseless wretches! and inhuman savage brutes! would they murder men while they are yet sleeping, and, drowned with the excess of liquor, have no power of defending themselves from the fell butcher's knife? Oh! ye blest gods! that bade me not to sleep while I listened to the cruel plot formed against the lives of these poor harmless men by my wicked uncle and his base accomplices! Oh, with what fearful beatings does my bosom heave lest they should already have entered the chamber where yon gallant warrior sleeps, distant and alone. They named him first, I remember, in the black list of the wretched victims they have doomed to slaughter, for the love of the rich treasures that he hath the charge of. I heard it, and my blood ran cold at the suggestion! how—how shall I be able to give them warning of their fate, while they are thus overpowered with drunkenness and sleep? Would that this prostrate soldier here on this mat, had the sense to understand me, that he might give the alarm to his fellow-men, and tell them to guard their lives against the ruffians who will presently surprize them. My uncle calls me."—

The distant name of Morgiana was now uttered between drunkenness and sleep, by the voice of Bibbo, and the female softly responded to his call,—

"All is secure, uncle: the soldiers are profoundly

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sleeping, and I am just going to put out the light of the last lamp."

"See that thou do it quickly, then," cried Bibbo, "or I will hide thee soundly, thou lazy Jezebel! then away to thy chamber,—and stir not for thy life if thou hearest disturbance,—if thou dost, I will make thee repent of thy prying curiosity."

"I will obey thy bidding," answered Morgiana, in a tremulous accent; "even now the lamps are out, save the light I am going to take to my chamber. Good night, uncle!"

He answered the response in a surly tone, and Morgiana, who had of necessity extinguished the light, was left in total darkness near the mat where the supposed soldier laid. Now heaven defend the cause of the innocent," softly murmured she. "Soldier, arise, and if thou art courageous, save the lives of thy comrades! Soldier, answer me,—art thou awake?"

The sensations of Sir Orville Faulkner may better be imagined than described, as he had watched the motions of this heroic girl; and instantly starting from his recumbent posture, he as softly uttered,—

"I am neither drunken nor sleeping, thou compassionate kind maid, thanks to thy warning, which heaven has inspired thee with to save the lives of thy fellow-creatures. Desert me not, at this perilous moment, I implore thee! Complete thy heavenly purpose, and angels, kind as thou art, shall reward thee with tenfold blessings!—conduct me to the chamber where Sir Walter De Ruthen lies sleeping, and I fear nothing!"

"Give me, then, thine hand," cried Morgiana, "and, in silence mute as death, follow my footsteps."

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The page did as he was directed: he grasped the soft hand that was extended towards him, and she led him in darkness through many winding passages till she suddenly stopped:—

"Here," softly uttered she, "is a flight of stone steps: you must ascend them,—there is no danger of your falling if you take this rope; it will conduct you safely to the door of the chamber where Sir Walter is sleeping; then quickly arouze him. Should you not have time to give him warning of his fate, and hear a noise like a whistle, 'tis the approach and the signal of the assassins,—then betake thee to a trap-door which lies to the left,—mark me, to the left,—the least touch will open it, and you will descend to a cavern where a holy hermit dwells; he is my godfather, and his dwelling is secure, and unknown to my uncle and the robbers of the forest. Tell him, Morgiana sent you thither for the purpose of concealment, and at least you and Sir Walter will be preserved from such outrage."

"But what will be the fate of our brave companions," cried Sir Orville, shuddering at the thoughts that they would have no possibility of making their escape.

"But I will endeavour to warn them of their danger, while yet I have a moment to spare," cried Morgiana. "There are yet two full hours before my uncle will arise from his slumbers, and he has drunken wine to make him sleep the sounder. I will go and see if my aunt, dame Jacquelina, is as quiet as he is, for, truly, she loveth her drops, and has to-night been drinking freely with the robbers of the Black Forest, who have been plundering divers persons, and have shared a rich booty. By what I could learn from the snatches I gathered of their discourse, while I feigned sleeping,

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they intended to attack the cavalcade which they were apprized was journeying forward to the camp of St. Julian, and fired off some shot in the forest, thinking that it would pass thither, and alarm the soldiery; but presently they had other game in view, or they would have pursued you in the bye-paths through which you came to the queen and the three crosses. And while my blood crept in my veins as I heard the atrocious plan contrived, I watched the moment of the departure of the robbers, and of my uncle's retiring for the night; when, knowing that I should be sent hither to extinguish the lamps, as is my wonted custom, heaven inspired me with the thought to awaken you, and warn you of your danger, and that of your fellow-soldiers."

"And for that thought, kind, pitying, and compassionate maid, may angels reward you," uttered Sir Orville.

"Hark! methought I heard the distant trampling of horses," more softly responded Morgiana. "I must away, and try to give alarm to the sleeping soldiery,—a moment longer may be too late! Hasten to Sir Walter,—so heaven guide and prosper thee!"

The light step of Morgiana was gone in an instant, and Sir Orville was left in darkness to grope his way to the chamber of the sleeping warrior; keeping to the left, and holding by the rope which she had given him, he hurried on with the rapidity of lightning; his heart panting with terror and dismay at the perils which surrounded him, and the uncertainty of being yet safe and secure from the hands of the robbers. At length, he reached the wished for door,—his heart beat high,—his hand trembled as he assayed to touch it!

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"Sir Walter! Sir Walter! awake and rise!" uttered he. "We are surprised by treachery!—Bibbo has played us falsely!—we are betrayed into the hands of robbers, who even now approach to murder us, and seize on our treasures! Arise, quickly, and give me entrance, I implore you, or we are lost for ever!"

No sooner were these words uttered in breathless accents, and with the most fearful alarm, then Sir Walter, hastily grasping his sword, and buckling on his armour, drew back the bolt, and beheld the pale and panic-struck countenance of Sir Orville Faulkner. "Courage, boy!" uttered he, in an intrepid tone, "and fear nothing! for if there is aught to fear, thy fears could naught avail thee. Robbers! tush! tush! thou hast been dreaming, boy, and art frighted with these idle terrors possessing thy brain. But, were it true, we have many stout hearts among us, that would grapple with them. Speak, boy, how camest thou by this intelligence?"

Sir Orville immediately informed him,—and scarcely had he done so, ere a confusion of indistinct sounds, proceeding from without, assailed their ears.

"Fly, sir!" cried Sir Orville, "let us open the trap-door, and instantly endeavour to escape; for it is, no doubt, the approach of the robbers to the habitation of Bibbo, that we now hear!"

A hollow gust of wind that burst through the casement which in several places was left exposed to the elements, whether they were calm or rough, prevented the possibility of their hearing distinctly any further sound, or even the whistle which Morgiana had told Sir Orville, would be the signal of approach for the attack of the robbers; there was then an almost immediate

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necessity of searching for the trap-door, and descending to the cavern, as the only place of security.

And although to run from danger was not the general habit of Sir Walter de Ruthen, and that for himself he would not have cared to have braved even death, in a glorious cause,—yet, the poor youth he had enlisted in his service—to have him butchered in cool blood, in an affray with these daring desperadoes, was a thought he shuddered at, he was determined to seek the means of safety while it yet remained in his power,—having more confidence in the kind maid who had thus warned them of their coming danger, than in the vassals belonging to the service of the Lady Margaret Albino,---the intrepid Steevy Macgreggor alone excepted, and he had the courage to defend himself. Thus resolved on the means of immediate flight, he sought for the trap-door, as described by the niece of Bibbo, and in a few minutes discovered the object of their search; the secret opening gave way in an instant, and they descended, by a flight of rugged steps, into a cavern, which, when they reached the bottom, left them in such total darkness, that they knew not whither to proceed, or where to stop; while the noxious vapour that issued from thence almost stifled them In this perilous situation, they remained for some moments in profound silence; not thinking it prudent to exchange a syllable with each other, fearful that the most distant whisper would discover the place of their retreat.

A death-like coldness hung on the brow of Sir Orville Faulkner, and, unused to terrors such as these, he feebly grasped the arm of his protector: who, in silence, returned him a pressure of kindly warmth, softly whispering,—" Fear not, the interposition of

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almighty Providence,---and take courage, boy; something tells me, we are not doomed to perish thus, and that a kinder fate awaits us. Be of good cheer; take stoutly hold of mine arm, and we will grope our way farther; and give me a corner of thy cloak, that, shouldst thou chance to stumble, boy, I may bear thee up again."

In this way they proceeded, apparently on an even ground, some paces further, without the slightest obstacle in their way, save alone the impenetrable darkness by which they were surrounded; while the mute silence that prevailed, and the gloomy terrors of the almost unknown retreat to which they had fled for refuge, in this momentous hour of necessity, seemed as they had passed the boundaries of all mortal existence, and were actually entering into the still and quiet mansions of the dead; so little did they appear to have any connection with the living. At length, suddenly exclaimed Sir Walter,---

"By my sword and buckler, mine eyes deceive me, or I discern the feeble rays of a light which, ever and anon doth glimmer upon us; it doth come to the right side of us: look, boy! look! dost thou not behold it?"

"I do!---I do!" uttered Sir Orville; "it comes nearer and nearer, as we advance towards it. Oh, sir, in such a moment how cheering is that light to us,---more bright doth it seem than the god of day, with all its meridian splendour---yon feeble little ray, that sheds its light on this horrible darkness! Let us follow its kindly beams, I pray you, sir; I marvel much if it doth not lead to the abode of the hermit, to whom I am charged with a message from the kind maid to whom we owe our present security."

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No sooner had Sir Orville Faulkner uttered these words, than the faint light shot out more brilliant beams, and seemed advancing towards them; they could now discern the path they were pursuing, and perceive the objects that surrounded them,—nor was the appearance of the cavern half so terrific, as, utterly involved in darkness, they before imagined it to be. They could now plainly distinguish the part from which the light sent forth its kindly and enlivening rays, and found that it issued from an adjoining recess, the outside of which was covered with dark moss and ivy, and simply decorated with a variety of party coloured shells, collected from the neighbouring seashore: and, as they advanced nearer to it, they beheld a venerable figure, with a lighted taper in his hand, and clad in the habit of a pilgrim, coming forth to meet them: his beard, which was white as snow, descended to his breast, from which no crozier was suspended, or rosary, or beads; but a prayer-book was half disclosed beneath his vest of grey woollen. He seemed grave, but not austere in his cast of expression of features, which were handsome and of heavenly mildness; his age could not be guessed precisely at, nor could it easily be mistaken; and he accosted them with the following words:—

"My son, what seekest thou? or what is thy calamity, that at the midnight hour thou comest for refuge here? for to none but the suffering, and the virtuous, and the nobly brave doth Anselmo the hermit grant his protection. How didst thou gain entrance into this cavern? and by whom wert thou directed hither? tell me that truly, and truly I will render thee assistance shouldst thou need any. Say what thou

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art, and what are the injuries thou complainest of, that induced thee to visit Anselmo at this lonely hour of midnight's fearful gloom? by whom wert thou directed hither, and by what secret intelligence didst thou learn to find an entrance into this cavern? known to no mortal being save one alone, and she is——"

"Morgiana, thy god-daughter, holy father!" uttered Sir Orville Faulkner: "alas! but for her, kind maid, me and this gallant warrior, whom thou seest with me, had met with rough usage at the house of Bibbo, the landlord of the sign of the queen and the three crosses, in whose house, journeying with supplies to the camp of St. Julian, we tarried awhile to sleep and take refreshments; nor knew we aught of the treachery that was designed against us, to plunder, perchance to murder us, and all our followers, till warned by Morgiana, of the immediate peril of our lives; by her direction we came hither---by her instructions we found the entrance to this cavern!—in pity, protect us then, oh, holy father, from the hands of the ruthless robbers, who wait, e'en now, in Bibbo's house, to destroy us. Conceal us any where in this cavern, so they may not guess at the place of our retreat."

"And if thou desirest gold, here is plenty for thee," cried Sir Walter. "Ask what thou wilt, I will not deny thee, so thou wilt let us abide with thee till morning."

Till now, no change had marked the expression of mildness in the countenance of Anselmo, but at this proffer, the hectic of a moment crimsoned his cheek with a resentful glow, which was neither the effect of pride or passion, as scornfully waving his hand, he exclaimed,—

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"Gold! and dost thou think that humanity, the brightest gem that e'er gives lustre to human actions, is the price of gold, or that compassion can be bought and sold, with one who has renounced the world and all its vanities and follies,—and that I value gold more than I do the love of heaven or of virtue!—No, sir! whoe'er thou art, and however wise thou art in worldly wisdom, thou art mistaken in the character of Anselmo! for never did he value gold as the choicest treasure that a man can bear about him. No, sir! had I done this, this cavern, remote from intercourse with human beings, had not now been my habitation, and these rude rocks my pillow,—water my drink, and the kindly herbs that nature sends forth, my luxury of food,—to me more precious than all the pampered sons of bloated affluence could giveu—all that wealth e'er knew; for the water is pure and the food is nature's: content sweetens the draughts, and health incites the appetite; sleep softens the bed of leaves I repose on,—and peace with heaven is bliss on earth. In the world I could not find it,—I lived out friendship, and I beheld the end of love; I have survived ingratitude in the one, and despised the apostacy and fickleness of the other; I cherish no hope here, for hope in human expectations is but a fleeting shadow! what then remains for one who so little prizes earthly things, but the hope hereafter: there have I made my foundation, and there the basis can never be shaken. It is my staff—it is my pillow—it is my tower of defence against mine enemies; and to such a man dost thou then think that gold is tempting? or that it e'er would bribe me to do a kindly action, had

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I not nobler views, and better rewards than it e'er could purchase?

No, son! put up thy gold,—I'll have none of it. Enter yon recess, shaded with the ivy and the moss, and I will give thee both food and drink, and shelter thee from the sons of wickedness and sin. The poor desolate, yet virtuous maiden who sent thee hither, knew that I would do this for all who suffer in the perilous hour, whether they are driven by storm or calamity, to seek protection from Anselmo. But not for gold, good sirs!—not for gold, would I lend my pity, or sell my fellow-feeling for my fellow-men! He who does this is abjured of heaven; for heaven gives not pity to be bought and sold. It falls like gentle dews upon the opening flowers—giving and stealing odours from their balmy leaves; for what it steals is its own, and what it gives is drawn from heaven. I pray you enter, sons, and freely share the comforts and the convenience of a lonely hermit's cave,—and fear not treachery nor surprise; Morgiana told you truly, when she said that here you might be secure from the power of thine adversaries. No robbers ever durst search the dwellings of Anselmo, for here perished one of their atrocious tribe; hung in chains, he died in this cavern for the enormity of his crimes, by order of the Emperor Josephus, grandfather to the present reigning one, who rules the court of Vienna: and in those days superstition swayed men's minds so fearfully, that it was said, the gibbetted robber thrice appeared to his confederates in the Black Forest, to warn them of this cavern,—never to enter it, on peril of their lives, and their immediate safety. And what is so strong, so powerful, as the influence of superstition on the minds

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of the unlearned and the profoundly ignorant? Such was the terror and the fears that it conveyed, that never to this day, has a robber of the Black Forest attempted to penetrate the mysteries of this cavern, or, in any shape, molest its peaceful and sequestered repose, in the universal belief that the gigantic form of the gibbetted robber appeared every night, and shook the chains by which his now shapeless bones were suspended, to warn his brother robbers of their destined fate. Some tradition goes, that he wore a huge pair of horns on his head, and blew a trumpet when any robbers came nigh this cavern, to tell them what might happen if they ventured here.

Thus has superstition prevailed long, and before I could mention the day that I came hither, and chose it for the place of my retreat, and calm retirement from all earthly cares: and by this is the secresy of this cavern rendered inviolate from the attack of the robbers ever since I inhabited it. They know that I sojourn here, and suffer me to dwell quietly in my peaceful, but, to them, so much dreaded abode, from two most ostensible causes: the first of which is, that they are well aware that I possess nothing that they could rob me of; and the second, that they foolishly and superstitiously imagine that I have the power of divination, and hold communion with the spirit of the departed robber, and that, by my art, I can conjure up every hour of the day and the night, to deal destruction to all who would attempt an entrance here. Thus is this cavern a place of the most perfect security, although adjacent, and even connected with the house of Bibbo; but with the trap-door through which you descended he is totally unacquainted; and why it is

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connected with this old ruinous building, I will tell you.—It was formerly the dwelling of Rankhausen, the name of the fell monster who perished here—the robber of the Black Forest, whose very name struck terror in every breast in all the country round; for to the house which he then inhabited,—the sign of the queen and the three crosses—this savage, in mortal shape, dragged his victims, and in the cavern either slaughtered them, or doomed them to a lingering death in cruel tortures!

No wonder then that the name of Rankhausen, and this cavern still inspires dread and infuses terror, with all those miscreants who glory in an imitation of all his lawless crimes and wicked depredations; but daring as they are, would still avoid his punishment, and the fate he so deservedly met with. Thus doth evil, mysterious as it may seem to weak, blind, and erring mortals, produce good; for I am not only secure in this lonely retreat, from the invasion of this savage and remorseless race of abject beings, but I am enabled, by these very means, to protect others from their violence and their rapine. Many rich treasures have been concealed in this cavern from the power of these lawless plunderers; and many an innocent victim spared from their remorseless cruelty. Oh, my sons! would you search into the ways of heaven, and its divine mysteries, you would ever find them just, though to you for awhile inscrutable: and why is it so?---to make men wise as angels was never destined by almighty Providence, since the fall of the first man he ever created—for, with all his wisdom, he would still have sinned the more. Thus is the book shut to mortal knowledge, nor e'er revealed till we have passed the ordeal of di-

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vine judgment, and have quitted our earthly tenures of clay---"

> "Then pilgrim turn, thy cares forego,
> All earth-born care is wrong;
> Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long."

exclaimed Anselmo, in the words of the inspired and animated poet, and gently unclosing the door of the recess, composed wholly of shells and other curious materials, simply of nature's own manufacturing, he conducted his guests to a comfortable and convenient, although not a spacious apartment; the decorations and furniture of which merely consisted of the trunks of aged oaks, levelled down for the purpose of benches to sit on, and a larger one was used for a table,---so neatly and ingeniously contrived by the venerable owner of this simple abode, that he declared that he had taught himself, by continual practice and habit, to become an expert carpenter and joiner, as well as blacksmith; and that in constant employment and contrivance to render the cavern a useful and agreeable place of residence, in his long sojournment in it, he had found his health and his spirits, (which were before materially impaired) considerably amended. "Thus can man, even in the most remote and solitary dwelling," added the hermit, with a placid smile, that monarchs might have envied the serenity of, "make himself contented, and even blest, with a very moderate share of what may be deemed the comforts and the blessings of this life in which the passage is but a short one to that of eternal and everlasting peace. Why, then does man seek to embitter it? why plant thorns

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where nature has so abundantly scattered roses? and, if he will not stoop to gather them, what right has he to expect that he is to enjoy their fragrance?

By artificial wants he renders himself miserable,—by the anticipation of woes, and fancied evils to come, he makes himself wretched and weary, and disgusted with that little world in which he is not destined to continue long, and is suddenly snatched from it by the awful messenger of death; for one precious moment, then would he linger, and stay the hand that cuts him short in the midst of his complainings and his guilty murmurings. But it cannot be: he must go hence, and be no more seen, and 'all his yesterdays creeping into this petty space of time,' as the immortal Shakespeare says, 'will seem as nothing.'"

"Holy father, thou sayest truly, and art no flatterer," uttered Sir Walter, seating himself on one of the oak trunks, while Sir Orville occupied another beside him, pleased with the soul-inspiring truths which came from the mouth of a man who was neither priest nor cardinal nor any professor of a religious order, and yet his discourse was such as to make a convert of the most hardened sinner, without mounting a pulpit to deliver his orations, or preaching a funeral sermon over the remains of departed royalty, at the expense of a nation's——what?—tears? No! nor gratitude! no, the sympathy it produced was of a far less pleasing kind, and one that gained but little estimation with the discerning few.

"By my sword and buckler, I respect no man that meanly condescends to flatter the vanities and encourage the follies and the vices of mankind," cried Sir

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Walter; "Truth is a plain spoken gentleman, who will never be cheated, and they are fools only who imagine that he will ever submit to wear a mask, whose honest features want no concealment."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Know ye the land, where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow—now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom,—the beams ever shine;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun:
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?'

LORD BYRON.

SOME refreshment, which consisted of honey and grapes, and a few figs of the most delicious quality, were placed by Anselmo before his guests, and, with a smile of beneficent kindness, he invited them to partake of his humble fare; but neither Sir Walter De Ruthen, nor his youthful companion, felt the slightest inclination to indulge in the gratification of appetite; and, thanking the venerable good man for his kind proffers of civility towards them, they declined tasting

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of the simple repast he had placed before them, on account of the critical situation in which they now stood, and the anxiety they endured for the lives of the soldiery. Sir Walter was gratified beyond expression with the manners and conversation of so intelligent a being as the venerable man who had afforded them a refuge in so perilous a situation, yet to remain insensible of the dangers that were suspending over his head, and that of his youthful companion, was impossible; and he boldly resolved to sally forth, alone, from the hermit's cavern, leaving Sir Orville Faulkner secure, under the care of the good Anselmo, to enquire after the fate of the soldiery, and whether plunder, rapine, or murder, had really been the intentions of Bibbo towards him,—and whether it had been effected during his absence from the queen and the three crosses.

But scarce had so rash a thought entered his imagination, (for rash it would have been to all intents and purposes,) before voices, in confused and indistinct sounds, assailed their ears, at the mouth of the cavern; and that of Steevy Macgreggor was plainly distinguishable above all the rest:—

"What, ho!—Come on, and fear nothing," uttered he, "I tell you, Baldy, belike that we shall find them here, after all our twistings, and our turnings, and our windings: that brave wench, who has been the saving of some lives to-night, plainly directed us to the spot—in the hermit's cave, she said, shaded with dark moss and ivy—to the left, mark you,—and, if you had not the eyes of a goose, you might grope it out."

To which, a sonorous and gruff voice growled out in reply:—

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"If we had the devil's eyes, we should be a couple of clever ones, to grope in the dark and expect to find moss and ivy in such a confounded hole as this: a murrain to all such plaguy expeditions, I say; I would the camp of St. Julian had been set on fire, ere I had ventured my neck for it, for I suppose the old fellow has nabbed it; I gave him a pretty smartish douse over his greasy chops, just as the pretty wench was crying me mercy, to save the life of the old porpoise; but, by St. Jago, I believe it was too late, for my blade had done its duty, and I left him like a sucking-pig, bleeding on the floor, with two of the black-looking rascals to bear him company."

"Yes—we have had warm work of it, sure enough, Baldy," cried Macgreggor; "and as to master Bibbo—if you have helped him to slip his wind—so much the better; he may go and shake hands with his friend Petro, the burgomaster, for belike, they were both meat for the same master. And as for the old dame, she will tell no tales, I warrant me, for I tied her, neck and heels, and crammed her into the cellar; but, for the kind-hearted wench, that led us on to the sport, I would I knew where she vanished, when you grabbed old Bibbo, and gave him that goodly thrust with your sword; I heard her utter a piteous cry, and rush towards the outward gate; and, by my faith I was too much engaged with making mincemeat of the dastardly cowards, who would have done Sir Walter De Ruthen a goodly turn, as well as us, if we had not resisted them so desperately. Come on! there is a light that gleams brightly from yonder corner; it is on the left, as the maid directed us: let us hasten towards it—perchance it is the hermit."

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As every syllable had been heard by Anselmo and Sir Walter, of the foregoing conversation, there was not a doubt but the robbers had been driven to the route, and desperately wounded in the contest, by the superior force, courage, and intrepidity of the brave soldiery; and now doubly anxious to learn the result of Macgreggor's onset with them, Anselmo, trimming his lamp afresh, that it might shed a brighter flame on the darkness of the cavern, bore it in his hand, and advanced some paces forward to meet the bewildered strangers, who presently, guided by the friendly taper, approached the venerable man.

"Save you, holy father!" uttered Macgreggor, as soon as he beheld him, "hast thou seen or heard aught of a gallant stranger, by name Sir Walter De Ruthen, who, with a soldier from the camp of St. Julian, betook themselves to flight, from the sign of the queen and the three crosses, on a warning—given them by a kind damsel, in the house of Bibbo—that the robbers had a design to attack and to plunder the rich stores that were proceeding to the camp of St. Julian, and to murder us. The damsel found means also to apprise us of the treachery that was conspired against us; in breathless accents told us of the trap-door which would conduct us to the entrance of this cavern, provided we could not escape, or have sufficient of our party to contend with the robbers, who were powerful in numbers.

"Save then yourselves by immediate flight!" cried the brave wench; "the trap door lies to the left of the chamber in which Sir Walter has been sleeping, and through which he has, no doubt, by this time, escaped

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with the young soldier whom I sent to apprise him of the danger that awaited him."

"And he is already here in perfect security," cried the venerable Anselmo, "and the young soldier thou speakest of is with him: they are both in yon cave, to which I will shortly give thee entrance, where thou mayest converse freely on thy perilous adventures."

So saying, the hermit led the way to the recess, where Sir Walter greeted the brave Macgreggor with the most cordial salutation, commending him for the dauntless bravery he had evinced towards him, and enquiring how he had left the situation of affairs in the house of Bibbo, after the robbers had been defeated and driven back to their quarters in the Black Forest.

"Oh! by St. Jago! we never went back to see your honour," cried Macgreggor, "for it was not many minutes I had to prepare me for the rum work I had to go through; the maiden having scarce given the alarm before a dozen of the blackest looking rascals my eyes ever beheld, rushed in, armed cap-a-pee, on every side; but by the Lord, I made them sing small before I had done with them, and every mother's son will have reason to remember this night's work, at the sign of the queen and the three crosses, for I do believe they have all had a scratch of some of the stoutest blades that were ever handled by a Bohemian soldier. When they demanded the keys where we had deposited our stores, I made no more to do than fire on them, helter skelter, and some were wounded desperately: I then rallied our men, and we fought as desperately with our swords, till they were glad to give in, and fly Bibbo's house as fast as possible. Two of their gang, with Bibbo himself, lie weltering in blood

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on the floor; the old woman I disposed of in a different way—she is quiet enough, I will be bound to say, in old Blue-bottle's cellar, for I will be sworn she cannot move an inch nor a limb of her, I gagg'd her so tightly; but for the young maid who had the courage to act so fearlessly and so bravely, I know not whither she fled to, as in piteous accents she implored us to have mercy, and spare the life of the treacherous Bibbo."

"And didst thou not grant the poor maid her supplication?" demanded Anselmo. "Methinks the gratitude you owed her for the alarm she gave of the perilous situation in which you stood, might have caused you to yield to her entreaty. The old man could do nothing of himself; and when the robbers had fled you were safe from further violence or outrage. Thou didst not murder Bibbo? Let me hope that he escaped your vengeance."

To which Macgreggor surlily replied, for he was by no means pleased with the manner of Anselmo towards him—

"Holy father, you might as well ask why I did not wink at the proceedings of the hoary-headed rascal who first betrayed us into the hands of the robbers, and then left us to their mercy, who, with the good will of Bibbo—whom thou so regardest with thy pity—had they prevailed against us, had never left a man among us to tell his tale as I do now. And, save thy reverence, holy father, you might as well ask, why we did not stay and yield us to the perilous situation we stood in, and share the rich spoils the robbers were in search of. You might as well and as wisely demanded to know, why we did not join with the rob-

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bers, and possess ourselves of the stores that were deposited in the premises of this infernal monster, who, forgetting all laws, human and divine, treacherously betrayed his trust, and committed the lives and property of brave and gallant men, into the hands of savage ruthless desperadoes, on purpose to satisfy his base love of lucre. By holy Paul, I would not spare such a man, were he my own father,—much less the villain who lies bleeding by his own crime and folly! but, whether the wounds be mortal that were dealt to him in the affray, I know not; it was not by my hand he fell, as Baldy here can witness."

"That, by my good faith, can I!" uttered the soldier, "it was I that dealt the old codger the blow that laid him flat on the ground, before he could cry peccavie."

"And in doing which you only did your duty," cried Sir Walter, eyeing Baldy with complacency, and by no means relishing Anselmo's pleading in behalf of the miscreant who had so treacherouly betrayed them and given rise to such disturbance; "and which every man ought to do, when he is basely and treacherously betrayed into the hands of a cold-blooded villain. No more of him,—if Bibbo has fallen, he has provoked the fate he merited; but as there is still a probability that life may yet be preserved,—he will, if he recovers, employ it to the worst of purposes, and still do us mischief: let us, therefore, quickly depart from this perilous place, and expedite the remainder of our journey, as speedily as possible, to the camp of St. Julian. For you, brave fellows, who have risked your own lives to save the property of St. Julian, you shall be liberally rewarded for all you have done for a conqueror,—

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mighty and fierce as the lion in arms—but gentle as the unweaned lamb in deeds of generosity, truth, and justice. Where are the soldiery, and my vassals?"

"All in readiness for immediate departure, so please your honour," answered Macgreggor; "the cattle all harnessed, and the ammunition all secure within the waggons: I gave these orders, and only came hither in search of you. Had I not found you in the cavern, as the maiden directed me, I should, without further delay, have proceeded to the camp, whither, I should then have supposed, you had found means to take your flight; so, please your honour, I will now go, and set the horses once more in motion."

"Tarry but a moment, and I will accompany you, brave Macgreggor," cried Sir Walter, now rising to depart; Sir Orville Faulkner, whose observance of silence was more than ever necessary at this critical juncture of affairs, instantly following the example of his protector, in low and whispering accents, bidding the hermit farewell.

To which Anselmo replied—"Give me no thanks, tender me no monies. There is corruption in the thought, that I would buy and sell the service I have done you in the perilous hour: for courtesy like this, I am rewarded here far more than any thanks thou canst give me, or any monies thou canst tender unto me! Farewell, my sons!—be of good cheer—place confidence in the mighty High One! he is mightier than monarchs! So, save you sons, and heaven prosper you on your way."

"Farewell, holy father," cried Sir Walter, "and peace for evermore dwell with thee!"

A cordial pressure of the hand was exchanged be-

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tween Sir Walter and the hermit, ere they finally separated, and departed from the abode which, however gloomy and dreary in appearance, had sheltered them for so many successive hours from the outrage and violence that reigned without.

Macgreggor and Baldy had preceded them some paces, and had arrived to the entrance of the cavern, and found their way as before through the trap-door, some minutes sooner than Sir Walter and his youthful companion: Macgreggor knew full well that the minutes were precious, and that no time was now to be lost—for in looking back to what had taken place in Bibbo's house was useless, for as it was now broad daylight, it was probable, that travellers would, ere long, call there for refreshment, and finding the state of the family, would give instant alarm in the neighbourhood of a murder being committed on the landlord and the two robbers, whom they had left bleeding beside him on the floor; and, not knowing how grossly they had been injured, would, if they did not quickly make their escape from the sign of the queen and the three crosses, arrest them all in the name of the Emperor Josephus, for the perpetration of a crime so odious to humanity; and bear them off to Vienna to prison: where they would be condemned without mercy, for the murder of wretches, who would have murdered them, if they had not so desperately (in defence of their own lives) fought against them.

This thought to a brave soldier, and such a dauntless and intrepid man as Macgreggor, was worse than ten thousand deaths, were it possible that he could suffer so many, in the field of battle; and he exclaimed to Baldy, no less brave or intrepid than himself, as

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they rapidly descended the flight of steps which led from the chamber which had been occupied by Sir Walter,

"By St. Jago! if thou dost not move a pace or two brisker, we shall be caught in a trap thou little dreamest of. What is thy snail's foot loitering at now? is the ghost of Bibbo in the corridor, that thou shakest and tremblest so, thou silly gander? let us on to the outward gate, and march before the cavalcade, or belike, we shall not live to march another day. Seest thou not it is broad day? and travellers will be journeying here, before we can get clear off the premises: What art thou gaping at, Baldy?"

To which, in tremulous accents, the soldier replied,—

"As I am a living soul, some one crossed the corridor this blessed minute, all clothed in white, somewhat like the affrighted maid, who vanished from us with such piteous cries, when she beheld me strike the old man down; she bore a taper in her hand, and a naked sword all bloody at the point; belike, she means to harm me with her conjurations, and her witcheries, and her devil's spells, for that which I have done to Bibbo; for in good truth, I was always most marvellously in fear of a woman, though I was never afraid of a man, for I do look upon a woman to be the very devil's own self, Steevy!"

"Look upon your fool's head, you silly gander!" uttered Macgreggor, in a menacing tone, and pushing Baldy on before him, with some apprehension that they would at least be frustrated in their attempts to escape from this infernal den of robbers and of murderers! "what if it be the maid thou speakest of; thinkest thou, having once preserved our threatened

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lives, she will again expose them to danger? whom she hath so generously sought to save, thinkest thou she will now seek to destroy?—what if thou hast murdered the old man—would he not have murdered us? and did not the maiden warn us of it?—and doth she not well know, that he merited the rough usage he met with at our hands, who intended no mercy to us?"

"But mercy always becometh the brave!" at this moment, as they were just crossing the corridor, responded a voice, in such soft and plaintive accents, that, while it vibrated to the hearts of the soldiers, left them no longer in doubt that it proceeded from the lips of a woman, or that that woman was the one whose voice they had heard before.

And never had Macgreggor found himself so disarmed of mortal courage, or stood he so irresolute whether to proceed or tarry in the house of Bibbo; and while he stood so, with Baldy close beside him, quivering from head to foot, the same gentle voice, in low murmuring whispers, exclaimed,—

"Begone from the dwelling which thou hast stained with human blood! once more Morgiana warns you of the coming hour of danger! Tell Sir Walter De Ruthen to fly these walls with all convenient speed: if he tarry here some moments longer vengeance will pursue him,—the death of the murdered Bibbo will be revenged."

"I hope you are content with this pleasant hint, friend Baldy," cried Macgreggor, boldly pushing forward to the outward gate; "if not, in the devil's name, stay, and straight prepare for as high a post as that which the burgomaster is elevated to. For my own part, I have no relish for such preferment,—so good

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bye to you, and Sir Walter too: I must e'en look out for safe quarters: and every man must provide for himself when no man else is likely to provide for him."

By this time Macgreggor had groped his way fairly out of Bibbo's house, and Baldy was not long in following close to his heels; and they had marched forward with the cavalcade at full speed for more than a quarter of a mile, when they perceived Sir Walter De Ruthen and the supposed Francisco in the rear, and rapidly advancing towards them.

"Halt, for a moment!" vociferated Macgreggor; and in a few moments Sir Walter greeted him with a shout of victory.

"All's well that ends well, my brave fellows!" uttered he; "we have got clear of that den of robbers, and now have nought to fear. As I passed the house of Bibbo methought I heard a dying groan, and my heart misgave me that you had not escaped, but I saw the outward gate open; I lingered not an instant, though pity, at any other moment, would have stayed my speed. Here is brandy—each of you take a drop—I snatched the flaggon that laid in the outer passage as we fled in our haste hither. Take it, brave boys, and let us on without delay; in a few hours hence, safe in the camp of St. Julian, we shall repose, and smile at danger, treachery, or fear!"

"But the maiden we have left behind us," cried Macgreggor, "I would, somehow or other, the brave wench were with us; by St. Jago, she is a fearless one!—a stouter heart I ne'er beheld in petticoats!—for she doth bestride murder and death, as though she were walking in flowery fields and smiling meadows; yet she hath a voice of pity, so kindly soft and sweet.

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as would call whispering angels down to listen to the music of her tongue."

"Why, hast thou seen the maiden?" eagerly enquired Sir Walter.

"No, your honour," uttered Macgreggor, "but I have heard her—and, by the faith of a soldier, I shall never forget her—as again she bade me warn you of your danger in loitering in the dwelling of Bibbo, who she said was murdered; she spoke in anger, and she spoke in pity,—but the latter feeling seemed most to sway her heart and prompt her tongue."

"Indeed she merits thanks and gratitude, beyond all human praise," cried Sir Walter. "Brave wench! would that she had journeyed along with us to the camp of St. Julian."

"And, truly, she were a wife for a soldier," cried Macgreggor, setting fresh spurs to the horses, that now proceeded down the declivity of a steep hill with the utmost velocity; but no answer was returned to his observation. Sir Walter preserved for many minutes a gravity in which he was but little accustomed to indulge, till they reached, in silence, a quiet and sequestered hamlet, on the very borders of the camp of St. Julian.

"We will tarry here for a few moments, and give our cattle food and water," cried Sir Walter; "but for ourselves we will remain here while they are feeding: I have had enough of the sign of the queen and the three crosses, to deter me from ever taking up my quarters in a house open for the accommodation of travellers again as long as I live."

To which Macgreggor immediately replied,—

"Nay, your honour, if you have a mind to stop here

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a bit, there is no danger like that from which we have escaped; the inhabitants of this hamlet are so small in number, and so docile and peaceable, that I do think we might fire on them without a man among them offering the slightest resistance. They are merely, for the most part, poor, industrious, labouring people, whose sole subsistence is by gathering turf from the forest, and cutting down wood, which they collect in large quantities, and carry to market on a certain day; the produce of which, though little, makes them live happy, contented, and peaceable with each other."

"And what more doth man require, if he is truly wise?" exclaimed Sir Walter. "What greater proof of a man's wisdom, than to be perfectly content with his condition, however mean and lowly? Happiness doth not consist in that which is external, but that which reigneth in our own breasts; and it is not to be produced by circumstances or situations, although they may be free from guilt. Content is the sole source of our being, and doth alone constitute man's greatest happiness here below; nor can there be any happiness, where content doth not form a part of our disposition; riches cannot purchase it; nor poverty, however keen and piercing, destroy it existence. Of how many hours of sweet luxury, of transport the most exquisite and lasting, doth the repining, murmuring, discontented man deprive himself! also the men of wealth, who heap up their bags of shining ore, kept from the owners thereof, to their hurt—or who waste their riches and their hours in empty pageantry and childish glitter—in pomp and routs, and ostentatious parties of idle and giddy dissipation; while they neglect that sweetest of all human blessings below—bestowed by healing the

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broken-hearted, and giving liberty to the worn-out captive—by once more lighting up gladness in the eye of despondence, and by imparting to the breast of long afflicted and dejected worth, comfort and consolation! These, and these alone, are the joys and real sources of contentment, and from whence all blessings flow. Why, I, who am a soldier, and have felt all the immortal glories of wars,—I, who have reared a deathless fame in shining arms, would gladly yield me to a peasant's homely life, in some sequestered, quiet, peaceful dwelling—there to end the residue of my days, in the calm evening of man's weary pilgrimage—yes, gladly would I resign the pomps and pleasures, and the courtly state, to retire to the humble vale of peace and happiness; in friendship with all mankind, save those only who are at war with virtue: but we do not chalk the path of life through which we are destined to wander, therefore, I will e'en content me with the life of a rough soldier, and smile at the caprice and frowns of fortune, list she how she may."

The cavalcade now halted for a few moments by the road-side, near to which was a *cafée*, the only one that the hamlet could boast of—and which was no mean one—and usually resorted to by travellers of all distinctions passing through the country.

"Will your honour venture to take some refreshment in the *cafée*?" cried Macgreggor, dismounting from his horse, "they give good entertainment, and are quiet, orderly people, and have a good name with us soldiery."

Sir Walter smiled at the hesitation with which Macgreggor subjoined this last observation, and replied:—

"So was the landlord of the queen and the three

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crosses, a quiet, civil, orderly sort of a personage,—was not he, Macgreggor? and no house on the road could better entertain its guests: yet, we found him in good sooth, too civil by one half!—however, from your report, I care not if I taste a glass of sherbet, while we are tarrying here, provided that the soldiery keep watch on the outside of the door, while the cattle are feeding."

"It shall be ordered so," cried Macgreggor, assisting Sir Walter to dismount, along with his silent companion, whose little disposition to enter into social discourse with any one was now remarked by Macgreggor with some involuntary symptoms of surprise, not unmixed with curiosity. He had been told by the soldiers in the guard-room, that one of the vassals who had attended Sir Walter to the castle of St. Clair, was one of the merriest souls alive, and that he had kept them in one continued roar of laughter ever since he had been there, by relating humourous tales, and singing songs of jovial glee—that he was called Francisco, and this was he; but Macgreggor marvelled that he had never spoken a sentence since he had departed from the castle, and that if he was so jovial and pleasant a fellow, that he would naturally have exhibited some signs of it during the progress of their journey to the camp of St. Julian, where there were so many opportunities of discoursing, without reserve, with each other: but this young soldier had kept up a perpetual silence, shunning conversation, rather than seeming to invite it; and that even at the house of Bibbo, when the glass was circulating so freely, and went briskly round, that this Francisco neither joined in the hilarity of the passing moment, nor yet drank

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with spirit, or eat with any apparent satisfaction; and that when he laid down on the mat, after they had supped, he had no appearance of a man having drank to the excess of total insensibility. These were the private thoughts of Macgreggor on the conduct of the supposed Francisco, but he communicated these thoughts to no one else beside—determined to watch him more closely than he had hitherto yet done, whenever he should have an opportunity for so doing.

But for this, there was but little chance, as he followed in the rear with Sir Walter, and always kept close up to him whenever they halted or happened to alight, as in the present case, when they stopped at the *cafée*; where, at last, Sir Walter was prevailed on by Macgreggor to call and take some refreshment, ere they proceeded on the remainder of their journey, the appearance of which was certainly as inviting as the sign of the queen and the three crosses had been dreary and desolate; for, seated on a bench near the entrance of the door, over which hung some luxuriant vines, richly laden with their delicious fruit, sat the host, regaling himself with a pipe and a jug of nut-brown ale; he had a merry round face, and one unvarying expression marked his countenance, and that was good nature; and while one hand was employed in patting the head of a little spaniel that lay fondling at his feet, the other grasped his favourite pipe, which he seemed to enjoy at every whiff with redoubled pleasure; no care sat upon his brow, which was fair, ruddy, and open; he had small eyes, but blue, and although they did not sparkle like stars in the azure sky, yet they shone with sensibility and harmony of mind within himself, and peace with all beside!

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And here he had fallen into the most pleasing reverie, as he whiffed his tobacco, and caressed the faithful animal that was returning the attention that his kind master was bestowing in silent gratitude, but far more eloquent and sincere than that which man evinceth to mortal race; for here was no hypocrisy, here was no self-interest, to produce affection! it was nature—holy nature, pure and unrefined! And why should not sensibility be equally inherent in an animal, as in man? and what is man, with all his boasted wisdom but an animal, when he is divested of the feelings of humanity—when he injures and oppresses his fellow creatures to the last extent of mortal power? —when, forgetful of all ties of gratitude, of duty, of affection to his kindred race, what is he superior to the brutes of the field? No, he is then far below them, for he has degraded himself beyond what brutes would do—for they are susceptible, and are faithful to the feelings of nature! But to proceed,

The host of the *cafée* did not perceive that strangers were approaching to his dwelling, till they had fairly entered the little bower wherein he was sitting with his dog and his pipe; and, on raising his eyes, they rested immediately on the warlike figure of Sir Walter De Ruthen, and the young soldier that stood beside him, Macgreggor and Baldy being likewise in the rear; and the first salutation of the merry host was "Good morning to you, gentlemen! I pray you pardon my rough usage of you, that I had not the sagacity to behold my guests before they were close at my elbow; but the truth is, I am the happiest man living, this very precious day, and I do not envy kings sitting upon their thrones; and what do you think, your honour,

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has made me so? I had a daughter, (and, blessed be the almighty Giver of all good gifts, I have a daughter still,) she is my only child, and she hath this morning brought forth a chopping boy, and made me a grandfather, for the first time in my life. Now, sirs, this is one cause of my joy, because my girl was the darling of my old age, and the pride of my heart; there was ne'er such a girl in the village as my little, smiling, pretty Rosette; but the best of all, sirs, she was a good girl, and never gave me the heart-ache ever since the day she was born!—but she did this morning, though—I had forgot that—she made my heart ache till the boy was born. Save you, sirs, what will you please to have in the house of Michael? walk in, gentlemen, and I will serve you quickly!"

There was an air of so much frankness and good humour in the countenance of the merry host, and so unsophisticated were his manners, that Sir Walter no longer hesitated to enter his abode, and to partake of such refreshments as were immediately prepared: and on his entrance he informed him whither he was journeying, and in whose service he was employed; but no sooner had Sir Walter De Ruthen pronounced the name of St. Julian, than his merry host capered about the room, with demonstrations of the most lively and extravagant joy.

"St. Julian!" uttered he, "I pray you, sirs, pardon me, that I did not at first pay you the homage due to the followers of the great St. Julian. St. Julian! my heart leaps with gratitude and swells with rapture at his name! but for St. Julian, you had not beheld me the happy father, and the happy grandfather you now see! He protected me in the wars against the malice

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of the Emperor Josephus, who would have imprisoned me, and kept me in exile and banishment from my wife and child for six long years: he released me, gave me money to return to my native village, and restored me to the wife of my bosom, and the child of my heart. When we parted, his last farewell was thus:—

"'Michael, in return for the service I have rendered to you, when times go well with you, forget me not; and should St. Julian fall in the midst of his enemies, be not one that will reproach my memory, or say that St. Julian merited his fate. I never yet found gratitude seated in the breast of mortal man; be thou the first and only example to prove to the contrary. Farewell! remember St. Julian!'

"Sirs, and think you that I have not remembered him? look at my growing meadows, and my plenteous granaries all filled with corn; my fields all filled with cattle—they were so, but they are not so now, nor do I regret their loss, or the purposes to which they have been applied; for I have cropt them—I have drained them all to serve the man who served me! The soldiers, the brave fellows who fought for St. Julian, must needs have perished. Their sufferings were reported to me by a stranger from the camp; I did not hear of them unmoved—I unlocked my little stores—I killed my cattle—I thrashed my corn, and converted it into flour—and, with a joy too great for utterance, I supplied the wants and sufferings of my noble master with all that I could spare from the wants of my own family, and those wants were but few. I have still enough; and what does a moderate and contented man require more?"

The astonishment and wonder of Sir Walter, while

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he listened to this account of the honest host, was so great, as almost to deprive him of the power of utterance; it was an instance of gratitude and generosity that stood unequalled; and the first resolve he made in his own mind, before he sat down to partake of any refreshments that were placed before him, was to leave a sum of money, unseen, in the house of the generous host, adequate to the loss he had sustained by his friendship and humanity.

And, thus resolved, he sat down with Sir Orville Faulkner, to a comfortable repast, in which good humour and the cheering smile of hospitality formed the principal and the sweetest ingredient.

Michaël's family, with the exception of his absent daughter, consisted but of two personages—his wife, a neat, merry, fond, cleanly, woman, and a young damsel, pretty and modest, who served in the capacity of a servant; those who were in attendance in the *cafée*, were persons wholly employed to wait upon the travellers, but had no familiar intercourse with the family.

This was sobriety and decorum, so necessary in a house of public entertainment, preserved with strictness and proper discipline, and no improper liberties taken or received with impunity, as it is falsely represented is the case in these countries.

But it is an observation as unjust as it is untrue, and it would be well with our houses of public resort and entertainment in England, could they boast of half the decency and regularity which is preserved in countries which their idle and erroneous reports have so frequently attempted to prejudice strangers and travellers against; to gratify an inordinate share of vanity

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and self-conceit, and to lead the profoundly ignorant into error and inexperience greater than they were before.

Sir Walter, while taking his repast, wished to learn of Michael how lately he had rendered this kind assistance to St. Julian, and what state the soldiery were in at present: informing him, at the same instant, of the errand he had gone upon to the castle of St. Clair, and how he had succeeded with Lady Margaret Albino; at which Michael expressed the most unbounded transports, and running to the outward gates beheld, by the road-side, the waggons loaded with the ammunition and the stores, which would so abundantly relieve the wants of the suffering soldiery. He then filled flaggons of the best ale he had in his house, and directed it to be given to the men, with a portion of bread and milk-cheese; desiring that they would drink to the health of the new-born stranger, who had that morning made him a grandfather.

This wish was no sooner expressed than done by the grateful and gratified soldiery, who, in loud and reiterated huzzas, drank to the health, long life, and happiness of the mother of the new-born little bantling who had so gladdened the heart and exhilarated the spirits of honest Michael.

Nor were Sir Walter De Ruthen, or Sir Orville Faulkner insensible to the scenes around them; and, in a low whisper, the latter exclaimed—

"How different, sir, is the landlord of this *cafée*, to the one we encountered at the sign of the queen and the three crosses, where gain and lucre was the only aim that directed the civilities that were paid to us; the attentions of Bibbo were directed at our purse.

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while these of honest Michael are directed at our hearts; although they are both men of business, and their calling is the same."

"Your remark is just, my young friend;" cried Sir Walter, "but it is invariably so in all professions, and in all active situations in worldly affairs; which incontestably proves, that it is not the calling of a man, whatever it be, that influences him to do right or wrong, but his principles and the natural bent of his disposition. Profession has nothing to do with a man's heart; for I have known men act honestly in the same capacity and following the same pursuits where another has turned out a rogue, and not worthy of being trusted; but good principles can seldom or ever be perverted, when once they are firmly established, and taken root in an ingenuous and really virtuous mind: they may err, (for we are the children of error from our birth,) but they will not long remain insensible of their folly, nor deaf to the warning voice that bids them sue for pardon, and hope for forgiveness through repentance and acknowledgment of their past offences."

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CHAPTER IX.

"But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest;
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reaped
Shewed like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner:
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smiled, and talked;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility!"

SHAKESPEARE.

HONEST Michael, who had set before his guest his choicest fruits and viands, felt highly gratified at the commendations bestowed upon his attention and civility by the gallant warrior, and urged him when he was preparing to take his departure from the *cafée*, to accept of a few baskets of fresh grapes and figs, with which his vineyards so luxuriantly abounded, as

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a small mark of his continued and unabated respect for St. Julian.

But Sir Walter hesitated at first to take the proffered gift, which Michael observing, ventured to exclaim,—

"Wherefore, sir, would you deprive me of so much pleasure?"

To which, Sir Walter gravely replied, although admiration at the conduct of the generous host was perceptible in every turn of his countenance,—

"Because, my good fellow, it is always painful to my feelings to encroach upon good-nature; and I would much rather confer benefits on a heart so truly generous than receive any, though in the name of the great St. Julian. If I consent to take your grapes and your figs, it will only be on one condition."

"And what may that be, please your honour," demanded Michael.

"That you will receive monies for their value," answered Sir Walter; "you have already exhausted your little stores for the relief of St. Julian; you have generously contributed, by the most active and laudable exertion, and zealous gratitude, to stretch forth a helping hand to save the sinking soldiery from perishing; and, reckless of the wants of your own family, have supplied with necessary food the wants of your fellow-men, without calculating on the profits you would gain by it, or whether for such supplies you would ever be remunerated: and, I must tell you, without departing from truth, (for I do not flatter men) honest Michael, that your conduct towards St. Julian far exceeds praise, and merits a reward beyond what he can give."

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To this warm, and certainly merited eulogium, the sun-burnt cheek of Michael was suffused with modest bashfulness, (for it is possible for bashfulness to exist without any modesty at all); yet Michael actually blushed a roseate hue when he ingenuously replied,—

"Sir, I have done no more than my duty, and you are pleased to overate my services: to the great St. Julian I owed my life and liberty; and for the latter, is there aught that a man can do too much?—for this blessing of all blessings—this treasure of all treasures—this wealth beyond all boundaries of wealth? possessing which, though poverty's keenest blast blow wildly and rudely round our heads, still man is blest—he is free! and freedom is a throne on which the God of nature sits triumphant!—superior to regal pomp, to regal power, or courtly state and magnificence! Freedom! methinks the blooming healthful boy was born of the breeze, and nursed by the mountain air—braced by exercise, and preserved in health by virtue! it is the hardy peasant's glory, and the good man's boast! blow high, blow low, it is the sweet hour of human life in all its stages; for what is life without liberty, your honour?"

To which, Sir Walter, actually astonished and confounded at the rationality, and even profundity of thought with which even this honest and simple unsophisticated son of nature was gifted, exclaimed,—

"By my sword and buckler! hadst thou been Plato or Cicero thou couldst not have argued more wisely, or naturally, friend Michael. Liberty is the soul of man! and while he can clasp this animated goddess securely within his arms, he smiles at fortune's malice and defies the world But to the point,—how long is

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it since you contributed to the sufferings of the soldiery in St. Julian's camp, who must perforce have perished had they had none at all; for, truly, the Lady Margaret Albino took time in her deliberation whether she would grant the petition of St. Julian or not; and my tarrying there beneath her battlements while she consulted with her ghostly confessor, the pious Cardinal Benvolio, hath been attended with grievous delay, and disappointment to St. Julian; furthermore, we have met with crosses on our way, and both murder and treachery have been intended us; by desperate resistance only have we found means to escape with our lives. The robbers of the Black Forest, in colleague with the atrocious landlord of the queen and the three crosses, where we sojourned awhile for rest and refreshment, formed a conspiracy against us, and would have robbed and plundered us of all our property in the dead of night, had not a kind maiden discovered and warned us of their treachery. Bibbo Gracio is he called; perhaps, thou knowest or hast heard of the atrocious knave?"

To which, Michael, who had listened with profound dismay and astonishment at this account, replied,—

"By name only, your honour, am I acquainted with the man you speak of; I have seen him at the neighbouring carnivals, and feasts and fairs that have been held in the adjacent villages, but, truly, I never felt any disposition to converse with him, for his company and my company did never hold their horses' heads together; he was quarrelsome, and I was peaceable; moreover, Bibbo Gracio was a man fond of besotting himself, and when he besotted himself, he became a beast; so I ever shunned him and the burgomasters,

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with whom he associated; for I had the pride to think that, although I had not so much of the shining ore in my purse as they had, yet that I carried a lighter heart about me, and an easier conscience, for I have heard strange things of this Bibbo Gracio; and strange company has been seen at his *cafée*, in the time of the carnivals; but I never heeded any of the passing tales that were rumoured about him, because, as I said, it doth not concern me to busy myself with my neighbour's affairs; I have enough of my own to employ me, and that is quite sufficient."

"And would that every man would act so wisely and so discreetly," cried Sir Walter, better pleased than ever with the manners and disposition of his pleasant host; "would that every man would always find time to mind his own business; there would not be so many politicians and so many rogues as there now are, intermeddling with what they call the affairs of the nation; of which, when summed up to all, they know nothing that comes within the probability of truth; but are most profoundly ignorant of the state of the nation, as they are totally divested of materials to support an argument or contradict the legality of state proceedings, or ministerial subjects."

Sir Orville Faulkner had now stepped out to the door of the *cafée*, in order to give some directions, with which he was charged by his protector, to Steevy Macgreggor to hold the men and the waggons in readiness to pursue their route without delay, and Sir Walter and Michael were left together, when, after a thoughtful pause in which some symptoms of curiosity as well as anxiety seemed to be alternately blended, Sir Walter demanded to know of Michael if he knew aught of

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a young damsel who resided with Bibbo Gracio, at the sign of the queen and the three crosses, and who passed for his niece ?

" But I will not easily credit the assertion," added the warrior ; " or that a maiden so seemingly virtuous can claim any kindred tie with so base a wretch. Dost thou know the maiden I speak of ?" again repeated Sir Walter, in a low voice : " she is called Morgiana, and from the report of my vassals, is fair and beautiful, as certain I am that the maid is heroic, wise, and generous. I would not be heard enquiring about her : answer me before my vassal returns hither. Dost thou know this reported niece of Bibbo Gracio ?"

" Know Morgiana, sir !" uttered Michael, " why all the country round about speak of her beauty and her praise ! she is the wonder and the admiration of all the neighbouring hamlets, because she is gifted with a wit that far surpasseth her age : her mother was Gracio's sister, sure enough ; but she had neither the beauty nor the sweetness of the little orphan that she left behind her ; for the mother of Morgiana died in child-bed, your honour, in a very mysterious manner, as the story goes, at the house of her brother Bibbo Gracio ; and Morgiana was left in the care of her uncle, having no other friend on earth to protect her helpless infancy but him : and they do say that he treats her barbarously, and but for one circumstance, would wholly have abandoned her to the mercy of a wide world. She has a godfather, it appears, a pious, holy and devout man, who formerly possessed some property in this land, and took a fancy to the child when she was only seven years old ; and standing sponsor for her, (for till that time the child was never christened) Bibbo stands in awe of

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him, because they say he is inspired with the art of divination, and can deal aught, of good or evil, to all those whom he may chance to like or dislike. Of late, however, he hath suddenly disappeared, taking with him all his riches, which the avaricious Bibbo had long greedily imagined would have been bestowed on his little favourite Morgiana, who was his god-daughter; but finding that Anselmo had departed without leaving a single *sous* behind him for his niece, he revenged his disappointed hopes on the poor orphan maid committed to his charge with redoubled severity, and at length obliged her to act in the capacity of a servant to wait on travellers in his *café*.

But this was no disadvantage to Morgiana, whose loveliness and modesty of deportment and gentle manners gained her the applause of all who stopped at the sign of the queen and the three crosses; and Bibbo Gracio now found that it was his interest to treat her more kindly than he had hitherto done, fearful of the reproaches that would be cast upon him, as being so near a relative of the pretty maiden, whose beauty and sweetness of disposition attracted all eyes and hearts towards her: so at times of carnivals, or public feasts and holidays, he does not use her roughly; but I have a shrewd guess he doth not trouble her with much affection, when there is no looker-on of his harsh and unnatural conduct. I saw the maiden once on a carnival day, and, truly, report said not falsely of the beauty that nature has gifted her with, for never did my eyes behold a finer creature: she hath the eye of an eagle, your honour—dark and piercing—with the breast of the swan! then, there is something noble in her mien as though she were born to be a queen; her cheek is

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delicate, too, and so unlike her humble station, you would think she were a lady, so transparent is its whiteness. She was not drest so finely as the rest of the maidens, but her attire did seem the best and most becoming of them all: she had a few simple flowers in her raven tresses, and one of them was a rose newly gathered; but ne'er that rose could vie with Morgiana's blooming cheek, nor the sparkling dew that glittered on its leaves, was like the starry light of Morgiana's eyes!"

"It were a pity that a maid so fair, and a maid so kind, should be the sport of fortune's cruel spite," uttered Sir Walter, who had listened with no small attention as well as interest to this description of Bibbo's niece; and, recollecting the deep services she had rendered to him and his companions, he energetically exclaimed,—

"Would, I had the power to exalt the maiden to a station, in which the beauty and the virtue you describe, would more transcendantly shine—a bright example and a pattern to all womankind!—and truly do I owe her gratitude, beyond the wealth of worlds to pay."

"Ah! my good lord! and cannot you do that?—from the house of her unnatural uncle, cannot you remove the maid?" uttered Michael with all the honest warmth that a man feels, (we mean a truly honest and disinterested man) for a helpless and a virtuous female, divested of the idea that her youth and beauty was any additional claim to his friendship and compassion. "Yes, surely your honour can do that?" more warmly added Michael, "I would do it, were the poor girl once to throw herself on my protection; yes, this

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humble roof should shelter her, while I had the means to provide for her. I would be a father to her,---my old dame would be a mother to her, for she is as kind a hearted soul as ever breathed the breath of life,—and my Rosette—my dear little Rosette—when she gets round again, would be a sister to her! she would nurse the baby, and we should be all one family, united in love and generous friendship; and what if I should feel myself a little the worse for adding to my household cares one that was not of my own kindred? heaven would never desert me, because I had befriended a poor orphan maid, and given her a shelter from the storm."

Sir Walter, penetrated to the quick by the artless and generous warmth which this son of nature and of feeling displayed, felt his eyes humid with tears; and felt also that if he could do thus for one to whom he owed no sense of obligation, what must he feel, or what ought he to feel, who was indebted to her for life and liberty? There was no recompense too great, to reward the lovely, generous, and heroic maid, for the great service she had rendered to him and St. Julian; for the preservation of his property, which else had become the sacrifice of lawless robbers and base assassins! What, then, did not St. Julian owe to the courage and the humanity of this virtuous maiden? and not alone St. Julian,—but himself, his vassals, and all the soldiery belonging to the service of the Lady Margaret Albino? who had probably been dead men, without her timely warning of the attack that was intended to surprize them by an unexpected and sudden encounter, and thus prevent the means and possibility of all self-defence: what then did they not owe to this cou-

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rageous and resolute fair one, who, reckless of her own delicate situation, under the roof of that unkindly relative, who, if he knew that she had frustrated the accomplishment of his wicked designs and murderous attempts on the lives of the soldiery, would instigate him, on a discovery of her having preserved them from the cruel rage of the fell monsters, to treat her with the most barbarous outrage and cruelty; and did not honour—did not justice—did not gratitude to a helpless and unfortunate female, whisper to him, that he ought not to leave her exposed to such a fate? and after a serious pause, he exclaimed,—

"Michael, your account of Bibbo's niece, hath much distressed, and, I own, hath greatly moved my heart, to offer her the protection of a rough soldier; but she is young and beautiful, and were I to take her to the camp of St. Julian, I know not what perils may surround her there, amidst a set of men who have so long been absent from the softer sex. St. Julian would not harm her; his affection standeth so firm in another quarter, that a Venus de Medicis, just rising from the sea, with all the blaze of charms about her beauteous form that so dazzleth mankind, would not, in my mind, kindle one spark in St. Julian's breast of unhallowed passion towards her. He loves,—but love, with St. Julian, is a holy fire—lasting and pure! it is not to be extinguished, though by absence, cruelty, or cold neglect, or proud disdain: nor will the devoted love he feels for one only object, e'er be lighted with a newer flame. Morgiana, therefore, with St. Julian would be safe; but we have men in our camp, not so nice or insensate to the charms of female beauty, or so honourable and delicate in the affairs of women;

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although they are gallant warriors in the field, they are fond and gentle as amorous doves at home, when beauty is the incitement to their passions. What, then, should I do with a maid so fair in a camp so rude? how should I preserve her from attacks so injurious to her peace and to her honour?"

To which, Michael gravely replied,—

"There is but one way, with all due submission to your honour's opinion, of preserving a virtuous and delicate woman from the attacks that the licentious libertine would make on her reputation, and that is a plain one."

"And what is that, honest Michael?" demanded Sir Walter, with a smile.

"Cannot your honour form a notion?" answered Michael, somewhat slyly.

"Yes, many!" cried Sir Walter, "but the notion I form, and that which you have formed, may be widely different."

"I do not think so, your honour," responded Michael; "my notions are plain enough, and what every man may understand, unless he has a mind to say downright, that he does not choose to do it. There is the road to matrimony, to keep every young and virtuous female clean out of the shot of danger; and I was thinking, that if Morgiana——"

Sir Walter reddened; but it was by no means with an expression of anger towards Michael, for the sentiment he had conveyed; but, still he was silent, and a little embarrassed. At length, recovering his confusion, he exclaimed,—

"My vassal approaches; but one word more, honest Michael, respecting the maiden of whom thou

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speakest so highly: who and what was her father?"

"Nay, my good lord, that part of the story remains in utter darkness," answered Michael; "for to this day no one knows who was the father of Morgiana,—it was ne'er revealed even to Bibbo on the dying bed of her mother: but they do say, from the fondness that father Anselmo evinced for the child, that he can tell something about it; this however was mere fancy, as Anselmo came to sojourn in this land many years before the birth of Morgiana: yet, what will not the world say?"

"It will say any thing but truth!" cried Sir Walter, "it will suggest any thing but virtue: it is a lying cheat—a wolf in sheep's clothing; but I care not a jot what it says, if I like the maiden. Hark'e, Michael, if perchance I see the maid, and she liketh me, I will e'en make her a soldier's wife, and that will put an extinguisher on the mouths of babbling, prating fools, about the maiden's history: for me, it is enough to know that she be virtuous and discreet; for think you, that while gazing on the beauty of an opening flower, that I should think it less fair because planted by the hand of a peasant? No, Michael! to fools of the world's growth I leave such idle prejudices! I am above them."

The entrance of Sir Orville Faulkner, informing his protector that all was now in readiness for their immediate departure, put an end to the conversation.

Sir Walter De Ruthen now prepared to depart, and, while buckling his sword in his belt, Michael had slyly slipped out with the baskets of fruit, that he intended as a present for St. Julian, and had put them in charge

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of Macgreggor, ere he was aware of it: in the meanwhile, during his absence, Sir Walter, under the pretence of asking some trifling questions of Michael's pleasant old dame, had obliged her to accept of a sum of money, which she was not to inform her husband of till they had quitted the *cafée*;—and thus they parted, with mutual good wishes, and the blessings of two honest and virtuous hearts whom he had made happy, to bear him company. They pursued their destined route at this time, without encountering any further obstacle on the way, and, with all possible expedition, arrived at the extremity of that mountainous part of the country which led to the borders of the great St. Julian's camp; and where, on every side, his colours were flying, and his tents were pitched: and never had mountain scenery, contrasted with the martial implements of war, produced so striking, novel, and grand appearance to the eye of the beholder, as, advancing to the brow of one of the loftiest hills, the shining arms of the soldiery, stationed on duty by their gallant commander, in every direction glittered in the rays of a bright beaming sun, and now shone full upon them.

"What a glorious sight is there," exclaimed Sir Walter, pointing out several objects, in a low whisper o Sir Orville, who was close to his horses' head; "dost thou not behold, boy? dost thou not behold from afar yon shining arms, and the martial colours flying? dost thou not hear the shrill-toned trumpet and the big hollow drum resounding from each tent? and doth not thy heart beat with tumultuous longings to behold the youthful conqueror, whose mighty name in arms hath filled with envy and astonishment even the

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mightier Josephus? Say! does not thy young heart pant to behold St. Julian?"

"It does! it does! great sir," uttered Sir Orville, enchanted with the animated and warlike scenery that every where met his view; "for never did I behold so grand a prospect as that which now lies before me!"

"But you do not yet behold it in all its glory," cried Sir Walter; "a few moments, and we shall reach the tent of St. Julian, situated in the midst of the hills, and where he himself pitched it, in order to be private, and indulge in such contemplations as are pleasing and delightful to the soul of such a man; and that he might gaze on the mountain-scenery, and look at the full-orbed moon in all its majesty, when it throws its silver light on the deep sea; and count each twinkling star that shines in the azure heavens: for these are sights which are familiar and dear to the heart of St. Julian as well as the glories of the field."

At length the first opening of the camp appeared through the foliage of the embowering shades which surrounded it, and greeted the delighted eye of the approaching travellers. The banners of St. Julian, waving high, and glittering, seemed alone to bid defiance to each proud foe, and awe them to a distance; and, as they drew nearer, in the words of an admired poet,

"They turned aside, by natural impulse
Mov'd, to behold the gallant warrior's tent,
That stood majestic, midst the towering hills;
By a grey mountain-stream, just elevate
Above the winter-torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank: an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
In early summer, when those antic trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax

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Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green:
But, save the flax-field, and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate, and now all wore
One sober hue. The narrow vale which wound
Among the hills was grey with rocks, that peer'd
Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
Was with loose stones bestrewn, which oftentimes
Sliding beneath the foot of straggling goat,
Clattered adown the steep; or huger crags,
Which, when the coming frost shall loosen them,
Would thunder down. All things assorted well
With that grey mountain hue: the lone stone lines,
Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of man;
The dwelling, rudely rear'd with stones unhewn;
The stubble flax; the crooked apple-trees,
Grey with their fleecy moss and mistletoe;
The white-bark'd birch, now leafless, and the ash,
Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,
Where they had forc'd their way; adown the vale,
Broken by stones, and o'er a stony bed,
Roll'd the loud mountain-stream."

SOUTHEY.

Macgreggor, who was mounted on the foremost steed was the first to break silence amongst the now merry soldiery.

"By St. Jago! we may bid good-bye to the robbers of the Black Forest now," uttered he, "and the ghost of Bibbo may dance a Scotch reel before us, if he pleases, for now, my boys, we are close at hand to the camp of St. Julian, and if he should chance to pop his nose there he will be glad to take it back again!"

No sooner had Macgreggor uttered these cheering and laconic sentences to his comrades than he thought, as he advanced nearer to the camp, he could discern a huge column of smoke, and sometimes intermingled with flashes of fire, suddenly dart through the dark shades of the embowering woods, and a confusion of

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rough voices saluting his ear in no very melodious accents, for it seemed that of dissention and wrangling, in high words, men with each other; and he called aloud to Sir Walter De Ruthen, to know whether they should at once make their way towards the camp, or halt gradually? pointing out to him, at the same moment, the object of his terror.

"By St. Jago! your honour," uttered he, "I fear there is some mischief afloat, that we do not know of, and had best tarry here, till we make some enquiries how the land lieth with St. Julian: soldiers in camps do not generally fire on one another, and these skirmishes look not well."

"Halt, then, instantly, my good fellow!" cried Sir Walter; "let us proceed no farther till we ascertain the cause." And quickly dismounting, the intrepid warrior boldly pushed forward alone, and almost unarmed, to the spot from whence the flashes of fire had proceeded, and the huge columns of smoke had issued.

But no description can convey an adequate impression of his horror when he perceived the colours of the Austrian army flying in front of the first tent to which he advanced; and although Bohemian soldiers were stationed on duty near it, yet they had either deserted the standard of their general, or were compelled, through dire necessity, to abandon the service of their mighty master. But soon the dread tidings were revealed; and one of them exclaimed, to the impatient enquiries of Sir Walter,—

"Great sir, I grieve to tell you that we are no longer conquerors, and that the Austrian forces, powerful in number, and renovated with fresh supplies and ammunition, bore upon our exhausted troops, worn out

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with toil, and weary of their long sufferings, and suddenly surprized us. By treachery of a deserter from our ranks, who had long been bribed to corrupt the minds of our soldiery, they were apprized of the state of our feeble camp; they knew our marches and our counter-marches, and, like wolves in sheep's cloathing, they advanced upon our defenceless troops, who had neither means nor the power of opposing their numbers. Our brave commander fought desperately—rallied to the last, and cheered the fainting soldiery while yet his voice could be heard among them; but, alas! he suddenly fell from his proud courser, who was shot to the heart under him, and the great hero fell, like an oak in the forest, covered with wounds, his manly beauteous form bleeding at every pore, for at this moment the carnage was dreadful, and the firing terrific: we are only four that have escaped the sword of the enemy! The tents are now burning; the sick that could not move from their position, when the attack commenced, are consumed to ashes; and those that yet live, are too weak to bury their slaughtered dead, which now lay in heaps on the ensanguined plains! I weep, great sir! a soldier weeps, to tell you this tale! but, sadly I fear the gallant St. Julian has fallen amongst the slain, and his fair body trampled on by the dying and the wounded steeds who also fell in numbers by his side."

Sir Walter stood, for a moment, as one transfixt, as a motionless statue, or as struck dumb by sudden lightning: but only for a moment stood he so inanimate; a big tear had started to his eye, and a deep hollow sigh heaved in his overcharged bosom! The soldier and the man—the christian and the philosopher, all wept, and were intermingled in one general burst of

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spontaneous and uncontrolable grief at the untimely fate of the brave St. Julian! the hero whom he loved, because he had seen none like unto him in martial deeds! the man whom he venerated, because none could rival him in nobleness of mind, and goodness of heart! and, last of all, the youthful Mentor of the age, who, though young, had the wisdom to admonish age, and thus had he finished his bright career—thus had he closed a life which had dawned, even in infancy, to such immortal glory, as none of his age could ever match him: and, mournfully fixing his eyes on the Bohemian soldier who had imparted to him such unpleasing intelligence, he passed his hand over his brow, as one awakened from a vision of fancied happiness to one of real and substantial misery, while he exclaimed,

"Oh! virtuous St. Julian! and hast thou perished thus? After all thy glorious conquests, and thy well-fought victories—thy blooming laurels, which on thy youthful brows so well became thee—is this thy death-bed, thou matchless hero? among the slaughtered and the slain hast thou fallen? the unburied and the dying numbered with the dead—shall no one live to say, this is the great St. Julian?—Ah! why did I leave the side of my mighty master? why was my absence, in that cursed castle of St. Clair, so long protracted? This shield else had defended him—these arms supported him! I should have catched his parting breath!—I should have heard his parting words! Ah! better had I perished by his side, than lived to mourn his loss! Oh! St. Julian! St. Julian! bitter was the morn I left thee, and heavy the hour I bid thee farewell! Alas! I thought to see thy lovely brows decked with laurel leaves of smiling victory, and

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not have met thy funeral-knell. Soldier, art thou certain thou sawest the hero fall?"

"Sir, I cannot swear as to the exact nicety of the thing," answered the soldier, deeply affected with the emotions that Sir Walter had betrayed; "but I do greatly fear it,—and sure mine eyes beheld the white courser on which the great warrior sat, triumphant, as the god of war; and, though pierced with wounds, for the crimson blood did gush, like floods, from beneath his shining armour, which, ever and anon, he blew off, as though it were a summer fly that did much offend him: and then again he spurred his courser on, who, goaded by the smart, did again rush forward to the field, already filled with slaughtered soldiers. The smoke of fiery cannons did obscure almost mine eyesight; but still I saw the white courser that did bear St. Julian on his back, and soon I saw him fall with the wounded hero; and the piteous groans of the dying animal did rive my very heart in twain. But I saw no more the mighty hero rise again; for thick clouds of vapour and of smoke did quick o'erwhelm me. I could see nothing in this terrible moment, great sir; for though I felt no wounds I scarcely knew that I was a living man beside the dead; for I was drenched with the blood of the soldier who stood at the gun with me, and he was shot while fresh loading it. But though I could not see for smoke and sulphur, yet my ears did drink in the sad tidings that St. Julian was vanquished and that a redoubt was taken by storm; in the next moment, another shout of victory assailed my fear-struck ears, and 'St. Julian is fallen' resounded in one mournful and piteous cry from the mouths of the soldiery. 'Defeat! defeat! the day is

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our own!' now ran through the Austrian army.—'Down with the colours of St. Julian! was repeated by a thousand voices; and the death-like silence that afterwards prevailed, told me that all was over, and the battle won— but not by St. Julian. I crept from beneath the station I was placed, and hid me in the shelter of you aged oak, unseen by mortal eye—unheard by mortal ear; and there I beheld the dreadful conflagration of the fight; the tents were burning—the soldiers flying in all directions from the vengeance of the enemy—the wounded dying, and the living taken prisoners of war! My four companions who had escaped unhurt had also concealed themselves in the embowering trees: but never waked I to such a morn as this, when at day-break I beheld the crimson gore that bedewed the fields. La Fontel was the general that stood at the head of the Austrian forces; and bravely has he done his duty towards the emperor: he is an enemy, it is true; but I must ever admire a brave man, let his station be what it may. 'Tis said he offered terms to our great master, ere the bloody battle commenced, which in scorn was rejected by St. Julian."

"And still in scorn shall be rejected by the proud, yet virtuous allies of all St. Julian's race!" indignantly pronounced Sir Walter. "They have retired in triumph from the field; but, mark me, soldier, they shall return again in terror to the fight, and meet the vanquished foe: however impossible, by mortal means it may seem to achieve this mighty deed, I swear, by the great God of my fathers, that it shall be done! Yes soldier, there is yet a thunderbolt in store to revenge the death of our much-loved hero: and it shall fall on

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the devoted heads of them that laid St. Julian low! Soldier, as thou lovest the memory of that gallant cheif, wilt thou now follow the track that will humble the proud hopes of this upstart army, and crush the destroyers of our now sainted hero? Vengeance will at first be slow, but, mark me, it will be certain. Wilt thou follow me should I gain an army of some thousand men? Nay, start not!—'tis in my power!"

"We follow, all! long live the brave Sir Walter, the avenger of St. Julian!" burst from the lips of the soldiery, who having joined their companion, now presented themselves to Sir Walter, offering their services to enter into his lists as champions to defend the cause, and revenge the death of the lamented St. Julian.

"We will fight while there is a drop of blood left in our veins!" uttered they; "give us but arms, your honour, and we shall not be wanting in courage; and never mind our pay, your honour; we can do without pay, so you will but take us under your protection. We are no cowards, your heuour; though by chance we escaped the vengeance of the enemy, yet we fought bravely, ere a man of us gave in: we are bleeding now, though our wounds are but slight ones; for what cared we for fighting after the brave St. Julian fell; could we have saved our general, cheaply would our lives have been purchased: but when the redoubt was taken, we knew well we could not oppose the strength of the Austrian army, which in numbers far exceeded ours. Our poor men, sick and wounded, and exhausted by their long-sufferings in the last bloody battle, on these very plains, fell easy into the hands of the foes of the great St. Julian. The renegado whom he cherished with kindness and humanity—whom, sick

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and wounded, he had within his tent, and cheered him with wine and food till he grew strong and healthy—even he, great sir, betrayed him! He was bribed to do it, but what of that? if a man cannot withstand bribery and corruption he is no man at all. Mighty sir, it grieves me to see you thus; and we do not wonder at your grief; for you were the bravest and most gallant officer that ever wore a shield, or sword, or buckler, in the service of the great St. Julian,—we know it well,—and well he loved you: but grieve not thus, great sir; give us leave to serve you, and we will go about it straightly."

Sir Walter, still unable to bear the shock he had sustained in the loss of St. Julian, had still remained absorded in stupor, leaning on his sword; but the proposition now made by the brave fellows who had lost their little all in the camp of St. Julian, after this dreadful termination of affairs, at once arouzed him, and awakened his sensibility to a present sense of the critical situation in which he now stood, and the perilous state he was both exposing himself to, and the lives of the brave men who had volunteered their services to follow him through all the dangers which he might hereafter undergo.

The indulgence of excessive grief, such as he now felt, was, therefore, useless and unavailing

> "For could honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
> Or flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death?"

No! Sir Walter knew that it were impossible! and that circumstanced as he now was, the present means of safety only was to be considered; well aware, that if he did not almost immediately make from these now awful and formidable territories, that the treasure he

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had with such incredible difficulty borne hither would be attacked and siezed upon ; while he himself would be taken prisoner, with all the brave fellows who had journeyed with him, and so generously fought in his defence. The moments, therefore, that still remained were precious ; and an experienced soldier, like him, knew how to make the best use of them in a point so momentous.

Accepting the proposal, therefore, of the soldiers, he commanded them to follow him to the waggons, where Macgreggor was impatiently awaiting his arrival, for further orders, having a presage that nothing very pleasing had occurred, by the long absence of Sir Walter, who in few words related the horrible events which had taken place, and the loss of the idol of Bohemia's glory—the young, the brave, the virtuous St. Julian ! to hear which, not a soldier's eye but was humid with a tear, but this was no time to waste in fruitless lamentation o'er the memory of the fallen hero : to revenge his death ! was now the object of their thoughts and boldly each resolved that they would hurl vengeance on St. Julian's foes, or lose their lives in the attempt.

" But to loiter here would be madness, my brave fellows," uttered Sir Walter. " Spur your coursers, and with all convenient speed, let us hasten back to the dwelling of honest Michael ; there deposit our stores in safety, and then meet in private and consult together on divers plans, which I shall have to propose, to undermine the upstart foes that have laid the brightest hero that ever shone in arms prostrate on the dust ! his manly bosom bleeding with the inglo-

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rious wounds he had received from the accursed Austrians."

"Which, by the goodly blade of a Bohemian soldier, they shall all dearly pay for!" exclaimed Steevy Macgreggor, who had been wrought up to a pitch of fury by the details given him by the soldiers, who had now enlisted themselves in the service of Sir Walter, of the dreadful scene of carnage which had taken place, "not a mother's son of us will ever go back to the castle of St. Clair; I will be sworn for every stout heart here among us that they would all see the cardinal's head swinging on a post first! would'st not thee, comrade?" more loudly vociferated Macgreggor, "who would serve a devil, when they can serve a god? and I would wager the best sequins that ever were coined that the canting whining, priest has been at the bottom of this bloody battle! A murrain light upon all ghostly confessors, I say; they had better by half, trouble their heads about their own consciences, than meddle with the affairs of the nation: and as to their preaching who would care a jot for any man's telling us which is the road to heaven, that dont choose to travel that road himself? It is all a fudge, I say, to talk about religion and such like, if we dont carry a little of it in the warmest part about us, and that is our hearts, so please you sirs! so down with the cardinal, and let us stick up the sign of liberty, and God save Sir Walter! Huzza, my boys! a long life and happiness to our new master! for curse me if I serve any other while I have a sword to handle, or a stiver to gingle."

Liberty and Sir Walter was now the order of the day; all the soldiery persisting, that were in the ser-

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vice of Lady Margaret Albino, would they ever march again.

"But what shall we do with the cattle that we have brought hither?" cried Sir Walter, by no means willing to repress the warmth which these spirited, brave, and undaunted fellows evinced towards him, and yet willing to restore that property which did not belong to him; "would it not be considered a breach of trust to detain the cattle which was only lent to us by the Lady Margaret, for accommodation?"

To which, Macgreggor replied,—

"No, your honour, there is no breach of trust in the case, in my mind; it is war time, and all is fair that soldiers come by; and as to my lady's nicety in matters of that sort, why look at the cardinal! but mum! a word to the wise, is as good as a wink to a blind horse! as the saying is."

"True!" cried Sir Walter, unable to resist the pleasantry of this odd, mirthful votary of merry Momus, "and a word to the wise, will teach you to proceed, Macgreggor, without further delay,—or I have a shrewd guess, that all our arguments will be cut short by the approach of visitants, who would not give us time to beware of their friendly salutation."

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CHAPTER X.

" The lingering hours of sad regret
Are now for ever o'er;
Love's flattering sigh, grief's bitter tear,
Can pierce, can pain no more:
With anxious fears no more I trace
The thought which clouds that eye;
Nor trembling dread that fickle heart
Should leave a wretch to die.
But, oh! when tired of life's gay scenes,
When droops thy wasted youth,
Thou'lt deeply mourn with vain regret,
My never dying truth."

PHILLIPS.

INSTANTANEOUSLY were the orders of Sir Walter De Ruthen obeyed: the spurs were applied to the horses for the purpose of the most possible convenient speed, to reach in safety the dwelling of honest Michael, fearful that the enemy yet lurked in ambush at no great distance from the camp, expecting the arrival of St. Julian's page, with the ammunition and supplies, of which arrival they had, no doubt, by some means been informed; and would seize on them as the right of conquerors, the moment they had an opportunity, or were apprized that they were forthcoming. Of what had passed too at the sign of the queen and

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the three crosses would, Sir Walter was convinced, very shortly reach the ears of the Emperor Josephus; and the murderers of Bibbo (however he had provoked such a deed to be committed, under the cruel outrage he had inflicted on others, and who had only acted in self-defence) be apprehended by his imperial order, and forthwith be imprisoned and obliged to stand their trial for so heinous and unpardonable an offence. Concealment and disguise were not only, therefore, highly necessary, in this dilemma, but immediate flight, to avoid the vengeance and the disgrace of such a crime; and Sir Walter having called Macgreggor aside, previous to his setting forward with the cavalcade, secretly suggested his apprehensions on this account, and bade him hasten on as fast as possible to the *cafée*, and caution Michael against all disclosure of their affairs. "For me," uttered Sir Walter, with a deep sigh, "I must linger here awhile, to perform, if possible, a soldier's duty over the melancholy remains of our beloved and departed hero. Perchance I may search in vain for his pale manly corpse among the gallant slain ones, yet the attempt is worth my pains; and though ghastly be his countenance, and shadowed by death those fine manly features, yet this heart shall own him, and I will take all that now remains of the brave St. Julian—his mortal part; for sure I am that the immortal now rests with angels."

"Are you then resolved to expose yourself to the attack of the enemy?" cried Macgreggor. "Great sir, consider the danger of loitering near the borders of the camp, and that the enemy is near at hand."

But Sir Walter was deaf to the voice of supplication or friendship, in such a cause; and, resolutely

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waving his hand, bade Macgregor proceed with the cavalcade, and leave him and his horse behind him: but Sir Orville Faulkner at length prevailed on him to grant him the melancholy pleasure of bearing him company.

"Think you that I will leave you, sir?" exclaimed he. "No! rather will I perish first, than quit the side of my protector in the melancholy task you have imposed upon yourself! Allow me to bear a part (as from my inmost soul I do) of the deep sorrow with which your heart is filled, for the loss you have sustained in the lamented hero's fall. I implore you to let me go with you to the camp."

This solicitation was accompanied with strange and powerful emotions of manly feeling; and it was not without its due weight on the mind of Sir Walter De Ruthen, who answered in a faltering voice, for he was considerably agitated with this mark of fidelity and affection in one whom he had seen so little of, and had known for so short a space of time—

"I cannot deny the small boon you so earnestly implore; but, good, my boy, I would not have you hazard danger on my account, after having risked and escaped from so many perils in your journey to these fatal territories. For me, I am reckless of my own fate; and should I perish here, it would matter little, since I have lost the bright star that lightened life's weary pilgrimage; I should fall like a withered leaf in the evening of autumn, but you are a young rose, whose blooming fragrance is scarcely opened to the summer sky, and it were a pity to crop thy sweetness while yet thou lookest so freshly, and thy leaves are green."

"And was not the great St. Julian young?" utter-

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Sir Orville, a sigh struggling in his breast. "Old or young, we die all, and know not when that inevitable hour draweth nigh; and yet, alas, how few are prepared to meet the conflict."

"Few, indeed!" murmured forth Sir Walter, as leading his horse slowly by the bridle, he entreated his youthful companion to arm himself with courage against the appalling sights they would have to behold, and to follow him closely and cautiously to the field of gallant slain ones. But all powers of language would fall short of description to paint the scene they did behold when they reached the fatal spot in which Sir Walter supposed that St. Julian met his fate.

Alas! every embellishment of style has been lavished to immortalize the soldier's fame; and to veil the hideous deformity of war! It has been by historians represented as the stage on which the noblest energies of man are displayed; but it ought not to be viewed always in that fair and amiable light. We must behold it surrounded by all its awful majesty of terrors, not through the false medium by which it is invested with an alluring, delusive, and baneful splendour; and then the sensation, and the proud aspiring hopes which accompany its ambition, will be found to be widely different. It is not in the nature of the stoutest heart that ever yet panted with military ardour, however they may boast of the assertion, while under the influence of its dread dominion, to be truly blest or truly happy; uncertain at the rising of the sun whether they should ever witness its departing rays in the evening. It is not natural to imagine that this is the case; and, surely, whatever is unnatural is not just. But to proceed—

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On their first entrance to the scene of slaughter, devastation, and dismay, the tents were still burning, and amidst the smoking ashes lay the blackened carcases of the soldiery; here and there they lay in scattered heaps one upon the other—the horses and their riders—and presented a spectacle too shocking and melancholy for humanity to behold—whole batallions strewed the field with the dead and the mangled; arms of all descriptions were lying on the ground; and in traversing the plain in which they had fought, Sir Walter was enabled to estimate the immense loss the Bohemians had sustained.

But in vain was the search after the dead body of the beloved hero; no traces of St. Julian could be found, and till convinced that future investigation would be wholly useless and unavailing, and continuing to linger near this spot in all probability fatal, a death-like silence had reigned with Sir Walter and his young companion, (whose feelings had sustained the severest shock, by the sights he had beheld, and could not turn from gazing at, he had ever formed the remotest notion of,) and half shuddering, yet ashamed to disclose his terrors, he expressed, in a low, tremulous voice, his horror of such sad and melancholy vestiges of ruthless war.

To which Sir Walter as softly responded—

"It is, indeed, to me afflicting, and to you terrible; but this is not always, thank heaven, the aspect that it wears, and, ere long, you will behold it in another light; stripped of its horrors, you will be in the midst of its glories, animated by one general cause, one fixed and noble resolve—and that is to revenge the death of

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one of the first of heroes and of men—the brave, the virtuous St. Julian! Remember, Faulkner, thou hast sworn to be the follower of my fortune, whether rough or smooth: through the gale, which, in truth, blows now against me somewhat strongly; it hath attacked me rudely and suddenly; but the hand that afflicts us so deeply, when not occasioned by our own folly and intemperate passions, that hurl down vengeance and ruin on our heads, can give a healing balm to soothe the sorrows of a breaking heart, and bid them cease for ever!"

"It is true, great sir," uttered Sir Orville Faulkner; "and—

> 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which like the toad, venomous and ugly,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.'

I have, indeed, sworn to be the follower of thy fortunes; wheresoever thou goest, and whatever be thy destiny, I will still keep that oath! it is registered in the high heavens, and every listening planet has witnessed its ratification, and its warm sincerity and truth!"

"I believe thee, dear boy," exclaimed Sir Walter, much affected and highly gratified with the conduct of the ingenuous, virtuous, and amiable youth; "from the very inmost of my soul I do believe thou wouldst not play me falsely. But come, boy, it is full time to depart, ere danger draweth nigh; let us quickly mount our steeds, and hasten on to the dwelling of honest Michael."

This arrangement was speedily effected, neither Sir Walter nor Sir Orville exchanging a word with each

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other till they were many miles distant from this fatal and ever to be remembered scene of awful terrors and melancholy presages.

"Thank Providence, we have escaped danger and pursuit," at length whispered Sir Walter; "and a short space of time, with the same good Providence, will find us safely lodged at Michael's for the remainder of the night, who, I will be sworn, will never betray his trust."

"No, indeed, in my mind, the honest soul would sooner perish first," responded Sir Orville.

Scarce had he uttered this ere two travellers, mounted on good horses, rode with a rapid pace after them, but having come from an opposite direction to the fatal scene of slaughter, it did not appear, at this moment, that they were in pursuit of them; nor had they the appearance of robbers, much less that of warlike men; for the one was in the habit of a minstrel, and the other was apparently of the Jewish order, for he had a long beard of silver grey, which more than half descended to the middle of his waist; he wore a large surtout of dark coloured woollen, and carried a box before him on his horse, such as pedlars journey with about the country and the adjacent villages to traffic with for sale. His companion, the minstrel, (for he had his harp slung on his back, which denoted him to be a performer and songster of the ancient bards,) was apparently considerably the junior of the two; yet he had a far more pleasing and gentle aspect, and was habited in a green cloak, with a brown Beaver turned up in the front with a single black feather, which was the costume of the minstrels in those feudal times.

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And now, to speak or not to speak, was the question with Sir Walter, who at the first eyed them with suspicion, not unmixed with apprehension: he could not forget the treacherous trick that was played on him by the landlord at the queen and the three crosses, and imagined that in every stranger, whether courteous or not courteous, he should encounter another Bibbo Graeio! He was, therefore, on his guard when the travellers approached him with, (uttered by the minstrel,)—

"Save you, gentleman! save you, tarry a moment, will it please you? The air is sharp, and the night is frosty, so both together maketh a man's stomach as keen-edged as a razor: we travellers that journey so far are glad to bite at any thing."

To this familiar address Sir Walter dryly replied—

"I care not what thou bitest at, honest friend, so thou dost not whet thy appetite on me! But, by my sword and buckler, I have a shrewd notion thou wouldst find me a tough morsel and hard of digestion, shouldst thou handle me too roughly. Why should we tarry at thy command? We are travellers, like thee, and are journeying to a far distant country, and our time is precious."

"And, in good truth, our time hangs heavy on our hands," uttered the minstrel; "there is the difference! were we to count it every hour we should not profit much by our calculation. Yet I meant no offence, sirs, in beseeching you to tarry a moment, and give two poor unlucky wights some information of the road we are journeying, and the state of the country; which, report doth say, St. Julian, and the cursed wars together, have plunged into ruin and dismay. St. Julian

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beareth the character of a right valiant one; he hath a bit of blood about him, but, like a game cock, he loveth to crow on other people's dunghills."

"Knave, thou liest!" vociferated Sir Walter, placing his hand on his sword; "and blistered be the tongue that told you aught against St. Julian, the brightest hero that ever shone in martial glory, and once the saviour of Bohemia's smiling plains, though now that gallant head lies low beneath them. St. Julian slandered! No, by my good faith, heaven itself would rise in vengeance at the very breath of slander being blown on that immortal hero! Say, dost thou not know that St. Julian is slain?"

To which the minstrel calmly replied, for he did not appear to be intimidated by the rough language which the enraged warrior had so suddenly addressed him with—

"That know I now: but you are mistaken, gallant stranger, if thou thinkest that intelligence doth greet my soul with any gladness, or that I should e'er rejoice at the fall of greatness when united with the christian virtues of a man so renowned, and therefore greatly tempted. The great are always tempted; for where much is bestowed of the bounties of heaven, much doth heaven require; and he is both wise and virtuous who can sail under the prosperous gales of good fortune without stumbling against the rocks of indiscretion, intemperance, and folly."

The surprise and astonishment in which Sir Walter was now thrown by the polished and easy flow of language which came from the mouth of the supposed minstrel, was greater than could be imagined; and somewhat slackening his pace to an easy canter, he

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felt it necessary, from the common line pursued by those who understand good breeding, to apologize for the rough manner in which he had so petulantly addressed the stranger, who certainly evinced more prudence than himself in not giving him a reply-courteous to the unmerited attack he had made upon his feelings; for Sir Walter well knew that no man, however humble in fortune, or obscure in birth, or poor or wretched in circumstances, has any right to bear quietly the insult or reproaches of another, when conscious that he intended no premeditated offence; and is, therefore, in this case, as much entitled to an apology being tendered to his injured feelings, as the proudest monarch sitting on his throne; and more calmly he replied—

"Stranger, I have treated you with uncourteous ceremony, and therefore pray you pardon me; I owe no man mortal hatred, save alone the enemy of my mighty master, of whose excellence and virtue death suddenly bereft me, and the smart it hath occasioned in my sorely grieved heart, doth yet goad and sting me; when men profess friendship to each other, let not death dissolve the kindred tie that subsisted between them, but memory ever cherish with fond regret the remembrance of their virtues, the benefits they have reaped from their hands, and the firm and unshaken fidelity they expressed towards them while they sojourned together in the land of the living; or how, in that which is to come, can we expect to be united, and live like angels, enjoying the full bliss of harmony and peace in a life which we are taught to believe will be eternal? Death, that king of terrors, should, indeed, dissolve malice, hatred, and uncharitableness,

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however deep the injuries we have sustained. When death hath closed the eyes even of our most lasting, bitterest, and unrelenting foes, man's enmity should cease, and pursue with hatred no longer the object who is then insensible of your enmity towards him. But to those we love, even after death let not memory forsake them, or suffer the envious tongue of slander to reproach the slightest action of their lives. Whither art thou bound for, friend? and from whence camest thou? If, indeed, I guess rightly that you are travellers, journeying only for business or for pleasure, and seek some house of entertainment for repose and refreshment, I will conduct thee to one well suited to the purpose—a friendly, quiet man, who, at peace with his own conscience, doth wish no man evil; I and my companion are journeying thither, and thou mayest bear us company. The world, stranger, and its dark mysterious ways, have made me suspicious, and treachery hath done much to keep me in the opinion that all men wear double faces that have smooth tongues. Yet, trust me, honest friend, there is that in my nature that would scorn to wound the feelings of any who deal with candour and sincerity towards me: thou seemest honest, and I will think thee so, spite of the prejudices I have imbibed from worldly rogues, who, smiling in your face, would yet strike the unseen dagger to your heart. Once more I demand to know (if the question be not unseemly, to an utter stranger) how far thou art journeying hence, and what is thy occupation? then were it meet to serve thee, I will do it willingly. Thou hast said rightly that the times are perilous, but it is not the wars thou complainest of, that have made them so; were men all

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brethren, and could we find fair dealings one with the other, we soldiers might rest on our muskets, and beauty, love, and innocence be the only arms that would embrace us; in a land of liberty, we should breathe the blessings of health and peace, and close the winter of our days in virtue; and death be robbed of half its terrors by the contemplation of a life passed in having contributed to the happiness of our fellow-creatures. We should serve but one monarch—the God we adore! Nature would be our laws, and our country would be freedom! But man would not have it so; he is not content with the great and bounteous gifts that nature alone gives to make him blest, and he makes laws that nature never designed, and by those laws renders himself a slave: his ambition knows no bounds—his vain, aspiring, and presumptuous wishes, no medium: he would search the book of fate, and mount the starry skies, were he able; but there Providence has wisely shut it out from all mortal knowledge—from all mortal power! and why is it so wisely ordained? what mortal man could behold his fate, and not tremble at its investigation, however virtuous, or however armed with philosophy? what a catalogue of stupendous evils should we there behold hanging o'er our fate! what languid hours of sickness—what anguish of heart—what distraction of mind—what bitter disappointments—what hopes—what fears—and, last of all, perhaps, in the train, the awful messenger of death! the moment that separates us from a terrestrial abode to a celestial one, would then be known; and with what dread should we anticipate each coming morrow, and each setting sun, that brings us nearer and nearer to that destined hour! Life would have

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charts, and virtue no happiness, could man behold futurity; therefore has the God of nature and of truth, the preserver and the creator of all mankind, forbidden it to be revealed: he has set his seal upon it, and who dare—who can unfold the sacred page?

"Yet we do presume, we dare assert, inhuman prophecies; and oft, repining at the ills we make, invoke the just punishment of insulted heaven, by a base perversion of the intellect with which man alone is blest, not to murmur, but to obey its sacred laws. The mercy heaven teaches to follow we turn from, for-

> 'The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
> But droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest'd;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown;
> His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
> But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings!
> It is an attribute of God himself!
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
> When mercy seasons justice!'"

Till now, the old man, who had rode rather behind, than by the side of his companion, (the minstrel,) had not breathed one sentence; but no sooner had Sir Walter made this beautiful apostrophe to mercy, in the words of the immortal bard, than a deep sigh, resembling more a hollow groan, issued from his breast, and he gruffly vociferated—

"Mercy! where wilt thou find it? In the flinty rocks that hang over the bosom of the ocean that hath not the sense to hear thee? in the stormy sea, or the

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raging winds, or Lapland's freezing snows? tell me, stranger? Yet with all these thou wilt not be cheated; what they seem, they are, and thou knowest the worst ill they can do thee; but from man never! for he is more stormy than the sea, more deaf than the raging winds, and doth chill more unkindly than winter's breath; yet thou hopest to find mercy from him! No, stranger, there is no mercy in man! no gratitude! He talks of it, and he preaches it well; but there is no mercy but in heaven, when man, inexorable man, denies it. Will it please you now, sirs, to journey onwards? if thou wilt not be satisfied with what we seem, without demanding to know whither we are going, and from whence we came, or what be our occupation, which concerneth thee not, were we to tell thee; we demanded not to know thine; but it may content thee to be informed that we are poor harmless wights, worn out with fortune and all her favours, and are journeying where Providence directs us: where we came from was the land of liberty; we have no occupation, save that of selling a few wares for harmless merchandize; and for our wealth we bear it on our backs, or rather, upon the backs of our poor beasts, which are our own. When we tarry at a place we tender our monies for what we receive, and owe no man a grudge because he thinketh that we are the sons of poverty; we were born in the arms of the rugged nurse, and are not ingrates enough to disown her, for though she hath been somewhat rough in her treatment of us, she hath taught us to despise wealth, and to eat the bread of honest labour: she hath taught us humility, too, more useful to man than all his boasted pride and arrogant pretensions; for having no ambition but to live peace-

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ably, we do not enter into quarrels, nor trouble our heads with the affairs of the nation. Kings may live or kings may die, it doth not move us, well knowing that they have no more than mortal breath, and we have the same. Now, stranger, how likest thou our history?"

"By my sword and buckler!" answered Sir Walter, pleased with the singularity and apparent bluntness of the old man's style of addressing him, "it doth please me well! Thy life is enviable, honest friend; would that every man could boast of blessings half so sweet and tranquil, and snuff the mountain-air as free as thou dost, and own no other laws but God's and Nature's."

They had now reached the summit of a steepy hill, scattered here and there with dark pines, the tops of which were covered with a hoary frost; some few sheep were grazing on the herbage that nature yielded, and with that they seemed contented, while the watchful shepherd-boy sat tranquilly beside them, and, as the travellers slowly passed, made obedience with his sunburnt hand, and passed it o'er his brow, which was the custom of the country, by those who considered in any degree that they were addressing their superiors; a custom which it would be well if English manners would adopt, instead of the unblushing effrontery and bold familiar address which persons of all ranks and conditions (except where interest is alone concerned) are complimented with, on their first introduction to strangers, who, if betraying the smallest indication of poverty, have likewise patiently to endure the most insulting scorn, and abject contempt, in this land of liberty, flowing with milk and honey, and which but

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little merits the eulogium which is bestowed on it, when it always drawn in the colours of truth and justice.

"I will give that boy a few francs to drink our health, for his courteous and kindly manner towards us," uttered Sir Walter, throwing at the same time the intended gift, which he gratefully received with additional manifestations of respect and gratitude, and the boy involuntarily uttered, as he threw a glance on the generous donor of such an unexpected gift, "The Holy Virgin bless you, sirs! when I go to *matins* with my grandmother, I'll pray that the wars may never harm you."

"Wilt thou, boy?" cried Sir Walter, stopping for a moment to gaze on his fresh ruddy countenance, and his merry laughing eyes, glowing with health, and braced by mountain exercise; "then, by my sword and buckler, I do not know whether such a prayer would not go further than all the eloquence breathed from beneath a cardinal's robes, or a parson's gown. Boy, where learnt thou religion, that thou knowest how to pray so aptly?"

To which the young boy replied—

"Sir, I had a grandfather once, but now he is dead; but when he was alive he used to follow the sheep, like me, and watch them in the night-time when the stars used to twinkle, and the moon shone so merrily; so grandfather told me who made the bonny light which shone so sweetly, and called him God; by whose hands every living thing was made, and could not live without him; and he bade me worship him that I might prosper, and do well, when the time was come that he should go to this same God, and would no longer stay

with me to watch the sheep in the night time. And so I did, night and morn, and nobody came to steal my sheep as they were wont to do, after that I prayed to him in this sort; then grandfather said, 'Be ever this thy religion, Marco, and in thine old age, like me, thou wilt never be forsaken.' This is my religion, sirs; and what my grandfather taught me I have never forgotten."

"And, by my soul, if every grandsire had taught so well, there would be no robbers in the Black Forest," cried Sir Walter. "There are more franks for thee, in memory of thy grandfather; for had he the wealth of the emperor he could not have left thee a more valuable legacy than that which thou art possessed of." With these words he bade adieu to the young shepherd boy, highly pleased and gratified that he had bestowed a gift so well merited.

Incidents which appear of the most trifling nature sometimes lead to causes of a considerable moment, and to matters of the highest importance; and Sir Walter reflected that the state of the country could not be so deplorable as represented to be, when religion and morality were so strongly inculcated in the minds of youth as that which he had discerned in the Bohemian shepherd-boy.

The Jew and the minstrel, for such the strangers appeared to be, had also taken great satisfaction in the dialogue which had passed with Sir Walter and the young herdsman, although they said but little on the subject, both having entered into conversation with Sir Orville Faulkner; who, no longer yielding to the necessity of being tongue-tied, felt rejoiced that he could now indulge in the liberty of speech.

At length they came in sight of the sequestered and

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quiet hamlet, in which the no less quiet and peaceful dwelling of honest Michael was situated; and pointing it out to the observation of the Jew and the minstrel, Sir Walter, with a peculiar satisfaction seated on his brow, exclaimed, "There is the *cafée*, of which I was speaking; the interior of which is yet more pleasing than the outward part; for there presides an honest man, who, doing justly and fairly in his dealings, careth as little for the world as the world careth for him. He will use thee kindly while thou dwellest in his abode, which he hath made comfortable for weary travellers; and when thou departest, he will not give thee an ill name, as some of the burgomasters do on this road. I could name one, the scourge and disgrace of humanity; and would bid the unwary traveller beware of the arrant knave, did I not truly suspect that he no longer hath the power of doing mischief."

"He is gone then to that 'bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns' to tell his tale to mortal listeners, meanest thou, stranger?" cried the Jew, in a tone of voice so agitated, that Sir Walter, surprised at the emotion that the old man so evidently betrayed, demanded to know if he had any knowledge of the burgomaster of whom he was speaking.

To which the Jew somewhat sharply replied—

"How am I to guess whether he be the man I know, or not, since thou hast not named him?"

"That is true," cried Sir Walter; "but what of that? a man is better known by his actions than his name; for many there are who bear a name that doth not belong to them: there is nothing in a name except the sound, and that signifieth nothing. But the man I speak of is one Bibbo Gracio.

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"Bibbo Gracio!" exclaimed the Jew, in a mysterious accent, and with an instinctive shuddering, as if the name had awakened some painful recollections in his memory, which he apparently endeavoured to conceal but could not: and then added, with a deep sigh, "I—I—once saw the man at a carnival in Vienna, but never wish I to behold such a man again; he hath done me wrong, but I forgive him; he called me Jew, but, thank heaven, it was the foulest epithet he could bestow upon me: yes, I remember, he called me Jew, and said that I had stolen my merchandize that I exposed for sale in the market; yes, he called me Jew, but I could not call him Christian!"

"But thou couldst have called him villain! a base, perfidious, blood-thirsty villain!" cried Sir Walter; "and, by my sword and buckler, would ne'er have wronged him by such a title, for such I found him."

They had now reached the entrance of the *cafée*, and in a few moments, were saluted by the host, with his accustomed good humour and kindness, though not with his usual merry looks; the cause of which was but too well known to Sir Walter: and both exchanged glances with each other too expressive of their heart-felt grief at the bitter reverse of fortune which in so short a time had so fatally taken place in the prospects of the once great, but now for ever fallen, St. Julian.

It was necessary, however, to put a little restraint on the anguish of their hearts; and, turning towards the Jew and the minstrel, who hath both alighted from their horses, and were preparing to take their baggage into the house, he introduced them to his host, exclaiming, "Thou seest, honest Michael, what a good name and kindly behaviour hath done for thee; I have

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brought unto thy dwelling two stranger guests to sojourn awhile from the fatigue of journeying from a far distant land, and stand in need of repose and refreshment; they are the sons of industry, and perchance, have not many of the gifts of fortune to boast of; but thou wilt not let them fare the worse for that."

"No, by the blessed Virgin! thou knowest that, your honour," answered Michael: "I would scorn to make a difference between the sons of poverty and the sons of affluence, nor have I a right so to do; when they pay me the monies for the value they receive, I am equally bounden in gratitude to the beggar as to the king. Save you, honest sirs, will you walk into the *cafée*, and I will serve thee quickly with that which thou desirest, whether fish, flesh, or fowl. Thou art weary with travelling, and must needs be sharp-set with hunger."

To which the minstrel, as he carried in his load on his back, (the Jew having preceded him already with his box of merchandize,) replied,—

"And truly that is no lie, mine host; we are sharp-set enough, with frost-bitten noses, and empty bellies, that an elephant would not fill if it were roasted alive!"

To which Michael, as he shewed them into a comfortable room, with a huge fire burning in it, smilingly replied—

"Well, sirs! well, sirs! we will do our best to suffice you; and, although belike the elephant may be wanting, yet we will presently provide something that may chance to suit thy palate quite as well."

Michael then made his way to salute guests far more welcome, and to condole with the brave warrior for the joint misfortune they had sustained in the loss of

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the beloved St. Julian: in addition to which, he had other griefs to impart to Sir Walter, equally foreboding and alarming, in these perilous times, to the ear of a soldier, whose gallant actions, when employed in the service of his country, the trumpet of fame had not vainly nor ingloriously sounded; for he had nobly won the laurels that now graced his fair and honourable brows with victory; always distinguishing himself to be a brave soldier, while to the softer ties he was equally congenial; displaying, on all occasions, the most generous and virtuous traits of disposition; with a heart rather overflowing with the milk of human kindness, than containing any acid that might tend to destroy its sweetness. Such was Sir Walter De Ruthen: with grief, then, did honest Michael impart to the brave soldier the evil that was impending o'er his head, and that even in his house, if not instantly concealed, he would not be safe from the enemies of St. Julian; who had, since the fatal defeat of the Bohemian army, searched every dwelling in the neighbouring hamlets to find him, and to take him, not only as a prisoner of war, but to arrest him in the name of the Emperor Josephus, as the cause of the outrage and violence done to Bibbo Gracio, who had been found murdered by the Bohemian soldiery—that guards were actually placed before the doors of the queen and the three crosses to protect the family from suffering further outrage—and an order issued out to arrest Sir Walter as a spy against the state of Vienna, and the abettor of the murderers of Bibbo Gracio—that the moment that Macgreggor had arrived with the stores at his dwelling, (which by the miraculous interposition of Almighty Providence alone, had escaped detection and the ven-

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geance of the enemy,) he had informed him of the perilous state of affairs, and to hasten, by immediate flight, and all possible expedition, to some sequestered spot, where he could secrete the stores, and save themselves from the vigilant pursuit of St. Julian's foes. Sir, the brave Macgreggor, like a foaming lion, darting on his prey, was not idle; he rushed towards the waggons, which he was about to unload, rallied the men, and taking the musketry close under his own inspection, drew his sword, and swore the first man that yielded to St. Julian's foes, however hard pursued, he would cut to pieces; then mounted himself at the head of the foremost waggon, and spurring the horses, drove off with the velocity of lightning's flash; but whether he has escaped or fallen into the hands of the enemy, I know not. Now, gallant sir, look to your own safety; I implore you fly to the granary, where there is a chamber it is not in mortal power to discover: it was formed by me for the purpose of concealment, in case of these perilous times driving me to seek for a shelter there; and surely the hour will not be far distant, when you need not fly. Heaven will not suffer you to perish thus! good cannot be rewarded with evil! it is sacrilege to suppose it. The aged and infirm ones whom your bounty, and benevolence, and goodness have blessed, and the lips of infancy, imperfectly murmur out your name with applause; the fond mother again repeats it to the smiling innocent, and strains it closer to her breast, and, 'God bless Sir Walter De Ruthen!' bursts from its cherub, dimpled mouth; a thousand little tongues imitate the sound; it flies from cottage to cottage, and, when they take their evening rest, it is not forgotten in the children's prayer! It is

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breathed from their infant hearts; it follows them in balmy sleep, pure as celestial saints; and when the morning's light again uncloses their little eyelids, and awakens them from their rosy slumbers, they joyfully repeat the mother's words, 'God bless Sir Walter!' It ascends to heaven! angels catch the sound, and he who records the actions of the good and virtuous enters it on that hallowed page, which it is not in the power of mortals to efface, for its impression there is imperishable!"

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CHAPTER XI.

"Sleep! gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse; how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd by buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
Oh, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, in an hour so rude,
And yet deny it to a king?"

SHAKESPEARE.

"AND thinkest thou that I dread St. Julian's foes?' uttered Sir Walter, with the most placid dignity, yet blended with no share of acrimonious despising of the timely cautions given him by honest Michael, to secure his safety, while there was yet a moment to reflect on the perils which surrounded him. "Thinkest thou, for myself I have any fear? believe me, no! but I have a poor youth whom I have taken under my protection,

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that I would not willingly expose to danger, on my account, and for his sake alone am I anxious; I would save him, though I were to die ten thousand deaths. Now list to me, Michael:—what thou hast proposed, I will accede to, only on one condition—that if I retire to the place of concealment you now propose, as the means of safety from the pursuers of St. Julian, that you will call me at the hour of midnight, and suffer me to depart from your dwelling; I, and the poor youth whom I have taken under my wing, which, alas, can no longer afford him a shelter; for unwarily have I led him into danger, and at the risk of my own life would I preserve his."

"And whither would you wander, gallant sir, at the lonely hour of midnight's fearful gloom?" uttered Michael, in a voice of the deepest anxiety and concern.

To which Sir Walter, after a thoughtful pause, replied,—

"Better to wander, than bring down a ruin on thy head, and endanger the safety of all that is in thy dwelling, thou virtuous, honest man! Thinkest thou I could endure to see an outrage offered to thy feelings, or to any of thy kindred, for the reward of thy humanity, and the fidelity thou hast evinced towards me? No, my good Michael! I thank thee for thy kind intentions, and shall remember it in the day of prosperity, even now as I feel it in the hour of adverse fate: true friendship never flies, and faithful love never wanders. Were I to stay longer than the break of day, though concealed in thy premises, there would be suspicion light upon this *cafe* more than any other in the neighbouring hamlets, because it is the only one that lieth on the borders of the camp of St. Julian;

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and they will know that few travellers pass hither without sojourning awhile to take repose and refreshments. The proud, imperious, upstart soldiery of the Emperor Josephus would demand to know if thou hadst seen or heard aught concerning St. Julian's page, on his journey to the camp, whither, they were apprized, I was conveying the stores purchased of the Lady Margaret Albino; and, although thou shouldst firmly answer in the negative, they would not give credit to thy assertion; or, perchance, some faltering of thy tongue, some change of countenance, (as being one unused to practise deception,) might betray thee, and thy protestations of innocence would avail thee nothing —thy tears and thy entreaties less: they would drag thee from thy peaceful happy dwelling, and carry thee before the emperor; nay, that is not the whole of the vengeance that would pursue thee—thy wife, thy daughter, and thy infant grandson, all, all would feel the power of their malice, remorseless cruelty, and revenge. They would be sent to wander from their quiet and sequestered abode, or seized upon and treated as conspirators against the state; while you would be confined as a prisoner, and thy goods and chattels confiscated to the service of the emperor, and thy little dwelling consumed to ashes! All this would'st thou suffer for my sake, honest Michael, were I to accept of your proffered kindness, or seek a shelter in thy humble dwelling."

"Alas, great sir, you have only drawn the worst side of the picture," uttered Michael, considerably affected with the honour, candour, and sincerity of the gallant warrior, "and I would persuade you, if possible, to grant my request."

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But all the intreaties of the honest host were ineffectual; and he instantly called Sir Orville Faulkner, and informed him of the perilous situation in which they now stood and of the necessity of their making a hasty retreat from the house of Michael, or involve him in their misfortunes: and it was at last proposed, that they should partake of some slight refreshment, and, instead of going into the concealed chamber in the granary, betake themselves to the cottage of Michael's daughter, whose husband, a quiet, civil, but alert fellow, was appointed constable lately of the adjacent hamlets, by order of the emperor, and therefore was the last man on earth whom they would suspect of shewing any quarter to the Bohemian cause. "In Bertram's little cottage you will be safe," joyfully uttered Michael, his honest eyes sparkling with satisfaction as he spoke; "and though it is but young days of motherhood with my little Rosette, she will, nevertheless, make you as welcome as the flowers of May; and you need not fear that it will put her to any inconvenience, for Bertram's sister sojourneth with her while she is yet so delicate, and will do her best to make you comfortable."

"Kind-hearted fellow! it were a pity so warm a heart should suffer for the kindness with which it is o'erflowing," cried Sir Walter; "and you solicit so earnestly that I should accept of your friendship, that it would give me pain now to deny you. Come, then, I will go and see your little Rosette, and your little grandson; but to-morrow, at break of day, I must depart."

No sooner were these words pronounced than Michael lost no time in conducting the gallant warrior

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and his youthful companion to the cottage of his son-in-law, which was effected, without danger or difficulty, by a secret passage through the *cafée*, which led to a spacious and well cultivated garden, which supplied both families with the choicest fruits and vegetables; and at the back of this, in the midst of the most pleasing and embowering shades, stood the humble, but peaceful cottage of the happy wedded pair—Bertram and Rosette! happy, indeed, might they justly be termed, for they were happy in each other; and gentle stars had united them: no warring elements were found jarring in their peaceful cot, save alone those that wind and weather were the occasion of, and from which they were defended by the never-failing hand of Providence. Beauty, smiling love, and innocence, had been the portion of the rustic bride—truth and industry that of the simple bridegroom. The basis of the attachment, which formed the happiness of the amiable couple, required no comment; it was pure simplicity and nature! nor was it veiled in mystery, or held in doubt or suspicion, much less that of jealousy—for it was that of virtue, on which the kindly atmosphere of all delighted heaven shed its most indulgent and approving smiles! Angels breathed their balmy influence to spread celestial happiness on all around them; and every good and gentle virtue concentrated and hallowed the shrine. Bertram looked up with confidence to the wife of his bosom, and Rosette with confidence to the husband of her heart; and from confidence springs esteem—and from esteem, love: for without esteem, inspired by mutual confidence, it is utterly impossible that love can ever subsist at all.

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The walls of the cottage were decorated with a profusion of the simplest, but the sweetest flowers, peculiar to this delightful country; where the musk-rose and the Arcadian lily (both the genuine natives of this luxuriant soil) yielded their fragrant and delicious stores.

A larkennet was suspended in a wicker cage, beneath the spreading branches of a vine-tree, and poured forth notes of the most enchanting melody. There is no country in the world that affords a species of this extraordinary and lovely bird so original; nor is it true that it is a native of Italy, or that it at all resembles our nightingale in England, in which there is no peculiar beauty in form, nor yet in plumage; which is so exquisitely beautiful in the larkennet, that the feathers of it are often obtained by merchants, at a considerable price, of the owners of this rare and lovely bird; which, notwithstanding, is seldom found but in the cottages of the poorer class of people, who, aware of the value set upon it by merchants and travellers, passing through the country, ingeniously contrive a trap of a peculiar kind, in which they manage to keep the whole species of the bird to themselves, carefully inspecting the bird, which is so difficult to bring to any perfection, that many fail in their attempt after all their weary labours. The lovely bird, as if by natural instinct, loving solitude, and shunning, as it were, the palaces of the great and wealthy to sojourn in the lowly vale, with the humble cottager; it would seem that the bird were wise in the choice it had made of its retirement, for, alas, how few find happiness in an exalted state, although surrounded by every fancied luxury that vitiated appetite can conceive, or power or pomp

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can boast of, with all its dazzling and brilliant light, and with all its appliances and means to boot: the gentle dove of downy peace is oft-times absent; while in the cottage, it nestles in the bosom of domestic love and happiness, and glides gently down the stream of life with no storm to interrupt its passage, or cast it on the rock of despair. But, to return to the larkennet,—the melodious pipe of which attracted the attention of Sir Walter and Sir Orville Faulkner towards it, even in this distracted and bewildered moment of their affairs; and looking at the cage, as the moon-beams fell upon the clustering vines from which it was suspended, Sir Walter exclaimed to his youthful companion—

"By my sword and buckler! yon poor rogue doth beguile life's wasting moments merrily. What call you yon bird, friend Michael, that singeth so melodiously, and yet so pleasantly, that it charmeth the ravished ear, without inclining the mind to sober sadness?"

To which the host replied,—

"It is the larkennet, your honour, the pride and the glory of all our village maidens, and all our rustic swains; because it abideth with them in all seasons and all changes, and never changeth its habitation for a more costly one; so they call it the bird of constancy; and it is a customary thing, here standing, in our neighbouring hamlets, for the first present that a youth doth make to the maiden that his soul loveth, to carry in his hand, to her father's cottage, one of these rare and beautiful birds, and hang it under a vine tree, which it never afterwards will abandon; although wind and weather threaten to destroy its slender habitation,

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still it preserves its unshaken fidelity and friendship to the hand that gave it a shelter there; and it pleadeth the passion of the enamoured youth, and doth find favour in the sight of his mistress, more than all the eloquence of human homage, or of human praise, because it is the bird of constancy, that he has left as a hostage of his faith in her father's dwelling. A poet that travelled to this country made some verses on the larkennet, when my son-in-law, Bertram, was paying his addresses to my little Rosette, who blushingly received the gift from the hands of the honest gentleman; though she was not scholar enough to understand all the meaning that such fine poetry contained, for we were not all born poets, you know, your honour."

"No, by my sword and bucker! friend Michael," cried Sir Walter, scarce resisting a smile at the ingenuous simplicity of the host, "or thou hadst been born to be starved, while fools are feasting in the land of plenty: a poet's laurels something, in some sort, resembleth that of the soldier's—there's but little gold grows upon them."

"But I have a mortal respect for them, for all that, your honour; it is not gold that makes the man," retorted the host.

"Nor learning that maketh the poet," replied Sir Walter. "But, come, what sort of verses did he make on the larkennet, that made your pretty Rosette so anxious to preserve the offspring of his muse, and treasure them up in her memory."

"I have them framed and glazed for the amusement of my customers, that tarry here over their sherbet and their segars," cried Michael: "and I have a shrewd guess that I can repeat every word of them."

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"Let us hear them," said Sir Walter; and Michael began to recite them in the following words:—

"Rosetta, she loves her larkennet:
But tell me why she loves it so?
'Twas Bertram's gift: 'twas Bertram set
Her heart first in a glow.

And dear the gift, and dear the prize,
When love and honour leads the way;
All other love the maid denies,
That e'er would teach her heart to stray.

For what is love without that gem
Which binds two faithful hearts,
Like rose-buds, on one parent stem:
Such sweets that love imparts.

Be to thy mistress ever true,
Sweet bird, of plumage rare;
And she will ever smile on you,
Rewarding all thy care."

"So much for the larkennet," cried Sir Walter; "and very pretty lines they are, friend Michael; and I do not in the least wonder that your little Rosette is so well pleased with the poor poet's gift."

By this time they had reached the door of the cottage, at which stood a pretty, neat looking peasant girl, who, looking innocently in the face of Michael, soon perceived the respectful attention that was to be paid to the stranger guests; and dropping a low curtesy, she intreated that they would have the kindness to walk in—Michael immediately preceding them to shew them the way. "Is Bertram in the way, my good Amy?" demanded Michael, as he conducted Sir Walter and Sir Orville into a snug little apartment, all fitted up in the rustic style and where the hand of honest industry

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was perceptible in every part of the simple materials that formed this humble, but truly happy dwelling. There was poverty, too—yes, there were vestiges of poverty, as well as those of industry, in the humble habitation of Bertram and Rosette: but what of that? there was the sweet rose-lipped cherubim, Content, sitting in the very midst of it, and smiling, like a little paradise, sad and affecting, in its lone simplicity; a little garden, planted with vegetables, supplied for their homely meals, which were frugal, and sufficient to support nature, and they required no more. But Rosette was fond of flowers, and her kind, fond, and indulgent husband had hitherto gratified her taste for this innocent propensity, without a dissenting voice to deter her from her most favourite amusement, and harmless pursuits. There were pinks and carnations, and there was the jessamine and the rose, and the white scented lily, all growing in native perfection, under the careful eye of their lovely inspectress; for Rosette herself exhibited a far fairer and fresher flower than any that her garden could boast of; yet Bertram continued to increase her little store of balmy treasures, even at the cost of his own weekly labour, to procure the beloved of his heart this simple gratification, which sometimes excited (though unwillingly) the gentle rebuke of an equally adoring father, of whom, being his only child, she was the idol.

Sometimes Michael would bring in his hand a basket of delicious fruit, fresh gathered from his vines, as a morning present for his pretty daughter; which were all slighted, though not rejected, for one simple floweret, culled from the vale, to add to the beauty of her gay assemblage of blooming flowers; and this passion

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continually gaining ground, instead of diminishing, after Rosette had become a wife, frequently excited the displeasure of her fond father, who, looking at the alteration in her shape, with a facetious smile, would exclaim, when she was pettish with her husband for not procuring her the plants she had requested, though attended with some drawback on the produce of his weekly labours,—

"Why what dost thee want with more flowers now, my Rossy, when thee will soon have one of the prettiest flowers to plant in thy garden thee ever had in thy born days? But the women-folks be never contented, blow high blow low, but always hankering after something, which when thee hast gotten, thee wantest something more. Thou wilt soon have a baby to nurse, and then thee will never sigh for a paltry flower again, as long as thee do live."

Whether Rosette was shamed out of her passion for flowers, by this gentle remonstrance of her father, or whether the thought of her shortly becoming a mother banished all other retrospections from her mind, was uncertain, but, from this very hour, she ceased to torment her quiet, docile, yet good-tempered husband about her flower-garden; and the birth of the little new-born stranger occupied too much of her time and her attention to bestow a thought on inanimate things, when one so lively filled her arms.

And in these arms the little grandson of Michael was encircled, when Amy telling him that Bertram and Rosette were both together, Sir Walter and Sir Orville were conducted to their presence. The infant was reposing on the mother's breast; and the father, seated beside her, was quietly smoking a segar with

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much apparent delight and satisfaction; they both arose at the entrance of the stranger guests, and Michael quickly explaining the nature of his unexpected visit, Bertram immediately offered his services to Sir Walter, pledging that while he condescended to sojourn beneath his roof, he should be perfectly secure from the enemies of St. Julian, or the power of the Emperor Josephus.

"I am much bounden to you, my good fellow," uttered Sir Walter; "nor shalt thou fare the worse for helping a soldier on his road to fortune, and assisting him to get out of the shot of danger; a time may come when I need not fly, as I do now, from my pursuers, and the hour of revenge will then be mine."

Without making any remark on words so warmly and vehemently expressed, Bertram, who for a few moments preserved the most cautious and respectful silence, at length exclaimed,—

"Sir, it is reported to the state of Vienna that the great St. Julian is not slain, but that he has fled, no one knows whither; but it is strongly suspected that he has not wandered far from this province, but is concealed by some treacherous foe of the emperor, only to surprise them at some future opportunity; while others affirm that he has escaped from the camp, in a habit of disguise, procured for him by a Bohemian soldier, who was once in the service of the Lord Albino: and to this report is now owing the strict commands of the emperor, That it will be considered treason to any who harbour him, in his dominions; and the punishment will be death to all who either embrace his cause or grant him a shelter. But, for my own part, I believe the rumour is false."

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"And thou mayest believe it false, as it is unprobable," uttered Sir Walter; "for, in the first place, his great spirit would never brook disguise—that were beneath a soldier's courage; and, in the next place, I did behold a trooper from the camp that saw the god-like hero fall; covered over with wounds, and mounted on his charger, he wore his beaver up, and all his shining armour wore he about him: by my good faith, he could not be mistaken, for the gallant beast that bore him on his back did first receive his death-wound, and fell beside him. All this heard I from one who was in the heat of the battle's rage, and sorely did escape, with life itself, from the fury of the contest; it is true I searched for the body of St. Julian on the ensanguined plains, where many a gallant warrior laid low, while others were consumed to ashes, but I could not find him. But that's not strange or wonderful; he might have fallen with the scattered heaps that lay mangled in one general mass of blood and slaughter, too horrible to mention. Thy young wife is too tender and gentle hearted to hear such tales of ruthless war; I would not shock her soft nature with a history so rough! no, my good Bertram, I do respect a woman's feelings better. Yet were that rumour true that thou speakest of, I would immortalize thee, were I able, to the starry skies, to reign, a ruling planet, there: but, St. Julian's slain!—that little word doth mock my earthly happiness, and damps all earthly joys."

"But to grieve for departed excellence were sinful, I have been told, great sir," answered Bertram, much moved with the emotions which were so powerfully excited in the breast, and so deeply impressed on the countenance of the gallant warrior: "you cannot call

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him back to earthly space, were thy tears unnumbered as the streams that wash the ocean."

"Thou sayest truly," rejoined Sir Walter; "now would I wish the meanest slave that ever dragged a chain, or tugged the labouring oar, so deep an injury as to call him back to this weary world of pilgrimage and sorrow. Mighty in arms, he is mightier still in the realms of everlasting bliss, with his heavenly Father which is in heaven. He was too pure and faultless a being to sojourn in the land of corruption, of bribery, and false deceit, and treachery."

During this conversation, which had a visible effect on the feelings of the whole party, Amy had spread a napkin, white as drifted snow, by the order of Rosette, on a table, with refreshments not unworthy of her noble guest; while the perfect loveliness of the sleeping infant, which was now placed in the cradle by the fond hand of the careful mother, attracted the attention both of Sir Walter and Sir Orville towards it.

"The boy sleeps soundly," cried Sir Walter, eyeing its roseate cheeks with peculiar tenderness, and stealing a glance as oft at its pretty little mother; for the daughter of Michael was fair as the lily of the shady valley, and pure as the mountain snow: she was small and delicate in her form, but her features bore a striking similarity to those of her father; and her bright blue eyes sparkled with good-nature and vivacity; when she spoke, her voice was melody, and her smile was innocence and love; her fair hair wantoned in luxuriant profusion over her snowy neck except that part which modesty concealed from the eyes of the beholder; and the costume of the Bohemian peasant's dress was neat, simple, and becoming,

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and would have been a model for some of our English ladies, instead of the frippery and finery which they substitute for simplicity, and sometimes decency; unconscious that it is the sweetest charm that can adorn their persons, and that beauty "wants not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

"Yes," again repeated Sir Walter, "by my sword and buckler, he is a fine chopping fellow, this grandson of yours, friend Michael, and, twenty years hence, will make a fine soldier; so, as belike I shall have no chance of seeing the smiling rogue when I set out, at daybreak, I will just leave my parting benediction on the head of yon beauteous babe, with its pretty mother, that when I am far distant, and the boy is old enough to lisp out my name, she may teach him to remember the old soldier who left him a keepsake."

So saying, Sir Walter drew from a leathern bag twenty pieces of bright and shining gold, and forcing them into the hands of the overpowered and transported mother, bid her not utter one single word of acknowledgment or thanks; for a gift that came spontaneously from the heart did not require any.

"No, no, my good lass," uttered Sir Walter, "if one cannot do a kindness for our fellow-creatures without being thanked, or reminding them of the obligation, it ceases to be a kind action at all. Put up the gold till the boy knows how to value it as the gift of Walter De Ruthen; and, should I live to return to this land again, he shall have better cause to remember the wars of St. Julian."

Although tears of gratitude bedewed the cheeks of the father, the mother, and the grandsire, at this unex-

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pected gift of generosity of the gallant warrior; yet, in conformance to his wish, they breathed it in respectful silence. And Sir Walter now expressed his desire of being conducted to the chamber that was prepared for him and his youthful companion, fully determined in his resolution of departing at the earliest hour of daybreak; and taking his leave of Michael in the most affectionate manner, whose feelings were so mournfully affected, that all power of utterance was denied to him, as he wrung Sir Walter's hand, at the door of his chamber; and he sobbed out,—

"God speed you, gallant sir, wherever thou goest, and whatever be thy wanderings. This humble cottage, which thou hast gladdened with thy presence, and cheered with thy beneficent bounty, is at thy command, and all that is in it: my prayers, and the prayers of a thankful mother rest on thy gallant head."

"And what better prayers wouldst thou have breathed for me, than a mother's prayers, my good fellow," uttered Sir Walter; "a mother's supplication at the throne of mercy ascends to the vaulted heavens, the most resistless of all human homage! Farewell, honest Michael! thou hast done a soldier a good turn, and I have done thee no ill one; let men speak of one another in their just dealings, as they find them. Peace be to thy dwelling, and all that is in it! Farewell!"

Poor Michael, unable to reply, from the excess of his feelings, grasped the hand that was extended towards him, with fervour; and hastily bidding his son and his daughter a good-night, rushed out of the gate, wholly overcome by the recollection that he could no longer aid the cause, or serve the interest of the unfor-

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tunate and lamented St. Julian, without bringing down a vengeance on his house and family, by the continual malice and persecution of St. Julian's foes. And fervently praying that the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen might escape the vigilance of the Emperor Josephus, and speedily effect his purpose of revenging the death and the wrongs of the immortal hero, he returned, with a heart surcharged with grief, to his *cafée*, and learnt from his old dame, Jacquelina, with some surprise, that the Jew and the minstrel had suddenly departed, after having finished their meal and paid their reckoning, without assigning any cause for their hasty departure, or expressing any dislike to the treatment they had received; that the Jew seemed agitated, and the minstrel no less suddenly affected; and on her repeated entreaties to know if they did not like the chamber which had been prepared for their night's lodgings, the Jew answered,—

"Woman, we will bear no interrogatories; suffice it to say, that our affairs requiring further dispatch than we thought necessary when we first came hither, we must instantly depart, which concerneth thee not, while you sustain no loss by our tarrying here. There is the money due to you for that which we have received, and, for your civil treatment, we do tender you something more. Farewell; commend us to your honest husband, and the gallant strangers who conducted us hither. They have our blessing—and you, our thanks: so farewell!"

On which, they placed their baggage on the backs of their horses, and mounting them, instantly galloped off with the utmost expedition.

This account of the newly arrived travellers perfectly

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astonished and surprised Michael, as they seemed weary and oppressed with fatigue, when they first took up their quarters there, and seemed perfectly satisfied with the accommodation which had been shewn to them.

"Had they mixed with the company that were assembled in the *cafée?*" was the enquiry of Michael, after the first effects of his sudden surprise, created by this intelligence, had subsided.

To which Jaquelina replied—

"The minstrel only went into the *cafée*, and called for a segar and a glass of sherbet; but he was not many minutes before he returned to the Jew, who had taken his sherbet alone, and wished to avoid being seen by any one; and soon after the minstrel had returned to him, they suddenly rang the bell, demanded to know what they had to pay for their refreshments, and informed me that they must instantly take their departure from the *cafée*, on an errand of business which brooked no delay; and they departed, without uttering another sentence: but I do sadly fear, husband, that they be not what they seem, and that they are in search of no good; for the old Jew do seem a mortal queer one; and, bating his years, and his silver-grey beard, which do hang down to the middle of his waist, he has the handsomest pair of legs that you ever clapt your eyes on! aye, and as portly a gait, too, as though he had been born to be an emperor!"

"Tush, woman!" cried Michael, half smiling, though strangely perplexed what to think of the quality of the stranger guests; "a truce to such idle, silly chat! how the dickens came you to see what sort

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of legs the old Jew had, when he would scarcely pop his nose from under the large slouch hat that covered the whole of his nob?"

To which Jaquelina cunningly replied—

"Well, but I got a peep at him for all that, when he was taking his sherbet, alone, in the little parlour; so I made a pretence to go in and throw some more fuel on the fire; and he had thrown his grey woollen cloak over the back of the chair, and then I saw his legs that I have described to you. I warrant he couldn't hide any thing from me! I am as cunning as a fox!"

"That you are, old dame," cried Michael; "and as noisy as a parrot!"

Whether this remark had any tendency to excite the displeasure of the old dame, or not, we cannot determine; but certain it is, that she turned very abruptly away from the presence of Michael, who, left to his own reflections, considered the strangers who had quitted his habitation, of a very mysterious character, not in the least doubting the probability of the conjecture of his old dame, that neither the Jew or the minstrel were what they seemed to be; and that they were in some sort, spies sent abroad, and kept in the service of the Emperor Josephus, to surprise, by treachery, all that were found attached to the cause of St. Julian, or had, in any degree, been firm in loyalty and zeal towards him; and much he feared that they were in search to discover the retreat of the brave Sir Walter De Ruthen, who, he rejoiced, at the present moment was beyond the reach of their evil intentions or wicked devices. But though Michael was assured of this, yet he could not retire to rest without going to his son-in-law's, to apprize Sir Walter of what were his appre-

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hensions with respect to the supposed Jew and the minstrel, who had, for some unknown cause or other, so suddenly taken their departure from his house: and he wished the gallant warrior to be on his guard, lest he should again overtake them on their travels, and again attempt to insinuate themselves into conversation with him, merely to be informed of his plans, and the place to which he was going. And thus resolved, Michael put on his hat again, nodding to his old dame as he went out, with—

"I must e'en go over to Bertram's again, dame, and tell Sir Walter of the conduct of this Jew and this minstrel, whom I believe to be no more a Jew nor a minstrel than I am."

"Well, did I not say so?" uttered Jaquelina; "and did not you think that I was playing the fool with you when I said that the old man with young legs——"

The latter part of this speech was lost upon the anxious and impatient Michael, who, arriving at Bertram's cottage a few moments before Sir Walter had retired to his chamber, requested to have a private conference with him, which was immediately granted; and the news he communicated on the subject of the departure of the Jew and the minstrel so suddenly and abruptly from the *cafée*, not only surprised Sir Walter, but filled him with the most serious apprehensions that their habits were only assumed, and that they were actually, what Michael supposed them to be, spies employed in the service of the Emperor Josephus.

"And yet they certainly had not the appearance of being such," uttered Sir Walter; "nor was their manner or their language that of impostors. There was an unaffected simplicity in the young man, who was

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in the habit of a minstrel, that was pleasing, and in that of his senior companion, a rationality, and even, at times, an energy of thought, which it would seem belonged to a man of a far superior station in life than what he represented himself to be: but still, I may be deceived—and they, deceivers; for, alas! that men are not always what they seem, is a lamentable and most incontestable truth: and they who appear to have most virtue, have most vice. Still, Michael, I will neither change my resolution, nor alter my plans; I will positively leave this cottage soon as the roseate tints of morning first peeps through the vaulted sky; nor fear I aught in the shape of mortal men: and wherefore should I? I never yet trembled before my God; why should I tremble before man? His power can control, or stifle with a breath—with a breath preserve, or with a breath destroy. No, Michael! I thank thee for thy good caution; but, by my sword and buckler, I ne'er will change the fixed, unalterable purpose of my soul, and that purpose is revenge! yes, it is the first and only time I ever cherished dire hatred to one of mortal race; but he that laid the loveliest flower low in the dust—Bohemia's darling pride!—shall meet a soldier's vengeance: so, once more, honest fellows, farewell!"

On these words, Sir Walter grasped the extended hands both of Michael and his son-in-law, (who had joined his entreaties with that of the host to dissuade the gallant warrior from venturing on his pilgrimage at so early a hour as he proposed,) and Amy preceding him with a lamp, he hurried to the apartment that had been prepared for him, Sir Orville Faulkner occupying another bed in the same room.

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Bertram was to keep watch till the break of morning, and was then to awaken his guests; and Michael, with a melancholy foreboding that he should never again behold the brave Sir Walter De Ruthen, returned, with a heavy heart, to his own habitation.

Meanwhile, Sir Walter, when alone with his youthful companion, began to disclose, though cautiously, his present plans; and to express his fears for the brave soldiery who had set out with the ammunition and the stores from the camp of St. Julian, under the management and command of the bold, intrepid Macgreggor; and to lament his fate if he had fallen into the hands of the emissaries of the emperor; "of which, I do not entertain the smallest doubt," added Sir Walter, with a deep sigh. "The blood-thirsty tyrant would like nothing better than to slake his vengeance on such staunch friends to the cause of St. Julian; and torture him with every species of cruelty that imagination could devise, to extort confession from them; which, refusing, would be followed with immediate execution. But, by my sword and buckler, if this is the fate of the bravest fellow that ever handled a Bohemian steel in the cause of liberty and St. Julian, it shall be the dearest scaffold that e'er was erected in the court of Vienna; for I will hasten on to my friends, and rally up the allies to join an army of some thousands of the stoutest hearts that ever beat with the breath of life. Faulkner, I would tell thee something more, but that thy young and boyish heart would yield to feelings that would make thy courage falter in the purpose of revenge and vengeance: but, by the God of my fathers, I will not revoke the curse! The cardinal, Faulkner—the hated, saintly hypocrite!—the

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profaner of religion's laws, although he preaches them! —he must fall from the pinnacle of his stately grandeur; and in that fall, the house of St. Clair and Albino must perish too!"

"Albino!" exclaimed Sir Orville, his soul sickening at the thought, that the safety of the lovely Augustina would be endangered too. "Surely, surely, my gallant sir, there's not a savage that roams the wilds of Afric's burning zone, that e'er would harm the virtuous, faultless daughter of Albino; and for that lovely maid, would spare the mother too?"

"And spare the cardinal, for that mother's sake—meanest thou that?" angrily pronounced Sir Walter; "No! by the eternal Powers that rule over the seas, sir, heavens, him will I not spare, nor any of the vile confederates who abetted and aided the allied forces against the army of the great St. Julian! But fear not for the safety of the Bohemian lady! she will be protected, and treated with the high respect which becomes a daughter of the virtuous Albino. We were not men could we harm loveliness and virtue, or e'er do injury to her who was beloved by the godlike hero whose fate we mourn so deeply! Thou tremblest, and thy cheeks are blanched with fear; wherefore this woman's weakness?"

"Sir, if I betray a weakness which I should blush to own in any other cause, you must forgive me," uttered Sir Orville, sighing deeply; "but I cannot suppress my feelings, or deny that I tremble for the destiny which may await, in this awful contest 'twixt friends and foes, the gentle, timid, fair Bohemian maid: yet, great sir, whatever your resolves, I do not doubt their honour, much less thy manly tenderness

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for a helpless woman; and, with implicit confidence, I not only follow your fortunes, Sir Walter De Ruthen, wheresoever thou goest, but also am well assured thou wouldst never do wrong to the virtuous daughter of the great Albino."

"Fear me not," uttered Sir Walter; "I will do nothing that may not become a man, a christian, and a soldier."

And at this precise moment, a gentle tap at the door, with as gentle a voice, gave them intelligence that the morning was already ushered in, and that the hour was near at hand when Sir Walter had determined to take his departure hence.

And, in one moment, Sir Walter was equipped for flight, Bertram not being able to prevail upon him to partake of the slightest refreshment, before he took his departure. The steeds were at the gate, and instantly mounting them, they gallopped off into the direct road for the main country, which was so wild and mountainous, that few travellers ever attempted to pass its boundaries, owing to being exposed to the most imminent peril of their lives; the craggy precipices are here and there scattered all over the country. In some parts they are so steep that the inhabitants ascend them by ladders, and draw up the cattle with ropes. The waters are also deep as those of the Nile and the Niger; and, as in Egypt, they have their periodical inundations, which greatly fertilize the plains. The thunder and lightning here are sometimes dreadful and tremendous; and the winds no less terrible and alarming, overturning the houses, and tearing up trees by the roots; and the rain comes down in torrents. Such was

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the country through which Sir Walter De Ruthen and Sir Orville Faulkner had to pass.

But very different sensations occupied the mind of each as they winded down a steepy mountain, at the extremity of which lay an almost uninhabited and dreary waste, remarkable only for the desolation and hopeless solitude which surrounded it: in Sir Walter this sensation was any thing but fear; and in his youthful companion, it was every thing but the hope of seeing their prospects wear a more pleasing, or a brighter colour.

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CHAPTER XII.

"There is a bird in the air;
There is a fish in the sea;
And the fish and the bird
Will come at a word;
And the bird and the fish
Will come at a wish;
But, I'll not tell the secret to thee, lady!
I'll not tell the secret to thee!
There is a stone on the ground;
There is a flower on the tree;
And the stone and the flower
Submit to my power;
But I'll not tell the secret to thee, lady!
I'll not tell the secret to thee!"

MAXWELL.

"IT was in this wild spot, in former times, that the most glorious battles that ever filled the page of history were decided," uttered Sir Walter to his silent, youthful, and now, certainly, wondering companion; who, in spite of the utmost confidence he placed in the gallant warrior, had been shocked and surprised at the intelligence he had communicated of the plans and designs that were aimed at the destruction of the castle of St. Clair, and the dreadful con-

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sequences which would result from an open invasion and attack on the battlements of the Lady Margaret Albino. Not that for this bold, aspiring, and haughty lady, or her pious friend, the Cardinal Benvolio, he entertained any high respect or veneration; but Lady Margaret, whate'er her faults and indiscretions, was the widow of a late gallant and illustrious lord, (who was of virtuous memory,) and the mother of the beauteous Augustina—for the possession of whom, contending monarchs might have sighed; and for whose safety, amidst these rude tumults of war and outrage, he now felt the most foreboding fears and apprehensions; well knowing, that although no personal violence would be offered to her, yet, if it assailed her mother, that her tender and affectionate heart would feel for a mother's sufferings, and, perhaps, voluntarily yield herself a victim, to share in the same fate. These were the serious thoughts and painful reflections of Sir Orville Faulkner, when Sir Walter De Ruthen so suddenly addressed him, in one of the most lonely and mountainous parts of the desolate country through which they were travelling, and which was rendered still more dreary, by the uncomfortable solitude it betrayed: in some parts, indeed, it was so trackless and inaccessible, by the steepy summits and frightful precipices that here and there gaped beneath them, that the horses could scarcely preserve a beaten path; and to the observation made by Sir Walter, his companion replied—

"And yet it would seem, from the utter solitude of these stupendous heights, that no human being ever had the temerity to cross them before, much less inhabited so wild a spot: for my own part, were I in-

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clined to indulge in gloomy or superstitious terrors, I never yet beheld a country so likely to inspire one with sickly fancies as that we are now journeying through."

Sir Walter smiled: but at this very moment, the steed on which he was mounted gave a sudden and involuntary plunge, as if potent terror possessed it; and although spurred by his dauntless and intrepid rider, still the animal stood, with mane erect, snorting and plunging forward, but without proceeding to move a pace towards the declivity of the steepy mountain, down which, Sir Walter informed Sir Orville, he was going to descend.

To which, under the influence of some apprehension, Sir Orville exclaimed—

"For heaven's sake, sir, let us desist awhile from so hazardous an attempt; it is plain, that the animal will not proceed a step further down this mountain, which is frightful in the extreme: or, if you will be resolute, let us instantly dismount, and gently guide the poor beasts, who are no longer able to keep their ground."

"Tush, tush, boy!" uttered Sir Walter, setting fresh spurs to his courser, that now unwillingly obeyed the lash of his master; "do not shame the courage of a soldier, by betraying such woman's fears. I tell thee, fear nothing! for when we have journeyed over these steepy mountains, the extremity of our dangers will be passed. The bird of Providence hovers over us, with downy wing; and soon, in notes of liberty, will proclaim a soldier's gratitude, and a soldier's welcome! Come, cheerily, cheerily, boy!—let not thy spirits fail thee in a hour like this! why need I repeat

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what before I have told thee—that I am in search of friends, gallant friends? who, valiant in arms, and mighty in power, have swords to revenge, and hearts to feel for the wrongs of St. Julian! On the east of these stupendous heights, stands, in majestic beauty, a fortress, which has stood the siege of many a bold invader, and threatening foe; but, by my sword and buckler, it never knew the hardy chieftain that would rob it of its dearest rights and privileges—liberty! which to the soul of man is earthly paradise. The governor of this fortress owes mortal hatred to the Emperor Josephus, because he dispossessed him once of the hand and heart of a fair princess, whom sh preferred to the love of the Tartarian conquer Zosinski; and hence the feudal wars broke out afre with these two powerful and mighty rivals in love an glory. Terrible and furious were the battles which ensued, till the lady died in child-birth, and then they ceased—Zosinski returning to the fortress of St. Antonio, like a lion to his den—his vengeance only stifled but not appeased, but lurks in ambush, again to attack his most mortal and detested enemy, on receiving the least encouragement from the allied forces. The sudden and unexpected defeat of St. Julian, will put the jealous Tartar on the alert, and with redoubled vengeance, he will wield the sword against the man he hates. Now, canst tell my purpose for journeying hither? I must confer with this revengeful Tartar, and learn his plans; and, by the spirit of my sainted fathers, I will not leave the fortress, till I have made him swear to become my ally in the great cause that inspires my soul to move in arms against the fell destroyers of my liege lord and gallant master! Boy,

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thy youthful cheek is blanched with fear! what meanest thou by these wild tumults of a troubled mind? dost thou then fear that I should play thee falsely, in bringing thee from the castle of St. Clair? or, that I should forego the promise I have made thee, that thou shalt be great in shining arms and deeds of martial glory? or tremblest thou for the fair Bohemian lady? If so, I promise thee, by all the immortal powers, that rule the air, sea, and heavens, that none shall ever harm her."

Sir Orville was about to reply to an assurance so consolatory, when, having proceeded nearly to the extremity of the steepy mountain, the snorting steeds were again seized with terror, the cause of which was perfectly inexplicable to Sir Walter and his young companion. At length they reached the banks of a river, which was not deep, but smooth as the glossy surface of the lake, and over which Sir Walter declared that he must pass, ere they could arrive within the boundaries of the fortress of St. Antonio; but what was his involuntary surprise and profound astonishment, when suddenly the water became agitated and discoloured, from its former every hue and tranquil state; and the horses, after plunging for several moments in the troubled stream, at length became immoveable!

"By my sword and buckler! I believe that we have, by an unlucky chance, encountered some foul ugly witch, that doth bestride the current of this stream and perplex and bewilder our path with her incantations:—but, come, let us dismount, and wade the stream, since there is no other way of arriving at our journey's end."

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Scarce had Sir Walter pronounced these words, when a solitary pilgrim, with a wicker basket in his hand, approached to the river's bank, and pulling up his cowl, which discovered a countenance of the mildest complacency, addressed the wonder-struck travellers in the following mysterious words:—

"Stranger, whoe'er thou art, and whether thine errand here be for good or evil, thou hast offended against the laws of the holy prophetess, known in these parts, to rule the waters and the winds, by her art and communion with the saints above; whereas, she provoketh the genii of the silver lake to trouble thee, so that thou wilt not reach the place of thy destination in safety, without proffering a prayer to *her*, the prophetess, to grant thee her aid, to help thee across these troubled waters, in which thou standest immoveable, till, by her magic art, she emancipate thee from thy doom."

"Thou art a lying slave, to tell me such an idle tale, thou canting follower of devilish priest-craft!" uttered Sir Walter; who, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he stood at the brink of the angry flood, with his trembling and affrighted companion, kept all the while brandishing his sword, to keep the poor pilgrim at a distance, from advancing one step nearer to the spot on which they stood. "Thinkest thou to baffle me with such bombastic stuff about a prophetess troubling the waters, and ruling the air and winds, which no power can controul—but *His* who made them. Begone, officious, meddling fool; and tell thy gossip's tale to ears more credulous, and to Pagans such as thou; for I believe thee not, and here will I stay, till a superior power than that thou hast

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told me of bids me to depart. A prophetess! I laugh to scorn! for, by this goodly steel I wear about me, I will see her first, ere I obey her call! Thou art a pilgrim well versed in holy-deed and holy precept; but I am a soldier, and deem nothing holy that does not come from the God that I adore! Pursue thy journey, honest pilgrim, if there is aught that is honest in thy calling, which much I doubt, for men are not born to fly from temptation, for the security of virtue: it is an idle, canting tale, good pilgrim, for people of thy persuasion to tell us such. The God of holy nature, from whom we came, and to whom we must return, forbids and requires not such bitter sacrifices of painful forbearance: he has given a world for his creatures to enjoy, and has in no way denied us the blessings of its liberty and its sweets, provided we know how to make a proper use of them. And say, canst thou do that in a lonely cell? is this thy duty to thyself and to the beneficent Being, who has so bounteously spread his stores? canst thou attend to the exercise and love of virtue in a cloister's melancholy gloom? No, pilgrim! thou canst not do any such thing! for it is only in the active and necessary duties of life, thou canst practise the love of humanity and the exercise of virtue! Go to, then, and do thy penance, and fast at the feet of holy shrines, and worship living saints: but, by my sword and buckler, I have a shrewd notion that thou mayest fast, and pray long enough to their saintly godships, ere they will give thee food or garment, to keep the cold out of thy hungry stomach!"

So saying, Sir Walter, with one plunge, dashed into the foaming waters, now agitated by the most furious violence, and bidding Sir Orville follow him, left the

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pilgrim on the side of the opposite bank, with uplifted hands and mournful ejaculations, wonder-struck at the temerity and intrepidity of the dauntless hero; and fully expecting every moment to see the riders and their horses (by the art of the prophetess) precipitated to the bottom of the angry stream!

But although no such calamity as the forebodings of the pilgrim had predicted, actually occurred in the midst of the foaming torrent, which burst with redoubled fury o'er their heads, as they had with immeasurable difficulty, arrived to the river's banks, that was on the boundaries of the fortress of St. Antonio; yet they were exhausted with the vigorous efforts they had made use of, to prevent being overthrown by the plunging of the horses, and the violence of the current, which, at moments, almost deprived them of breathing, and which sent up so noxious and suffocating a vapour, that they were nearly stifled with its intolerable stench! nor was it possible (from the roaring of the waters) for Sir Walter to impart the least degree of consolation to his affrighted companion, who seeing nothing but death in the perilous attempt they had made to cross the waters, and unable himself to contend with the violence of the raging and perturbed element, was utterly abandoned to despair, and silently resigned to a fate, which from appearances, he considered to be inevitable. But this fate was not destined for the amiable Sir Orville Faulkner, nor yet for the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen; for they landed on the opposite bank in perfect safety, in the midst of embowering shades and clustering vines of the most beautiful and luxuriant growth; and with the utmost astonishment, they beheld the waters of the stream

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become smooth and tranquil again, assuming the lovely crystal surface, and the silvery hue they had, on their first approaching towards them; and Sir Walter exclaimed,—

"By my sword and buckler, if this be the disposition of the lady prophetess towards us, we shall be in a pleasant condition when we approach nearer to her ladyship's holy pastures and concentrated territories; she has already given us a taste of her holy water, has not she, boy? But, come, since she has thought fit to let us land in perfect safety, on this side of the water, I care not for the ducking that we have had in crossing it. How fare thee, boy? after all the rude dangers we have passed, there is little doubt but thou art sadly weary."

To which Sir Orville replied:—

"That Providence has permitted us to escape at this immediate peril of our lives, we surely, sir, cannot be too thankful, or rejoice too greatly; but is it not strange, sir, what we have witnessed, and that the predictions of the pilgrim should so truly be verified? I am no lover of superstition, but I cannot deny the evidence of my senses, though wholly unable to penetrate the mysterious wonder I have just seen; yet, methinks, 'twas passing—"

"Tush, tush, boy!" cried Sir Walter, affecting to despise the superstitious fears that were creeping on him; "what matters it, whether it be a syren or a witch; since it is only the power of a woman that we have to encounter, the devil's in it if we cannot be a match for her."

"You deceive yourself, if thou thinkest so, gallant stranger!" uttered a voice at this precise moment, so

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wild, and yet so melodious in its accent, that both Sir Walter and Sir Orville, fascinated, yet fearfully struck at its beautiful cadence, instantaneously stopped their horses, and looked around the branches of the clustering vines, to see if they could discern any object from whence it had proceeded; but no earthly object could they see or hear again, till they crossed a wide plain, at the extremity of which stood the fortress of St. Antonio; and then the same sweet voice saluted their ear again in the following words:—

"Strangers, I am invisible! Thou canst not see the form, although thou hearest the voice of Mariette Mouline! Remember it, nor doubt the kindness she will shew thee in an hour when you shall need her protection. You must not reply to me, nor ask me any questions; but wheresoever thou goest, I will be with thee. Farewell! time is on the wing! Keep thine own counsel; and when thou reachest the fortress of St. Antonio, say nought of what thou hast heard or what thou hast seen of Mariette Mouline."

Astonishment and surprise, greater than they had ever felt before, seized the wondering senses of both Sir Walter and his young companion; and for many minutes after the voice had ceased, they remained under the influence of a sensation they never experienced in the whole course of their existence. What was this Mariette Mouline, who had so mysteriously and prophetically addressed them?—a spirit or an earthly being? and what were the motives of selecting them as the objects of her attention? To answer such a question would have puzzled the wisest sage, or the most profound philosopher; yet, Sir Walter De Rathen had too great a confidence in one only supreme and eter-

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nal Being, not to reject immediately the former supposition, and endeavour to eradicate from the mind of his young friend, any vain and imaginary terror that so strange and extraordinary an occurrence had given birth to; and to convince him by argument, that there was nothing in what they had seen or heard of a supernatural tendency, which heaven no longer permitted to reign in days like these.

To which Sir Orville gravely replied—

"Then what, may I ask, do you imagine this Mariette Mouline to be?"

"A woman!" cried Sir Walter, "a mere earthly woman; either a wandering maniac, or a mischievously inclined woman, who has been employed to adopt this mysterious mode of addressing us, in order to apprize the enemy of our secret plans; and thus to follow us as a spy on our actions, and lead us to imagine, if it were possible that we could labour under so gross an error, that she is gifted with supernatural agency, and holdeth communion with heavenly bodies. But if she continues to carry on this deception with one whose principles cannot be shaken by such bombastic foolery, and whose implicit faith and confidence in an overruling Providence can never be irradicated, she will find herself mistaken; and until she appears in her true character, of mere flesh and blood about her, in the shape of woman, I will believe her to be an impostor, wishing us to suppose her what she really is not. So let us e'en jog on, my boy, for I am resolved to reach the fortress of Antonio this night, though it were twenty leagues hence, instead of not half that distance; and as for this Mariette Mouline, I care not a rush for her spells, and her witcheries, and her prophecies, not I!"

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On these words, Sir Walter redoubled his speed, and having already, by his undaunted bravery, inspired his young companion with animation and courage, they set fresh spurs to their horses: the shades of evening very perceptibly advancing, made them use the utmost expedition, till they arrived within a quarter of a mile of the fortress of St. Antonio; and here, in great want of refreshments to recruit the poor weary beasts, and supply their own necessities, which their harassed minds stood so much in need of, they stopped at a little hovel, by the road-side, wretched and solitary in its appearance, indeed; no sign was exhibited on the outside to give notice to the weary traveller, that it was a place at all likely to afford him the slightest accommodation; yet there was a cheerful light that emitted its blaze through the apertures of the decayed and broken windows, which as the moon-beams fell thick upon it, discovered a half-ruinous building, which the hand of hoary-headed time was quickly laying siege to; while the other half certified that it was still the habitation of some earthly being, whose wretchedness was the sole cause of their sojourning in so wild and ruinous a spot.

"There is little entertainment to be had here, I doubt," cried Sir Walter; "yet, weary and oppressed as we are, the slightest morsel which sufficeth nature will content us, and the poor sorry beasts, who are sinking beneath us; at all events, I will see what gold will do, to raise us a supper, if not for ourselves, at least for our horses."

So saying, Sir Walter knocked gently at the latch of the door of the solitary hovel, which appeared to have no other security to keep invaders out; and he

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had not waited many minutes, when one of the most singular beings that ever exhibited a human appearance, met his view.

A long shaggy beard descended to the middle of his waist, which, blended with a decrepid stature of the most hideous and diminutive kind—for he was of the size of a dwarf, and, in features, of the baboon race, with small grey goggle eyes—made it at first impossible to suppose that he held intercourse with mankind. A leather belt, from which was suspended a huge bunch of keys, a small dagger, and a pistol, were the ornaments which decked the outside garments of this most singular and extraordinary creature; who, notwithstanding, shewed some sort of deference and respect to the gallant-like appearance of the strangers before whose presence he now appeared; and though the accent of his voice was somewhat rough, yet he did not forget to make a sort of obedience to Sir Walter, when he demanded to know what was his business there.

"Where?" uttered Sir Walter.

"At the elphi," replied he, with an ideot-like laugh. "Canst thou not see that this is no house of call for travellers? not but the mistress whom I serve will give thee both meat and drink, if thou crave for it: she liketh not the hungry and the thirsty to go starving from her gates. But thou must not offer her monies when thy hunger is sufficed; she will not touch gold nor do a goodly turn if thou thank her for it."

"By my sword and bucker! the very devil, and all his imps, do cross two poor unlucky wights in their wanderings to this infernal region of sprites, and spirits, and witches, and sea-cockatrices! It is not long since

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we could not cross a poor harmless sheet of water without being told that it was enchanted by a prophetess, who could make it turbulent whenever she pleased; and, a murrain light upon her harridan spells! there we did bestride the waters with our poor sorry beasts, till they had like to make us food for the fish, as we shall shortly be food for the worms, if thou dost not quickly suffice our hungry stomachs! and whate'er thou art, who dwellest in this lonely solitude, I will give thee gratitude, though thou despisest gold; here is a poor youth, sorely oppressed with travel, I do beseech thee to have pity, and give him food, ere he perish; and, since thou wilt take no monies, thou wilt not surely refuse to take that which all men seek, whether great or small, whether rich or poor, whether humble or exalted—"

"And what be that?" surlily demanded the ugly elf, for such he seemed. "I do not deny thee that which thou requirest; for, truly, it is not mine to give; but were it so, I would let no man perish. Tarry but a moment longer, and I will let my mistress know thy request, and return to thee quickly; but I charge thee, as there are no locks, bolts, or bars, in this crazy mansion, to keep the wolf from the door, thou make no entrance hither, till thou hast gained full liberty."

To which, Sir Walter, now out of all patience with the prolixity of the dwarf, and no longer able to resist the pressing calls of hunger, which now began to assail him most furiously, in no very melodious accents vociferated—

"Why what, in the name of all the furies that infest this place with their foul megrims, dost take me for, thou lynx-eyed whelp? Thinkest thou I am a robber?

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or with this goodly blade, which hath shone in mighty battles, that I would come, like the assassin of the midnight hour, to do a murderous deed? Go tell thy mistress that we are gallant soldiers, with empty knap sacks, hungry bellies, and starving steeds; and if she hath the heart of a giantess, she will not deny us succour."

"Thou wilt find that she hath the heart of a woman," surlily growled the ugly dwarf, and instantly disappeared, leaving Sir Walter and Sir Orville at a loss to surmise whether their reception at this apparently wretched hovel would be one of a hostile or a friendly kind; but scarce had they made these reflections, before the dwarf returned again with a large and massy key in his hand, which he said was to open the door of the stable, where the poor beasts might rest awhile, and that he would give them a measure of corn, while they were taking some refreshments in the elphi, which they had liberty to enter as soon as they pleased.

This intelligence being highly satisfactory to our weary and exhausted travellers, they very quickly dismounted, leaving the care of their horses to the dwarf; who, pointing to an arch covered with the skins of various animals, bid them enter a chamber on the left, where they would find some refreshments placed for their use; accordingly they did—but what was their surprise to discover that the interior parts of this miserable hovel contained the most costly furniture, and rich and splendid tapestry, representing a part of the Heathen mythology, most superbly executed; and in the centre of the chamber was a table covered with a crimson cloth, on which was a variety of dishes filled with the choicest delicacies that could tempt the ap-

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petite to regale on them; a golden cup stood at each corner of the table, filled with wine; and the chamber sent forth the most fragrant perfume of the acacia flower, which was as reviving and refreshing as the viands were delicious, to the weary and exhausted spirits of the almost fainting travellers; who both sat down in silence to partake of the sumptuous banquet that was placed before them, preserving the most profound silence according to the hint given them by the dwarf—to express no acknowledgment of thanks to the mistress of the mansion for any mark of kindness or hospitality which she thought proper to manifest towards them; and with which, however unwillingly, they strictly complied.

The dwarf, also, who after having attended to the horses, came and stationed himself at their elbow, preserving a mysterious silence, which, fearful that some incautious word or action of the travellers might break through, he placed one of his fingers on his lip, while with another he made dumb signs, pointing to an inscription that was written in legible characters over the painted arch, at the entrance of the chamber, and which contained words to the following effect, which started with wonder and astonishment too great for utterance, the spell-bound senses of Sir Walter De Ruthen and his young companion:—

"Whatever traveller sojourneth in the mansion of the elphi, and partaketh of the hospitality thereof, let him remember not to slight her favours, by doubting her high authority, nor the art of her great calling, with the blessed communion she holdeth with the saints above! the elphi is invisible to all mortal eyes, but she heareth and seeth those who deride her power, and

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laugh to scorn her mystic art: she pursueth with hatred and vengeance; but those who do respect her authority, shall depart in peace; if they are hungry, they shall be fed; if naked, they shall be clothed; if poor, they shall have alms bestowed upon them; so they will hold sacred the memory of Mariette Mouline!"

Astonishment had till this moment sealed the lips of Sir Walter De Ruthen; but on suddenly encountering the name which before had impressed him with so much mysterious awe, and who had so lately held an invisible conversation with him, and in whose habitation it appeared that he now was; and considering that he was now completely the dupe of an artful, dangerous, and insidious woman, the motives of whose singularity of conduct he still attributed to her having some connections with the foes of St. Julian, and that she was employed by them to practise this deception, and to extort, by the most extraordinary means, a confession of his plans and designs—he determined the moment he should arrive at the fortress of St. Antonio, to acquaint Zosinski with all the mysterious circumstances that had attended him in the progress of his journey thither; and to enquire, if he knew aught of this extraordinary personage, who in the supposed character of a prophetess, called herself Mariette Mouline, which being the name of the holy sanctuary on the borders of one of the most fanatic and superstitious countries in the whole world, was the more likely to effect her purpose of deception, and to lead the profoundly ignorant and simple inhabitants of this deluded country astray. This was the only idea that possessed the mind of Sir Walter De Ruthen, respect-

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ing the pretended prophetess, Mariette Mouline—from whose mysterious abode he now wished most anxiously to make the best of his way; yet concealing his suspicions of the disgust and abhorrence, in which he held both her principles and character, he intimated to her no less singular and mysterious attendant, how much he was gratified with the entertainment he had received; when the dwarf placing his finger on his lip, in the same manner that he did before, implied, that no acknowledgment of thanks was expected, or would be received; and that he must imperatively preserve the silence he had requested, while he remained there.

A prohibition of speech was certainly, under present circumstances, by no means difficult or unpleasing to Sir Walter, who pointing to the arch through which he had made his entrance to the chamber, the dwarf guessing that he wished to depart, preceded him with a lamp in his hand, and taking the huge massy key along with him, brought forth the renovated steeds, who having fed plenteously, appeared to be as eager to depart as their masters, which Sir Walter took good care he would not be long in doing; for in a moment, both him and Sir Orville were mounted on their backs, and, with the velocity of lightning, began to expedite the remainder of their disastrous journey to the fortress of St. Antonio, having only exchanged one word with the dwarf, ere he quitted this strange and extraordinary mansion, and that one word was "farewell!"

But no sooner were they completely out of hearing, as well as out of sight of the elphi, than Sir Walter exclaimed—

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"So far fortune has favoured us, boy; another of her lucky smiles, and we shall be out of the shot of danger, in the fortress of St. Antonio; and this hag, this Mariette Mouline, will then no longer have the power of exercising her high authority, as she calls it, which I not only laugh to scorn, but utterly despise; dost not thou, boy?"

But the mind and imagination of Sir Orville was perplexed and bewildered with both what he had seen and heard; and he could not so suddenly and immediately adopt the opinion of Sir Walter De Ruthen, respecting the conduct of this singular and mysterious, and to them, invisible, Mariette Mouline; for it was evident she had power which, though but earthly, was great and wonderful: and, under present circumstances, he did not see why Sir Walter should reject her services, or pronounce so decidedly against her—as being employed in the service of the Emperor Josephus, to detect his plans, and surprise him by treachery; it was scarce possible for a female, however she might possess the most extraordinary courage, to do this with impunity; and cautiously he replied to his gallant friend—

"I am incompetent to judge, sir, of this extraordinary and mysterious affair; yet it would seem that Mariette Mouline intended us no wrong, or she would have denied us the assistance which our exhausted spirits stood so greatly in need of."

"That is true," uttered Sir Walter; "but that was policy, and had nothing to do with the outward show of humanity, which wants no disguise at all. However you are young, and inexperienced in the arts of mankind; when you live in the world, you will learn better

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how to discriminate between assumed virtue and that which is the pure offspring of a kind and ingenuous heart, untainted by worldly sophistry, and uncorrupted by worldly deceit."

Sir Orville made no reply; and the towering heights of the fortress of St. Antonio appearing in sight, they proceeded without delay to demand an audience of the great and mighty Zosinski, who ruled at once a tyrant and a monarch over his subjects there.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"But, whate'er you are,
That in this desert, inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE fortress of St. Antonio, which has been rendered so remarkable in the page of history in the time of the feudal wars, stood on a towering and stupendous height, arising, as it were, majestically out of the very bosom of the ocean, which surrounded it. It was in this fortress that the great Cynan, the chief of one of the five royal tribes was born and educated, where his father had sought refuge during the storm of civil commotions which reign in feudal times: on attaining the age of manhood, he raised an auxiliary army to wage war with Manfred Josephus, the grandsire of the present reigning one, but was unfortunately defeated, and obliged to return; and after vicissitudes which discovered great energy, fortitude, and firm-

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ness of character, he died in the round tower of the fortress of St. Antonio, universally lamented by his countrymen: and his elegy was pathetically sung by the ancient Bohemian bards, an inscription to his memory being placed over the round tower, which has been held so sacred by his successors, that it is kept in a state of preservation to the present day, and is translated in the following remarkable and impressive words:—

"Oh! may the son of the great Cynan, mighty and valiant in arms, and of enlarged mind, be with Christ, in the pure adoration of the reign of glory, since the chief of men obtains the social confidence of angels! As to his life he had not a longing wish—he is, through the meritorious mediation of one of the Unity of Trinity, in a purely splendid home in the celestial and eternal world!"

It was in the time of Cynan also that tradition reports that a beautiful virgin, named Mona, refusing to return the passion of her lover, and flying from his solicitation, was pursued, and her head struck off, by this impetuous suitor: the head being taken by her uncle, Almagro, and placed again on her shoulders, readily united, and the virgin was miraculously restored to life, while her assassin was swallowed up by the earth. On the spot where the head fell, sprang up the wonderful fountain which for so many ages maintained the reputation of supernatural healing qualities.

On the approach of Sir Walter to this ever-memorable fortress of St. Antonio, the costume of his military habit obtained him admission without having any other signet, or producing any other credentials than the

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arms of St. Julian:' and leaving his young companion in the anti-chamber, within hearing, he was immediately conducted into the presence of Zosinski.

"Hail to the mighty conqueror of the Tartars!" exclaimed Sir Walter, making a low obedience to Zosinski; who having held a cabinet council on that day, was still in his high authority of state, and seated under a canopy of gold, with all his glittering regalia about him. "Hail to the renowned Zosinski!" again repeated Sir Walter, approaching nearer to the footstool of his splendid throne; and well knowing how grateful was the incense of flattery offered to the ear of greatness, and that, however fulsome or unmerited, they never reject it for plain, downright, honest truth. And he smiled most graciously on the gallant warrior bending his knee towards him, bidding him rise from his prostrate condition, which so ill became a brave soldier, and the page of the great St. Julian, while he courteously pointed to a seat in the council-chamber, and desired that he would be seated, exclaiming—

"Brave Sir Walter, whate'er the difference of station or rank between us, I know thy merits, and respect them. Thou shalt not bend thy knee to me, who in martial fight art my equal—nay, more, thou art my brother, and my friend! for in the field, all soldiers should be friends and brothers, when their interests are blended in one common cause, and one general sentiment pervades their breasts; there is no distinction when sword meets sword! when firing cannons meet firing cannons! when shot meets shot! when brave hearts meet brave hearts, resolved to die in the cause of liberty and our dear native land! when this is the case, there is no difference in rank or condition

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of men, my good Sir Walter, and he who makes it such, is neither man nor soldier! Thou hast journeyed far, and must needs want some refreshments, and that thou shalt not lack in the fortress of St. Antonio. Hast thou brought any attendants with thee?"

To which Sir Walter, now being seated by the side of Zosinski, and highly gratified at the reception he had met with on his arrival, even before he knew the nature of his errand, or the petition he had to prefer to him, replied in the following manner:—

"A youth of noble parentage, and honourable birth, is, mighty sir, the only follower of my now humble and fallen fortunes—Sir Orville Faulkner, the son of the gallant lord who perished in the battle of Armada; I saw him unhappy, in the service of the Lady Margaret Albino, whose page he was at the castle of St. Clair; he was too spirited and too noble to be a lady's serving-man, and his bosom burned high to be a soldier!

"For he had heard of battles, and he long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what his sire denied,"

continued Sir Walter: "seeing the disposition of the brave youth, I enlisted him in the service of the great St. Julian, where his young heart, that so panted for military ardour, would soon have shone in valiant arms, the counterpart of his noble father; but, alas! the growing harvest which I had planned for the young boy, is now blighted and withered in its bloom. St. Julian is no more! The sun has set on the brightest hero that ever shone in arms!"

Sir Walter paused; while a tear fell over his cheek;

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at the recollection of the happiness he once enjoyed with St. Julian; when, favoured by fortune, and victorious in martial exploits, he shone the conqueror of the Austrian chiefs! when after the battle's heat was over, he retired to his tent with a few of his most chosen and gallant followers; when he threw off his most stately robes, and warlike manners were put aside, and entered into the pleasures which he derived from their society, as brother-soldiers and as men; but, alas! these happy hours were now no more! and these glorious conquests and smiling victories had faded all in the death of the lamented hero; and so had faded the bright prospects and smiling hopes of Sir Walter De Ruthen: and whether that the deep grief which now possessed his soul, was perceived by Zosinski, or whether, impelled by stronger motives than merely the knowledge that he possessed of the bravery of Sir Walter's character, he chose to distinguish him with attention due to his exalted merits; but it was certain that the Tartarian chief evinced the most courteous-like behaviour towards him, ordering his vassals to conduct him to an apartment, fit for a gallant soldier, and St. Julian's page! and to prepare a banquet, suited to the quality of his guest, which order was immediately obeyed. Zosinski waved his hand, to prevent Sir Walter from again prostrating himself at the foot of the throne, where the mighty conqueror was seated; and Zosinski exclaimed,—

"Forbear, Sir Walter, this humiliating mark of deference to one who knows so well thy truth and valour, and thy unshaken fidelity to thy great master,—who was, indeed, worthy of thy homage and thy love! and truly do I know that St. Julian prized it. Go

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then, brave soldier, and feast thee at the banquet, which my vassals shall get ready for thee and the youth thou hast spoken of, as having enlisted in the service of thy master;—this son of the brave Faulkner, whom well I knew; I do beseech thee, let not the young boy thirst or hunger in the fortress of St. Antonio: and when thou art sufficed, return to me anon, and I will attend to the petition thou art going to proffer, and will readily grant thy suit, provided you do not stray beyond the limits of my power. Go to; I will see thee when thou hast refreshed thee, and have much converse with thee on the nature of thy business, and the purpose of thy plans, at which I partly guess, but will not mention till thy return from the banquet; when thou mayest disclose thy thoughts most freely."

On these words, Sir Walter bowing low, and placing his hand on his breast, which was the custom of the country, retired with an attendant vassal, from the presence of Zosinski, who conducted him and Sir Orville Faulkner into a spacious hall, lighted with the most brilliant tapers, and hung round with the trophies of war, and the names of the heroes who had achieved high and mighty victories, or died on the field of glory! and, amongst the foremost of these, Sir Walter descried 'Zosinski' inscribed in letters of massy gold; a table was spread, in the centre of this apartment with the choicest delicacies, and cups filled with wine of the most delicious flavour, were placed at each corner of the spacious board; there were, however, two additional covers placed on the table, which, the vassal informed Sir Walter, were for two stranger-guests, who had lately arrived at the fortress of St. Antonio, from a far distant country, and with his goodly leave,

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would enjoy the pleasure of his company for an hour or so, by taking a seat at the banquet; that by order of this liege master, he was sent hither to know if such guests would be intrusive or disagreeable to his feelings.

To which, Sir Walter replied,—

"If it is the goodly pleasure of thy mighty master, that his guests should be entertained at his hospitable board, what right have I (who am nothing more than a stranger) to refuse his great bidding: would it not be the basest presumption, in one whose fortunes are so humble, to say, they were not welcome to share in the munificence of the great conqueror? I beseech you, let the strangers forthwith take a place at the table, and I will await their coming."

The vassal retired, and in a few minutes ushered in the strangers, but certainly they were no strangers to Sir Walter De Ruthen, or to Sir Orville Faulkner; for in the person of one they descried their fellow-traveller the old Jew pedlar, and in the other, his young companion, the wandering minstrel: and the astonishment and surprise of each party may very naturally be conceived, when the Jew, who had first made his advances into the centre of the room, exclaimed,—

"Gallant strangers, we are again well met!"

To which, Sir Walter, in a less cordial accent, (for he considered himself as being officially watched and pursued by these men) replied,—

"We are met, sir, but whether it be well or no, remains to be proved."

To which remark, the Jew, very unceremoniously taking his place at the table, coolly and placidly plied,—

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"And why should it not be well with us, sir? I owe no ill will to those who are my friends; and to my enemies none, but the prayer that I have preferred to heaven, that I may vanquish them: and soon I shall! yes, I have that within me that assures me that the hour of retribution is near at hand. Will it please you, then, sir, to sit and calm your choler, which, in truth, I do not merit; for had I been the enemy of Sir Walter De Ruthen, I had not encountered him in the fortress of St. Antonio."

This was said in a tone of the most commanding dignity, and as one in the habit of commanding others; and, although an apparent suavity of manners was preserved, it was evident that the Jew considered both Sir Walter De Ruthen and Sir Orville Faulkner his inferiors, and that, however strange and mysterious it might appear, he possessed a strong and powerful influence in the fortress of St. Antonio; for the vassals that waited at the banquet always served the Jew and the minstrel first, observing towards the former the most profound respect and servile obedience, which much astonished, and confirmed the suspicions of Sir Walter, that, in the words of honest Michael, arose to his recollection, "That neither the Jew nor the minstrel were what they seemed to be;" and that as they had yet done him no injury, it was impolitic and unwise in them to offend those who offered no offence to him: and the glass circulating more freely, Sir Walter, who was himself a cheerful companion, imperceptibly abandoned the reserve and chilling apathy he had at first adopted towards the strangers, who themselves forgot that there was any difference of rank or station between them; and, after the luxuriant meal was

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ended, and a fresh supply of wine was brought on the table, entered into a more lively and animated discourse; and the Jew, turning to the young minstrel, begged that he would beguile the time with a specimen of his vocal abilities, "for though young, you are always a bard of ancient times, Ferdinand," observed the Jew; "so please you, gallant strangers, he will give you a ditty most suited to your tastes: war or love,—which shall be the burthen of the minstrel's song, gentlemen?"

"Why, by my sword and buckler, that can I not answer thee," cried Sir Walter, with a jocose smile; "for the one, though she has been the mistress of my soul for many a long and weary campaign, hath played me but a scurvy trick after all, having worn out the flower of my youth in her goodly service; I never minded when she handled me roughly, for a soldier is accustomed to pillow his head on his knapsack, rather than repose on leaves of balmy roses,—I say, I had freely forgiven the saucy jade, had she not also played me treacherously; for never had that bright star fallen or been obscured in its transcendant light, with which it so illuminated a wondering world, had not a treacherous foe been concealed in the camp of St. Julian. Of war, then, do not sing, young minstrel, lest I sink into sober melancholy, which so ill becomes the pleasures of this jovial meeting: and with love do not sicken me, for that is a shadow; it passes o'er the brow of morning youth, like a gay dream, that doth charm us with the sweet colours of a fairy landscape, and then, like the rainbow, doth quickly vanish from our view. No, young minstrel, do not sing of love, I

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pray thee, for I have beheld its influence on a deep and manly heart, exerted with tyrannic sway; and I like nor love nor beauty, for they do make men idiots, and forget themselves."

A deep struggled sigh burst from the Jew; although he evidently endeavoured to conceal his emotion from the observation of Sir Walter De Ruthen: and, after a pause, he exclaimed,—

"Your remark, though severe, is certainly just; the passion you describe does, indeed, but resemble a shadow in the hearts of some men, and the colours of the rainbow fadeth not so quickly. But, in woman's heart beats it not more constant? ah, no! woman is by nature fickle, and false as they are fair; at least I found one so, and she was fair as the summer blush that steals on the young rose, ere the bud expands with riper charms, or delicate as lilies half unblown. Come, boy, sing; I find my spirits growing dull, and would not yield to thoughts that are unpleasing."

The minstrel, who had unslung his harp, now gently touched the strings, selecting a beautiful melody which was adapted to the following words, and which he sang with a simple elegance, uniting energy with expression, and with a taste and judgment that sufficiently proved to his gratified and delighted auditors that he was completely master of his professional character:—

BALLAD.

"Though time hath not wreath'd
My temples with snow;
Though age hath not breath'd
A spell o'er my brow;

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Yet care's withered fingers
Press on me with pain;
The fleeting pulse lingers,
And lingers in vain.

The eyes which behold thee,—
Their brightness is flown;
The arms which enfold thee,
Enfeebled are grown;
And friendship hath left me,
By fortune estrang'd;
All, all, is bereft me,
For thou, too, art changed.

Yet dark ills have clouded
The dawning in tears;
Adversity shrouded
My ripening years:
Life's path, wild and dreary,
Draws nigh to its close;
Heart-broken and weary,
I sigh for repose.

The world shall caress thee,
When I cease to be;
And suns rise to bless thee,
Which smile not for me:
And hearts shall adore thee,
And bend at thy shrine;
But none bow before thee
So truly as mine."

At the conclusion of this ballad, a silence prevailed that reflected a greater compliment to the sweet melodist than whole volumes of praise; for he had penetrated the hearts of his hearers, and excited the most powerful interest. The Jew, during his delightful performance, had remained absorbed in the deepest thought; and to avoid any particular notice that he might draw upon him, he had pulled his large slouch

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hat entirely over his face, which before it had nearly concealed; at length, in tremulous accents, he applauded the young minstrel for the justice he had done to one of his most favourite compositions, exclaiming,—"Ferdinand, had you spared me that melody to-night, methinks it would have been as well; though you never performed better than you have now done before these gallant strangers. What think ye, sirs, of my minstrel, he hath a pipe that would not disgrace the larkennet, which is the pride of all village maids in Bohemia."

Sir Walter and Sir Orville both expressed the pleasure they had received from the minstrel's performance; who, apparently proud of their approbation, performed several others with equal success: after which, he set his harp aside, and entered into conversation with Sir Orville Faulkner, who being youthful, like himself, was more congenial with his own habits and age; and was more suited to his taste than those of Sir Walter De Ruthen, whom he imagined at different times, eyed him with peculiar symptoms of curiosity, if not suspicion; the more when the Jew suddenly and abruptly turned towards him, with

"Ferdinand, I have been disputing with this gallant stranger, on the situation of the castle of St. Clair, so long for distant ages deemed impregnable to the attack of an invidious enemy; but I do not hold it so, when such weak and puerile soldiery encompass its walls,—and the leaders at the head of the garrison, are the Lady Margaret Albino and the Cardinal Benvolio! the one, I know to be powerless, when she is attacked on the weakest side, which is vanity, and a more dangerous quality, than even that in woman,

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which is ambition; and the other you know to be a false, treacherous, and deceitful villain, who in the guise of sacred religion, professes what he never feels, and thus deludes, while he disgraces the high authority which that foolish woman has invested in his hands, and which ill becomes the garb of sanctity that he wears. The Cardinal Benvolio!—my very soul sickens and abhors the very name of the saintly hypocrite! is he not, Ferdinand, a hoary traitor to his calling? tell these gallant strangers, that thou knowest him to be such: whate'er his pretensions to undissembled zeal: he is a traitor and a villain!"

"A traitor!" exclaimed Sir Walter; "the Cardinal Benvolio a traitor! and to the Emperor Josephus!—ah! couldst thou, indeed, once but prove him such, I would fall down and worship thee for the blissful tidings."

To which, the Jew replied,—

"What greater traitor can he be who defiles the holy church of half her dignities, and appropriates to the vilest purposes of mercenary principles and base lucre, the monies received from the national supplies for the uses of the people at large, whom he has sworn to protect under his high authority?—I say, the man doing this, is not only a traitor to his sovereign and his country, but he trespasses against God himself: this, the pious cardinal has done in gratitude to the man who raised his humble fortunes, and exalted him to the high place of authority which he was unworthy to fill; and although Josephus hath done me mortal injury,—and he and I must one day meet in mortal contest, yet, I will proclaim the injuries that he hath sustained from this canting priest, to be such as to de-

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nounce vengeance on his saintly head, which now stands nodding o'er a scaffold, the just punishment of a crime so odious: for this will be the fate of the Cardinal Benvolio!——

For other crimes that he hath been guilty of!—ah! just heaven! do I not feel them now in this beating heart?—a mother and a daughter! hath he not, by his cursed sophistry, perverted the minds both of a wife to turn apostate to the memory of a gallant husband slain,—and a daughter, an innocent, and young, and lovely daughter to forego a solemn contract to him whom her heart loveth? Yes,—in spite of the struggles 'twixt love and duty made, Augustina still remembereth the blessed holy eve, on which her virgin faith was plighted! it was on the eve of St. Marco! and mass was just over; the pealing anthem sung the note of praise; and those who had joined in the pious orgies addressed to the deity they adored, were tranquil and composed, with souls attuned to soft and chaste thoughts of peace, that reigned for evermore, where angels only formed the heavenly choral train! One of the number that composed the white-robed vestals who joined the lovely psalmsters, was the daughter of Albino: but she was pale on that evening, and her cheek was tinged with a fainter blush than was its radiant hue at all other times; and her azure eyes, full of blue, like the celestial colour of the atmosphere when no passing cloud e'er dims its lustre, were gently upraised to the eternal Giver of the precious light; and her soul seemed fixed in one unchanging thought that there was another and a better world to come:—at this moment, she remained the last of all the vestal train—in that moment, more precious to me than all the mo-

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ments of my past life, and more glorious than all the glories I have obtained in war!—I approached the fair, celestial, trembling maid; long had she struggled with the infant passion in her breast, nor was that passion unhallowed or impure, or unknown to her august parents.

Augustina, uttered I, my duty calls me to a distant land! I must away to battles, which love of thee hath led me on to. This is no hour of dissimulation. I have thy virgin heart, and thou hast mine, sweet maiden: and by yon moon-beam, the queen of heaven, now smiling on that beauteous face, so strong's my love and so chaste my passion, I would not barter it or even exchange this holy love I bear, for the proudest she that ever moved in courtly state, or glittered on a throne! Should I fall in battle, Augustina, this beating heart, though cold in death, shall still be thine! and when angels waft my spirit to eternal bliss, I'll breathe one parting prayer for thee!—Swear, but to me, one sacred promise,—that if, returning victorious from the field, thou, Augustina, will then be mine!

The maiden took the oath, and I never saw her more. Ye gods! can woman be so false?—has she renounced her vows, her promised vows, made in the sight of heaven?—have then the arts of a vile, canting priest at last prevailed on her to turn apostate to St. Julian's honest truth?"

"St. Julian!" uttered Sir Walter, in a voice of wonder and astonishment, not to be described: "thou, St. Julian! I'll not believe, until I see thy face: yet, oh! my full heart would still cherish a hope that the rumour is false that he was slain: if then, thou art in-

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deed my mighty master, throw off the habit that so disgraces thee, and at thy feet I'll kneel, thy faithful servant ever!"

This was no sooner said than done; for at these words, the supposed Jew pedlar unfastened a steel clasp, that was affixed to the leather belt that was round his waist, and discovered, to the enraptured eyes of his faithful page, the finely proportioned and symmetrical form of the Bohemian conquerer, with the bright star of his order, that sparkled with diamonds, on his left breast: and throwing off the slouched hat, and grey beard, at the same moment, clusters of his brown luxuriant hair fell over his fair and open brows, and, extending wide his arms to Sir Walter, he exclaimed,—

"Now, friend and brother of my heart, knowest thou not this form and face? not from the dead, indeed, come forth, but saved from the slaughtered heap that lay strewed around me, by the courage and activity of that brave youth who sits beside me; who, watching the opportunity, when my gallant beast did fall beneath his burden, pierced with a deadly arrow from an Austrian trooper in the left battalion, did quickly doff the garment that he wore, and in the very thick of smoke and sulphur, when no mortal eye could e'er distinguish friend from foe, by reason of the dire confusion and the loud cannon's roar,—and clash of swords did pierce the vaulted heavens! then bore he St. Julian on his lusty shoulders! for I was faint with loss of blood, and pierced with wounds, which had been mortal ones, but for the watchful spirit that did hover over me in the form of woman's kindness, and woman's pitying care! for Ferdinand had heard much of this

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St. Julian discovering himself to Sir Walter.

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wonderous female, who had the art of healing deadly wounds that had poison in them; and one such I had, 'twas nearest my heart, but she did sprinkle balmy leaves on the smart, which she had culled in a particular shrubbery, and, with her mystic art, she compressed the juice, and with the leaves, gently laid it on the smarting wound, which quickly did abate its feverish anguish; and my eyes did close in sleep, the first I e'er had known for tortured hours, beneath the cottage roof of the kind woman to whom I owed the recovery of the deadly wound I had received from the poisoned arrow. When I was able to journey forward, we took disguises, both myself and Ferdinand; and found none so convenient, or better suited for the purpose of concealment, than the habit of a Jew pedlar and a wandering minstrel: for I was anxious for thy fate, my brave De Ruthen, and fearful, that if arriving with the stores to the camp, ere the enemy had quitted the ensanguined plains, and tents which I had left burning, that thou and all thy brave followers would fall the victims of their deadly vengeance: and so favoured by the deep disguise I wore, I journeyed forward, and called at the neighbouring hamlets as we passed along, and at the *cafees*, and, on pretence of exposing our various goods for sale, could make enquiries of how the wars were going on?—who were the victors in this bloody battle, and who the vanquished? without being suspected that we were the friends or foes of either party. I remember, we had alighted at a wretched hovel, to refresh ourselves and steeds, were a painted sign hung, almost in tatters, over a door, which invited the traveller to enter its dreary walls, who could not find a better shelter: it was a lonely place, and far retired

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from the haunts of busy men; so, we ventured to ring at the gate,—and a withered hag came out, and flatly told us, we could have no shelter there. And why not, dame? cried I; we have monies for that which we stand in need of; why, then, dost thou refuse to travellers, passing hither, and about their business, and who tarry not long in one place, what they call for, so they can pay thee thy reckoning.

To which, the crabbed dame replied,—

A murrain light on thee, old Jew! wilt thou not take thy answer, and begone? must thou needs be wanting that which I have not to give? yet, by my good faith, thou shouldst ne'er be starving, could my old man and I but get an handful of the precious stores and provisions which some waggons are loaded with, that do stand, horses and all, behind our hay-stack, in the great yard! but, a murrain to them who would touch any thing belonging to them, if they wanted to keep their necks out of a halter. I would as soon think of having to do with the devil, as with the soldiers, who have gobbled up all I had in the larder, like so many hungry pigs, and now they are soaking up my whole barrel of good strong ale!

For which, they will requite thee handsomely, no doubt, old dame, answered I, Which side are they on? they say St. Julian is dead, so they are for the Emperor, I suppose!—wishing to gain all the intelligence I could, from the old woman, without seeming to express too much anxiety about it.

The emperor! that is a likely matter, cried the old woman; why, I tell thee, old Jew, they be all Bohemian soldiers, every mother's son of them! and one of them be the fiercest game cock I ever clapt my two

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good-looking eyes upon! and he do swear, and do look so terrible, because the supper was not quite ready to cram into his maw, that I told my old man, the devil might carry in the supper, not I! a pareel of greedy gutted wolves, that would no more mind swallowing up a roasted ox, if it was set before them, than I should do in snapping up the leg of a chicken!

What, are they feasting yet, old dame? cried I.

Truly, are they feasting yet! uttered the old dame; and I marvel much, if they will not tarry at our wee bit crannie, till the first cock crows, and never be the better for their cramming of their maws with my best black hens, that my old man made me wring the necks of, when they came in, seeing they were soldiers; and in these sad and awful times, we are mortally afraid of them.

I had no other idea, my brave De Ruthen, continued St. Julian, "but it was you who had stopped at this wretched hovel with the weary soldiery, and that you was the fierce, terrible-looking game cock, whose warlike appearance had so fearfully alarmed the old dame; but, I was mistaken, for I very easily prevailed with her for the paltry consideration of a few *stivers*, to give me an admission to enter her abode, and take pot luck, (as she termed it,) with her and her old man, off the scraps that the hungry cannibals had left them; and glad of any pretext whatever, to gain my purpose, I very willingly accepted of the offer of her humble meal; and leaving our steeds with the old hostler, whose ragged filthy appearance was sufficient to denote that his extreme poverty was the sole cause of his capacity here, Ferdinand and I taking our packs on our backs, were very soon introduced into the inte-

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rior of this miserable *cafée*, where I had no sooner gained an entrance, than I sought means to get acquainted with the soldiery: for one of them came with an empty flaggon to have replenished, and seeing our packs, eyed us with some symptoms of curiosity.

Save you, sirs, uttered he, I see that you are travellers, like ourselves: though we serve in a different calling, what matters that? since every man must live, and live by his trade: so please you, sirs, walk in, and take a cheerful noggin with us, we are no man's enemy, save those that are the enemies to the masters that we serve; and it does not matter a single *stiver*, to gentlemen of your calling, whether the emperor graces a crown or a scaffold:—does it, good sirs?

I was on my guard, and very cautiously, though good humoredly, replied,—

Not a stiver, so we sell our wares!

Come on, then, cried the soldier, and you shall not lack a horn of ale, nor a whiff of the best segar that e'er was manufactured on this side of Vienna!

We very readily availed ourselves of the soldier's invitation; and taking care to carry our packs along with us, the badge of our profession, followed him into a smoky, dirty crib, full of the stoutest blades my eyes e'er witnessed, sitting around a table, plentifully supplied with flaggons and segars: at the head of the table, sat one who appeared their leader; for in that light he very shortly distinguished himself, by calling them to order, and reminding them that the hour was very rapidly advancing, when they must be jogging. Not, cried he, but we have half an hour to spare, to pass a glass round with these honest gentlemen, who, like ourselves, do not find time move with leaden

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wings. Come, sirs, will it please you, drink, for you are freely welcome to share in what we have got on the table, though, belike, it is not of the most inviting quality: but it is the best that our queer little host, here, can give us; and it would be unreasonable to expect more.

I instantly perceived something in this man superior to the station which he held; for his habit was merely that of a Bohemian soldier: and that, by some accident, he was placed at the head of this body of men, that were equal in all respects, with himself, except that he appeared to have more power. There was besides, a bold, distinguishing feature in this man's countenance and manner, that bespoke an intrepidity of character, most aptly suited to the arms he wore: and I soon entered into the spirit of his conversation, on the wars and tumults, of the present state of the country, taking care, that I would ride with neither party, till convinced, by whose authority he was now acting, and in whose service he was then employed.

And, as the glass passed freely round, and I heard the name of the Bohemian soldier, pronounced by his comrades, as Steevy Maagregger, I ventured carefully to ask of him, how the wars had ended; and whether it was true, that the Bohemian conqueror had been defeated by the army of the Emperor Josephus, and, that the great St. Julian had been slain in battle? to which, he replied,—

Yes, by holy Paul, thou hast heard rightly: the great St. Julian has fallen! and the Emperor Josephus has defeated his forces; in one word, he has conquered the brightest hero that ever shone in arms! Sir

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Walter De Ruthen, that brave warrior, was just returning from the castle of St. Clair, with much supplies, to the famished troops; and after many mishaps that befel us on our journey, we arrived at the camp with the rich laden stores, only to witness the desolation and defeat of its mighty master. The army was defeated; St. Julian fallen; and the brave Sir Walter reckless of his own safety, and overwhelmed with deep grief at the loss of his mighty master, rushed to the field, to search for his mangled remains, and give him a decent burial, honouring his loved ashes to the very last; and in this awful and sacred ceremony, I left him. Employed by his commands, I journeyed forward, and made all possible expedition to convey the stores far from the camp of St. Julian, and from the power of the invidious foe. Thus far I am safe; but know not whither to go from hence, fearful of being surprised by treachery: for this reason, I alighted at this obscure and miserable looking *cafés*, being a place least likely to create suspicion.

The abrupt entrance of the landlord put an end to this interesting conversation, between me and the brave soldier; but I had gained all the intelligence I wanted, except the knowing of thy fate, my brave De Ruthen, and this, it was scarcely possible I should learn from him who knew it not himself: but, I soon found means to take him apart, and discover to him, though not my person, that I was the friend of St Julian; and would, by the instructions I gave him, preserve his property inviolate from the hands of his enemies.

On this, I produced the great signet of the mighty chief, Zosinski, whose faithful ally was St. Julian; and

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bade Macgreggor hasten with the stores to the fortress of St. Antonio, where, shewing the order he had for admission, he would be protected, with all his brave followers from the malice of the emperor: and I had the satisfaction of seeing them all depart, before I quitted the *cafée*, without once suspecting that I had any secret intelligence communicated to me by the soldiery, or that I was not what I had represented myself to be: and journeying on the road some leagues hence, thou knowest, De Ruthen, that I chanced to encounter thee; and though my full heart bounded with transport, to embrace thee, I thought it unwise to disclose myself too soon, when so near the territories of the emperor, who had employed spies every where, (having heard the flying rumour, that I had escaped, and that I was not slain in the battle, as was at first supposed) to detect me, in the habit of a Bohemian soldier, which disguise, it was reported, that I then assumed. Still, it was my fixed resolve to follow thee, De Ruthen, wheresoever thou went, and to discover myself to thee, at a moment, when both of us should be safe, in the protection of the Tartarian conqueror; and this moment, most happily, has at last arrived. You remember the signet that I gave thee, one night in my tent, De Ruthen? I told thee, that if by any mischance, St. Julian fell into the hands of his enemies, that this signet would carry thee in safety to the fortress of St. Antonio, beneath whose battlements my great father died; and this knowing, Zosinski doth bear me great good-will and favour: he knoweth, too, all my plans, and my great resolves; and will furthermore assist me, in regaining the rights that I have lost by treachery. The cause of my so suddenly

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quitting the *cafés*, that you conducted me to, was the thought that you might have taken a different route, De Ruthen, than to the fortress of St Antonio; and with speed I pursued you through the wild and dreary deserts of this country; well knowing, that it would not be long ere you would arrive;—and here we are, my brave and worthy follower, beyond the reach of fortune's spite; safe in the hands of our allies, who have sworn to join me in revenge, against the malice of my invidious foes! Yes! the cardinal shall *know*, and dearly to his cost shall *find*—St. Julian yet is living! while the haughty and inflexible Margaret shall confess, I was never unworthy to possess her daughter's hand,—though, she in scorn, refused my proffered suit."

Some conversation now passed, of the most private nature, with St. Julian and his faithful page; during which, at intervals, and in low, whispering accents, St. Julian pointed to his friend, the minstrel, who had furnished him with the most secret intelligence, respecting the affairs of the Lady Margaret Albino, and the Cardinal Benvolio; which so greatly surprised and astonished Sir Walter De Ruthen, that he exclaimed,—

"By my sword and buckler, the thought did strike me once, that it were so: and that the voice of yon minstrel youth, were, in some sort, familiar to my ear; the name, too, of Ferdinand, did attract my notice; for that was the name of the blood-stained knight, that did stalk forth in the armory, while I held a conference there, with the lady of Albino. Yes, I well remember, the words he uttered were such as to blanch

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the lady's cheek with sickly fear; and she did tremble and turn pale, as he went out of her presence."

"But it was not fear that made a coward of her," cried St. Julian, "didst thou but know what I do; but conscience! for that 'makes cowards of us all!'

An attendant vassal now came with a message from his liege lord, requesting a private audience with St. Julian and Sir Walter, ere they retired for the night, on business of the utmost moment; with which request, they almost instantly complied. St. Julian, as he went out of the banquet chamber, turning towards Sir Orville with a most gracious smile, while he exclaimed,—

"Farewell, young sir, if we do not encounter each other again to night. My trusty page has informed me of your excellence and worth, and that it was thy wish to enter into the service of St. Julian; and so thou shalt, brave youth! ere long, I will spur thee on to the field of glory, where thy young heart shall swell with rapture, at the loud trumpet's call; and learn the art of war!"

To which, Sir Orville, rising from his seat, and bowing with profound respect to the martial hero, diffidently replied,—

"I am much bounden to you, my gracious lord, for the estimation in which you are pleased to place my poor services, and the favourable report, the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen has given you of my humble merits. When I quitted the service of the Lady Margaret Albino, I had but one proud, aspiring hope—to enlist under the banners of the great St. Julian! and with a heart panting to behold the glory and the pride of great Bohemia's smiling land, I need not say, oh,

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mighty sir! how great the grief my heart sustained, to find the scene changed of all thy former conquests; and instead of joy, lamentation o'er St. Julian's fall! judge of my transport, to find thee living still, to bless thy faithful vassals, and mayest thou still live long to bless them with thy presence, and reign with undiminished lustre, o'er a smiling land of peace and plenty."

"I thank thy kindly wishes, valiant youth," cried St. Julian, much pleased with this address; "and thou shall ne'er repent the zeal thou bearest towards me, when fortune favours my designs."

With these words, St. Julian and Sir Walter quitted the banquet chamber, and the two young men were left together, whose similarity of disposition very soon made them enter into the most unreserved conversation with each other, and led them to the subject of the mysteries of St. Clair; one of which was, that Sir Orville expressed his horror of the proceedings of the Lady Margaret Albino and the Cardinal Benvolio with respect to the appropriation of the Lord Albino's property and wealthy possessions, to the uses and convenience of the crafty, designing, and insidnous priest; depriving her own lovely daughter of the just inheritance in her own right, that devolved to her, on the death of her noble father, and the gallant, young Fernando; "And, if I might not be deemed guilty of presumption, sir," added Sir Orville, "I do much marvel how you found the means to escape from the castle of St. Clair, when so many watchful eyes were on you."

To which, Ferdinand very quickly replied,—

"By the same means that I so oft have entered into the presence of the Lady Margaret, but never but

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once addressed her in speech; and that once, when Sir Walter De Ruthen was in private conference with her in the armory: namely,—I assumed the form of the blood-stained knight, which in reality I once was, when the murderous hand of Benvolio laid me weltering at his feet in the western turret of the castle, with the life-blood gushing like fountains from my panting heart."

"Almighty powers!" cried Sir Orville, "and was this man guilty of such a crime? Was the Cardinal Benvolio the midnight assassin who aimed the dagger at thy heart in the western turret of the castle on the night of the carnival?"

"I will prove to you that he was," uttered Ferdinand; and lowering his voice to a whisper, he addressed Sir Orville in these words:——

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CHAPTER XIV.

" Her history may be told in one word—Love!
And what has love e'er been to woman's heart,
But misery? still she wished—it was a dying fancy,
Which betrayed, how much, though known,
How false its god had been—
To send her pictured semblance to the false one.
She hoped—how love will hope—it might recal
The young and lovely girl his cruelty
Had worn to this dim shadow; it might wake
Those thousand fond and kind remembrances, which he
Had utterly abandoned: while
The true heart he had treasured next his own,
A little time, had never ceased to beat
For only him, until it broke!"

L. E. L.

" WHEN I came into the service of the Albino family, I had not then numbered sixteen years of age,—a friendless orphan boy! but my father had served in the wars with the Lord Albino, and found his death-bed in a soldier's grave. When the pangs of dissolution were drawing nigh, and he lay stretched in his tent, faint with the loss of blood which he had sustained in battle, he expressed a wish to see his gallant leader, in whose service he had fought so dearly, who, with a pitying cry did mourn and lament over the fate of his brave soldier, while extending his cold hand (already

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damp with the icy chill of death) towards him, he exclaimed, 'My brave commander, I have served you faithfully!—in the battles heat I plunged foremost, and got the unlucky shot that lays me low, just as I heard the sound of victory proclaimed o'er all thy vanquished foes; and when the soldiers threw up their caps in shouts of acclamation; when, with loud huzzas, that reached the vaulted heavens, they cried, 'Long live our gallant leader, the great Albino!' I forgot that a shot had shivered my right arm, or that the life blood was gushing like fountains from my bursting heart; and I tried to lift the other up, and to pronounce, 'Long live Albino!' too: but death had laid siege to me, my gallant lord, and I no more could speak the language of my heart, and in notes of rapture swell thy praise!—To see thee thus ere my eyes are closed for ever, and I be food for worms, are all the wishes of thy dying soldier, save one small boon I crave, and thou wilt not deny me.'

'By holy Paul, ask what thou wilt, and I will freely grant it!' uttered the Lord Albino, as he dropt a soldier's tear o'er the mangled body of my expiring father: 'name thy request, and may Heaven desert me in that fearful hour as I now see thee, brave Andrew, if ever Albino should be unmindful of thy last request!'

To which the languid sufferer replied, while, with a faint effort he yet essay'd to grasp the hand he held next to his beating heart, 'I have a young boy, I left in Canada, he is my own, and had no one beside me to care a *sous* whether he lived or died, on the rough coast that Providence had cast him; for his young mother closed her eyes the moment that his first opened to the light. On a weary march the pangs of child-

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birth seized her fainting spirit, worn out with hardships and with pain, and left me the young nestling, whose first pillow was a soldier's knapsack. Still my young boy lived, amidst the tumults of a noisy camp, and long I cherished him, for the perils of his birth, with a father's fondness; for I his mother loved, and for her sake cherished the poor boy that never had known a mother's love, or mother's tender care. When I joined the army in Bohemia, I left him in Canada, a thriving youth, inured to hardships and to toil, and fit to labour for the bread he ate. I gave him the counsel of a father, when I marched away; and bade him remember, never to do a base, unworthy action, to disgrace the memory of those to whom he owed his birth. For though thou art the son of a poor soldier, Ferdinand, uttered I, thou mayest one day rise to good fortune, by doing thy duty as a man and a soldier,—provided, thou art incorruptible to thy leader: farewell,—and should thy father fall in battle, and thou shouldst hear of it, bear up manfully against it, and weep not; and forget not, that the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier! For my young boy, I do beseech thy kindness, let him not linger in a foreign land, but give him a passport to be enlisted in thy service, that thy virtuous example, O great Albino, may be the leading star, to direct his humble fortunes: this boon I ask, and I shall die in peace, that my son may one day fill the station, that his father now hath made so empty.'

The Lord Albino at this very moment, made a solemn promise to my father, that he would grant his suit, send for me from Canada, and place me in his establishment, in the castle of St. Clair: and further-

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more, that he would ne'er forget the young boy that was born in a camp, but that I should be trained up beneath his own eye, for the service of war, and follow him to the field, whenever I had grown to man's estate; and the Lord Albino most truly kept his word, Sir Orville Faulkner, for I had scarcely served in the Austrian service one year, before an express arrived, with dispatches to the governor of the fort St. George, to send the son of Andrew Martello to Bohemia, under the protection of a merchant, who had instructions to provide all necessaries for my use, and pay for my discharge from the battalion, that did duty in the garrison, wherein, I was one of the band, that acted under the command of the governor, who had taken me, when quite a boy, in compassion to my youth, into his service, and had me skilfully taught the science of music, to befit me for the martial band.

But the mandate of the Lord Albino, who summoned me to his presence, was imperative, and no one dared to dispute his high authority, well knowing the influence he possessed at the court of Vienna, and that with the Emperor Josephus it was unbounded: of course, the governor had no wish to detain me from the service of a mightier master; and to the castle of St. Clair I went, and was shortly conveyed to the presence of the Lord Albino, who received me with a kindness far more bordering on the affection of a father, than with the authority of a master; for the very moment that he beheld me, he exclaimed, with peculiar emotion, which he by no means endeavoured to conceal from my observation,—

'Ferdinand Martello, you are welcome to the castle of St. Clair; and marvel not, that you see me affect-

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ed at the strong resemblance you bear in feature to your father, who was one of the bravest soldiers and most faithful followers I ever had in my service: he died of his wounds in a desperate battle, fought on the banks of the Rhine, where I gained the victory: but he died like a soldier! and in his expiring moments, did implore my protection for his young boy that he left in Canada; nor implored thy father in vain, to one, who knows so well his merits, and his zeal towards his leader: his suit was granted. Thou art welcome, then, my boy, and none shall wrong thee, while Albino owns these stately towers, and is master of his dominions here. Go to, and be comforted, for thy father's loss is thy gain; I will not make thee a serving-man, nor yet my page, for they are not suited to thy courage: but you shall learn the art of war, and be a soldier; I will have thee instructed by one of my most experienced generals, and then, thou shalt follow me to the field of martial glory, where thou mayest distinguish thyself in arms, and then I will mend thy station, and exalt thee to a place of rank, far above any vassal that I have about me. Hearest thou this, Ferdinand? For thy father's sake, I ne'er will slight thee; I have a young son whom much I love, for he is my only son! a young daughter, too,—sweet as the opening rosebud of the spring! Augustina is the pride of a father's heart; and both are as innocent and harmless as young doves: but, I do here protest, I would as soon abandon them, as thee, poor friendless boy! for thou art the legacy of a dying soldier, and I have sent up to heaven a vow,—never to forsake thee!

Imagine my transports—my boundless transports—Sir Orville Faulkner, at so strong a sentiment of kind-

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ness, thus expressed, from one of the most wealthy and illustrious lords in all Bohemia's smiling land: and I essayed to falter out an acknowledgment of thanks, but could not; the power of utterance was denied me, and I fell at the feet of my noble and generous benefactor, and burst into a flood of tears; with which mark of sensibility he was by no means unmoved; for, with a gentleness that reflected to his noble heart, he bade me rise, and in calmer moments, attend his presence again, as he had much to say to me on the subject of my establishment in the castle of St. Clair; and how I should conduct myself when I should come into the presence of the Lady Margaret Albino, who was wayward in her disposition, and therefore difficult to serve.

'But for my son,' uttered the Lord Albino, 'he is too young at present to make nice distinctions 'twixt quality from quality, or man from man: but he is gentle to all, and would not take offence at trifles, even if they were meant; and my daughter,'—ah! then with what rapture did the great warrior smile; "my daughter,' again repeated he, 'would not harm the poor worm that crawls beneath her feet, and although it stung her, she would never destroy it for the hurt it made: in woman kind I never saw such an angel as my Augustina! but, mark me, Ferdinand, thou must never look too boldly on the Bohemian maid: not that I fear thee, boy, but that I give thee timely caution, lest thy young heart should feel the soft approaches of a sentiment,—for the daughter of Albino never can be thine! Then, there is the Cardinal Benvolio, too—that holy, pious, virtuous man! the bright example, and most shining ornament of our sacred church!—see that you note him

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well, and take observance of his pious doctrines and virtuous propensities: attend to his lectures, that thy young heart may learn the exercise of humanity and virtue: be constant in thy attendance at mass, and by no means slight the honourable and chaste discourse of that holy man, who, placed in high authority in my establishment, doth rule over my vassals with unbounded influence and potent sway: and it were far better that they offend me, than displease the Cardinal Benvolio. All this do thou observe, young Ferdinand; so shalt thou find favour in my sight, and merit the protection of the illustrious house of Albino. On these words, I left the presence of my noble master, whom I was proud to serve, treasuring his counsels in my heart, and resolved, that I would most religiously perform them, and at the hazard of all that was dear to me in life, perish in consuming flames, ere I would trespass in any shape, against my lord's commands. I was conducted by an inferior vassal into two gothic chambers, far remote and distant from those occupied by the family of Albino; and who informed me, that they were to be exclusively appropriated to my use, and no one had leave to intrude on my privacy without my permission, by the command of the Lord Albino; and an attendant vassal, by the name of Marco, was engaged for my attendant, in bringing me my accustomed meals, and waiting in ordinary, on my person: meanwhile a professor of military art, of the name of Aubigny, constantly attended me, to inspect my exercises, and instruct me in the art of war, to which, I attended with the most unremitting assiduity; well knowing that he would report to my august lord and patron, an exact account of the progress of my studies:

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and, without vanity, I may affirm, that Aubigny found me a most apt scholar, and I found him a most able instructor, as well as a most pleasing and intelligent companion; and although much reserved, and I most diffident, at the first or second interview, he became less rigid as a tutor, and insensibly blended with his discipline, the confidence of friendship, frequently called upon me, between the hours of study and those of relaxation, and sometimes strolled with me through the beautiful gardens of the pagoda, where I had full liberty to walk, whenever I pleased, for recreation and for healthful exercise: and in these hours, it was very natural to be supposed, that I admired the character of Aubigny most; for then, he seemed to forget that he was my tutor, and conversed with me only as a companion and friend. I had never seen my protector but once, during a three month's course of studies, and then but a short time, in his library; but these short-lived moments were whole ages! for extending his hand towards me, with a smile of the most cordial sweetness, he exclaimed,—

Well, Ferdinand, I am well pleased with the flattering account Aubigny gives me of the rapid progress you have made in your studies, at which I exceedingly rejoice; and when more perfected in the art of war, some six months hence, I intend to take you with me to the Armada, where I have an army of some thousand men, all awaiting my arrival, to commence a siege on some invaders of my rights and privileges, which the usurper, Godfrida, hath treacherously laid claim to. I, alone, will contend with him the disputed rights; and as his forces are but weak and powerless, I have no doubt but victory will be mine: I do not, as

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yet, mean to engage you in actual service, Ferdinand,' continued the Lord Albino, observing that I was a little flattered by his so sudden intelligence;—'for you are yet too unskilled and unpracticed in military discipline, to take a leading part in the command of the soldiery; and be assured that I will never place you in an inferior rank, but still, I will make you familiar with the scenes of a campaign, and the life of a soldier which, ere long, you will be called upon to fulfil: nor shall I be ashamed of my young pupil, for Aubigny tells me that your whole heart seems to be in it: so much the better; for had I found you a dull scholar, you would not have suited the active employment for which I designed you to move, in an exalted sphere!' So saying, my generous benefactor gave me ten pieces of gold, telling me to keep it for pocket money, and my own private uses, and to employ it at my own discretion. 'With respect to your tutor, Ferdinand,' said he, as I was about to quit his presence, overwhelmed with the deepest sense of gratitude;—'preserve a respect towards him, that becomes you as his pupil, without descending to familiarity; for it is ever known, that familiarity always breeds contempt: not that Aubigny would take an advantage of any unreserved conversation that may pass between you, when not absolutely engaged in his official capacity, for which alone I employed him in the castle of St. Clair; I know that he is a man of honour and integrity, but you are young and inexperienced in the ways of an artful, designing, and invidious world, and therefore give you a timely caution, not to communicate your thoughts and sentiments too fully to characters with whom you have but little connexion.'

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These were the instructions of my gallant master, and it was my utmost wish to abide by them in every particular: but as I grew more accustomed to the society of my tutor, and was now almost every day in his company for successive hours, I found it impracticable to appear studiously to avoid him; and one evening, when we were walking in the pagoda, he asked me if I had any objection to go to the grand mass, which was to be performed that evening, for the repose of a departed nun, who had suddenly died in the convent of Mariette Mouline of a malignant distemper, and that the Cardinal Benvolio was to attend on the solemn occasion, and to officiate in the ceremony as being one of the directors, and had once been one of the principal professors in this said convent of Mariette Mouline, till by the interest of the Lord and Lady Margaret Albino, he arrived to his present state of dignity.

As I had a most resistless anxiety and impatient curiosity, to behold the man of whom fame spoke so favourably, and who ranked so high in the estimation of my protector, I consented to accompany Aubigny to the grand mass, by no means concealing the strong inducement I had to go there, that I might behold that great and good man, the Cardinal Benvolio: methought, as I uttered this, with youthful ardour, that a smile of contempt played in derision, on the countenance of Aubigny; and he pertinaciously replied,—

'Are all things that are great, good things? or in other words, is exalted station always an incontestable proof of a man's intrinsic excellence or goodness? Canst answer me that, Ferdinand?'

'But is not the cardinal a truly great and good

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man?' demanded I, much struck, as I marked the ironical looks of my tutor, as he retorted,—

'I do not know: you must ask those who know him better than I do!'

'But my Lord Albino speaks most highly of the Cardinal Benvolio,' uttered I with involuntary warmth, which I could not suppress, for I liked not the invidious smile of Aubigny; and I was determined, nay, I felt it an imperative duty, incumbent on me, not to encourage it, and therefore cautiously added,—'and I do not think that my Lord Albino would have spoken thus, had the cardinal not been worthy of the estimation of my noble master.'

'And who says that he is *not* so, sir?' sharply answered Aubigny: 'who would presume to assert it, even though they thought it? and thoughts are free,—free as the mountain air; every man has authority to think what he pleases, though denied the liberty of speech. But come, Ferdinand, let us not discuss a point so pregnant with danger, as the merits or demerits of such a personage as the head of our church. You shall see him, and then judge for yourself. Come, let us away; the first bell has already swelled its lower peal: the second is to call to order the respective choristers, who are ready to join in the anthems: and the third is to denote, that the ceremony is about commencing. Come, then, let us hasten to the holy cloisters, and endeavour to procure a seat, where you may both see and hear the idol of Bohemia! who, like the proud eagle, seated on some stately tower which overlooks the shadowy deep, doth bid defiance to all that would approach his territories, or invade his rights and privileges! But, come, we'll dwell no more on

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this saintly subject, but on to the holy cloisters, where, if I mistake not, you will behold something more pleasing to your eyesight than a cardinal dressed out in brief authority, which, to say truth, the pious gentleman doth make the most of:—but, as I take it, the whole of the Albino family will be there, to witness the performance of the grand mass, that is, with the exception only of our noble lord, who is gone to Vienna, to settle some high business of the state, with the Emperor Josephus; but there will be the Lady Margaret, and her young son, Fernando, and that blooming star of peerless beauty, the beauteous Lady Augustina, whom thou hast never yet beheld,—but, when thou dost, you will say she doth surpass all womankind: by my good truth, I marvel much if the famed Cleopatra, who captivated the glorious Mark Anthony,—or the beauteous Helen of Greece, whose charms were the destruction of Troy, could ever rival the charms of the Bohemian maid! whom, 'tis said, a mighty conqueror in arms, hath long sighed for the possession of, but sighed in vain; he was in scorn rejected as the suitor of her lovely daughter, by the Lady Margaret, who doth owe him mortal hate, suspecting that the young maiden were half inclined to yield her virgin heart to the brave St. Julian: and if so, it were a pity to cross two tender hearts in the bright flame that glows so pure and chastely in honourable love; and cut them both in twain by cruel absence.'

By this time, I had followed the rapid steps of Aubigny to the grand entrance of the holy cloisters, before the doors of which innumerable petitioners for admittance had pressed so strongly that it was with

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considerable difficulty that we attempted to gain a passage through the crowd, which still pressed eagerly forward, in such motley groups, as to occasion suffocation, and I should have fainted with the intense heat, if Aubigny, who was a strong, powerful, and nervous man, had not seized me by the arm and forcibly led me through the entrance of the portico, throwing every one aside who ventured to oppose his determined effort of success: but at length we arrived within the cloisters, still more crowded than the outside, with the largest assembly of people I had ever yet witnessed,—most of whom were females of the highest respectability and distinction; while the other half were of the religious order, intermixed with nuns, friars, monks, and pilgrims, innumerable: the body of the church was most brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers, placed in candlesticks of massy gold, and all the rest of the decorations were magnificent; while the doriferous perfumes, generally used on such solemn occasions, of the balmy and fragrant frankincense, was refreshing to the senses. An organ of stupendous magnitude was placed at a convenient distance from the holy altar, which was covered with crimson velvet, over which waved a canopy, so superb in its decorations, that a monarch might have sat under it, and not have disgraced his kingdom or his throne.

The females seated in the galleries were all deeply veiled, so that it was impossible to discern a feature in their face; and the males were habited in long black gowns according to the fashion used at such ceremonies! the faces of the choral train, who were arrayed in the habit of their respective orders, and seated be-

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neath the organ, were alone perceptible,—and in some of these were the most beautiful females in Bohemia.

That part of the cloisters through which the coffin of the deceased nun was to pass, was entirely hung with black velvet, and at the head of the bier, which was to support it during the ceremony, was a superb crucifix, an hour-glass, and the skeleton of a human skull; which, on the minds of those unaccustomed to such sights, had an effect of terror not easily expressed; for at the same moment, it inspired a religious awe and veneration for the Supreme Being; so irreverently observed, we are sorry to state, in those countries, boasting a superiority to which it has but little claim. But to poceed:—On the left of the holy altar, and exactly opposite to the canopy, where the priest who performed divine service stood, was an enclosed gallery, opening at each end with folding doors, in which several seats for a private family were erected, of the most costly workmanship, and over which, were the illustrious arms of the Albino family; to which, as the seats were yet unoccupied, all eyes were attracted with the most curious attention: but it was not till the first choral anthem was sung, that the Lady Margaret Albino appeared, with all the due appurtenances to the rank and dignity of so exalted a personage: and when she appeared at the head of her costly train, a loud buz and murmur prevailed; for all hearts there did not pay homage at the shrine of this apparently devout and pious lady, because all hearts did not perfectly believe that piety to be sincere: however, there were others equally blinded by the imposing principles of this great lady, and who, fed by her bounty, and very largely contributing to their charitable

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donations, proclaimed, that she was a pattern to all womankind! For what?—there is the secret! The gifts of fortune conceal the real defects of the human character, and it is well known, that outward charity covereth a multitude of sins; still it cannot close the ever watchful eye, that is the constant observer of our most secret thoughts—our most private actions: they cannot be hidden, and in spite of all human means, of all human art, they will be known, and judged according to their several merits or demerits: and so was the Lady Margaret,—whose entrance to the holy cloisters, to witness the awful ceremony, was as follows:—

She had four train-bearers, to support her long black robes of costly velvet, and her face was deeply veiled, while a vassal, in the rich liveries of the Albino family, preceded her with the sacred volumes of her holy creed; after that, came her holy daughter, arrayed in vestments of the purest white, and by the strict commands of her mother, for reasons best known to herself, her beautiful countenance was fully revealed to the delighted and enraptured eyes of an admiring and wondering throng: a modest blush, in faint and delicate tints, suffused the cheeks of the lovely maid, as she took her seat behind her mother, with an attendant who was deeply veiled, but the elegance of her youthful form, which seemed modelled alone by the hand of the graces, could not fail of attracting all eyes towards her, and mine in particular; and I exclaimed in a whisper to Aubigny, after we had obtained seats near enough to watch the entrance of the Albino family,—'Who is that lovely creature, that sits beside of the Lady Augustina? for never did

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I behold a more perfect form in woman's loveliness! To which he, in the same whisper, responded,—

'She is called Antoinette, and is the favourite attendant of the Lady Margaret, employed about the person of her daughter, with whom, none has obtained a greater share of favour and interest: it is said that the Lady Augustina is so strongly attached to this Antoinette, that she is admitted to a share of her most private councils; and the history of this girl may be told in a few words:—She was an orphan; her father died in the service of the Lord Albino's father, and at his demise the Lady Margaret took pity on the helpless condition of the infant daughter, and so took her in the establishment, to wait on the Lady Augustina.'

While we were thus in whispers conversing, an universal burst of acclamation was heard throughout the holy cloisters, and every eye and every ear was turned towards the grand portico!

'It is the Cardinal Benvolio!' sneeringly pronounced Aubigny; 'he is sure to attract this notice, and exact this homage, wherever his saintly godship appears. Mark, now, with what an air of humiliation he bows to the multitude, who are bending prostrate on their knees before him, as though he were a being of a celestial order, descended from the skies! Look how the saintly cardinal (with his hand placed on his breast, and his eyes turned upwards) advances modestly to meet the enraptured gaze of those who believe him to be an earthly saint!

Look how he ascends the pulpit, with meek and unaffected piety; not seeming conscious of the golden canopy that is waving over his head with such regal pomp and splendour! and look how the Albino family

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pay obeisance to him! Already is the Lady Margaret prostrate on her knee,—the Lady Augustina, too, and her young brother, too! see with what respect they hang on the forthcoming eloquence that is to emanate from his tongue! Look how the deep blue eyes of that angel are turned towards him, and her fair tresses parted back on her snowy forehead, fearful that she might loose a sentence that comes from the lips of the Cardinal Benvolio: and yet, by my good truth, he is no more a saint than I am! but I will be silent; yes, Ferdinand, I will adopt silence as my best security, in this holy sanctuary, unfit for passions turbulent or wild: yet, to sanction hypocrisy, and to feign devotion, which I do not feel towards that saintly mocker of all religion's sacred laws,—to see a blind fanatic race of virtuous people led astray, by his baneful influence,—to see the industrious poor ones offering to this idolatrous and crafty priest, their hard-saved earnings, yearly and yearly, to increase his ill-gotten stores, —I were unworthy of the name of man, did I not spurn with contempt the wolf in sheep's clothing, or crush the serpent's head when I see it peeping from beneath the grass, only to destroy the flowery field, and make the luxuriant harvest, where nature had implanted its early blossoms, a blasted heath—wild, desolate, and dreary! for such, young Ferdinand, will the Cardinal Benvolio shortly make of the castle of St. Clair, and all who inhabit its proud domains. I know him, and I hate him!'

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CHAPTER XV.

"But the place
Was holy:—The dead air that underneath
Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
Nor the free motion of the elements,
Chilly and damp, infused associate awe:
The sacred odours of the incense still
Floated;—the day light and the taper flames
Commingled,—dimming each, and each bedimmed:
And as the slow procession pass'd along,
Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
The regular foot-fall sounded; swelling now
Their voices, in one chorus, loud and deep,
Rung o'er the echoing aisle; and when it ceased,
The silence of that huge and sacred pile,
Came on the heart."

SOUTHEY.

HORROR-STRUCK at the violent language which Aubigny had made use of in so public a place, at the very moment that all eyes and ears were open, and rivetted on the entrance of the Cardinal Benvolio; and apprehensive that the slightest whisper might be heard in so vast a concourse of people, I entreated him, whatever his prejudices might be against this

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holy man, to be cautious, lest an unlucky sentence might unguardedly escape him, and involve both him and myself in the disgrace that would attend the consequence of such rash and imprudent conduct, and feelingly reminded him of my situation in the family of the Lord Albino; a friendless orphan, who, at the slightest offence, would be cast from his bounty, and sent adrift, to meet the frowns of a cruel, unpitying, and merciless world. To this appeal, Aubigny, to do him justice, was by no means insensible; and he observed a profound silence during the remainder of the ceremony, which was as follows : nor could I suppress the strong inducement, I had, to turn my eyes on the Cardinal Benvolio, the moment that he advanced sufficiently near for me to take observation of his person and features, on which, nature had stamped so fair an impression, that I no longer wondered that he was beheld with an admiring or an approving eye;—for never had I seen so perfect a model of beautiful manliness, and graceful piety, than in that of the cardinal! as with slow and dignified steps, he advanced through the crowd, which had so eagerly made a passage for him to ascend the pulpit. He was dressed in the full order of his high authority, bearing the sacred volume spread open in his hands, and his eyes, which were uplifted in meek and pious devotion, were of the finest blue, and shone with the most radiant brilliancy, tempered with the mildness and serenity of a man, whose every thought was centered in his holy calling, and before he opened his lips, loud murmurs of applause rang throughout the chapel; while the pealing anthem sung the notes of praise, and immediately at its dying close, the procession slowly entered the cloi-

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ters with the body of the sister Arethusa, (the deceased nun) followed by the attendant sisters of the convent of Mariette Mouline.* They advanced to the centre of the cloisters, and there stopped the coffin, resting on the bier, with the pall that was thrown over it; and at each corner of it were the chief mourners, one of which was the sister of the deceased, whose appearance denoted her to be of a higher order than the rest of the attendant nuns, and from whom reiterated and deep sobs frequently issued.

At length, the first requiem was performed, and the choral train poured forth their pious orgies, in a manner that completely penetrated the hearts of all that were present; and the females, in particular, were affected by its mournful and pathetic cadence. When this had ceased, the cardinal, whose face had been covered during the requiem, with religious reverence, breathed a low, fervent prayer, crossed his hands on his breast, and in a tone at once deep, clear, and melodious, delivered a discourse, on the immortality of the soul, after it has once quitted this earthly tenement of clay: and it was then, that the eloquence with which nature had so eminently and powerfully gifted him, burst forth with animated force and energy so peculiarly impressing, as to attract every heart with reverence towards him, and to make his hearers believe that truths came mended from his tongue; and that he, who could so well shew the light of the gospel, would light himself to that heavenly kingdom, whose

* The authoress, during a tour to Genoa, was present at the ceremony here described.

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all saints wish to go: and such was the influence of the Cardinal Benvolio, over the minds of his chosen few, that when he concluded his pious discourse, and again covered his face, while the last requiem was chaunted, that there was scarce an eye of this vast multitude that was not moistened with a tear: and I will truly confess, that I was not unmoved at the ceremony I had witnessed, or insensible to the eloquent discourse and powers of this extraordinary man, who had wrought so much on the feelings and hearts of his auditors: and I no longer wondered at the potent sway he held, or the influence he possessed with the Albino family. For several times, I observed the Lady Augustina to shed tears, while the whole faculties of the Lady Margaret seemed absorbed in divine contemplations, scarce moving from her bended knees, during the whole time that the cardinal was delivering his beautiful and animated discourse; which had drawn tears from every eye, and extorted plaudits from every tongue, save alone Aubigny's: but I perceived that one unvarying expression marked his countenance, from the beginning to the end of the cardinal's sermon; and that expression was—contempt! although only in silence shewn.

On which, I could not avoid expressing my astonishment, when we again arrived on the outside of the cloisters, which we had far less difficulty in achieving, than in gaining an entrance there; for the crowd very suddenly dispersed, in order, as Aubigny said, to get a sight of the holy man, when he should follow the procession as far as the place of interment, and according to the fashion of the country, sprinkle holy water on the coffin, ere it descended to its peaceful home.

'Which, truly, doth much mortify the appetite of

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this pious man,' uttered Aubigny; 'for by my good faith, he would much rather be feasting off the rich dainties that hath been prepared for his saintly stomach, in the castle of St. Clair. I will wager you, young Ferdinand, the brightest piece of gold that e'er was coined, the cardinal sups to night with the Lady Margaret. The cardinal loves good suppers; and Lady Margaret loves good priests! Which hath the better bargain?

The bitter tone of irony in which this was uttered by Aubigny, made me actually tremble for his temerity; and I exclaimed,—.

'Wherefore, sir, are you so incautious?'

To which he sneeringly replied,—

'Wherefore so honest? thou shouldst have said; for it is not all men who seem but honest, who dare to speak their mind thus boldly: but thinkest thou, Ferdinand, that I am to be gull'd by the flowery discourse of that fawning, canting priest, who know so well that he doth not practice what he preaches; and that he is aided and abetted in that foul mask of hypocrisy and deception on a fanatic, simple race of people, led astray by his imposing address and semblance of piety; with which also he hath blinded the Lord Albino? He thinks him honest, and so does many; but I know that he is not so; and that the time is drawing on when the whole of his hypocrisy will be discovered, Ferdinand. Soon will the mask that has so long enveloped the actions of this designing imposter be brought to light; and then will he fall from the highest pinnacle of his soaring ambition, down to the lowest ebb of fortune's fickle favours: like the Cardinal Wolsey, he may then

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pronounce, 'A long farewell to all my greatness!' for that will be his end, and the end of his ambition.'

On these words, on which I made no comment, we repaired to take some slight refreshments that were prepared, as was the usual custom, in my own apartment; when on our entrance, I perceived some perturbation in the countenance of my attendant, Mareo; and immediately enquiring into the cause, he informed me that the Lady Augustina, on her return from the grand mass, had been taken suddenly indisposed; and that it had occasioned the utmost confusion and alarm in the family, and especially on the Cardinal Benvolio, with whom she had held a private conference in the presence of the Lady Margaret, and as some high words had arisen between the mother and the daughter, that it had press'd too hardly on the spirits of the gentle girl, and had produced the cause of her sudden illness; that Madame Antoinette was in tears, distracted at the situation of her lovely young mistress; and, as the return of the Lord Albino was hourly expected from Vienna, the Lady Margaret was under the most fearful apprehensions of his high displeasure against both Cardinal Benvolio and herself.

'And were I the Lord Albino,' exclaimed Aubigny, 'may I perish this moment if I would not bastinade the one, and extirminate the race of the other, for their unparalleled cruelty and effrontery by wounding the feelings of one of the sweetest angels in existence! a cursed fanatic busy meddling officious priest! who instead of being the harbinger of peace, in the bosom of a virtuous family, and gently waving the olive branch o'er their heads, as a semblance of the holy

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E. Read del.

The first Interview of Dr. Subtigny & Lord Albino.

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calling he professes; like the serpent of old, comes forth in an hour when he is least expected, and assails the peace, and destroys the repose of young and smiling innocence and beauty, under the pretence of preaching piety, under the influence and inspiration of a divine spirit!—But were I the Lord Albino, I would make the wily serpent cast his skin, and drop the mask which cannot long avail him. Young Ferdinand, thou lookest shocked and surprised at the freedom of my speech, with regard to the Cardinal Benvolio! but didst thou know what I do concerning that saintly hypocrite, thou wouldst not wonder at the sentiments I feel towards such a man; and that I feel indignant also, in the absence of my dear, worthy master, at the severity they have used to his lovely daughter, the interesting Augustina.

Such was then the agitation of Aubigny, that he rested his elbow on the table, and burst into an agony of tears, which, I confessed, much shocked and subdued my feelings; for I thought that no man could be so powerfully affected, without having some just cause for his emotions: and being young and inexperienced, I felt that tender compassion and sympathizing concern that youth is always prone to, before the world has corrupted their morals and their principles; and I used every persuasive and consoling means in my power to calm the agitation of his spirits, which, I confess, appeared to me to arise from some extraordinary and mysterious cause, or probably to secret injury done him by the Cardinal Benvolio, which he had no power to resent; because Aubigny was avowedly one of the most intelligent and well educated

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men I had ever conversed with, and his manners were truly those of the most accomplished gentleman; he had likewise an inherent abhorrence of all that was dishonourable or unjust. Some reason therefore he must have, to have so openly and publicly have declared his sentiments of the character of the Cardinal Benvolio: but, not appearing to remark to him what were my conjectures, much less wishing to pry into his secrets, I prevailed with him to sit down and partake of some refreshment, and to beg that he would compose himself; but he arose, and wishing me good-night, abrubtly left me, saying that he had no appetite, and felt too discomposed to enjoy my society; that there was a necessity for his immediately quitting the castle of St. Clair; but he assured me that he would see me at an early hour the ensuing morning. 'In the mean time, dear Ferdinand, I thank you for the kind and soothing attention you have shown towards me,' added he, extending his hand towards me with the most cordial affection: 'when I am more composed, Ferdinand, I will disclose to you what ostensible cause I have for the prejudices I have conceived against Cardinal Benvolio; which when you have heard, and freely digested, you will stand horror-struck that such are the crimes of a man at this moment placed in high authority at the head of the church, the idol of a blind, credulous, and infatuated world; and supported in honours, exalted to eminence, and distinguished by the confidence and friendship of the illustrious great ones. Such is prejudice, and such is fashion, and such is refinement, when aided by the powerful influence of eloquence, and a pleasing external, formed to captivate while it

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destroys.' Left wholly to my own reflections, at the departure of Aubigny, which, to say truly, were none of the most pleasing kind: I had at some moments, unconscious to myself, heaved the most melancholy and mournful sighs; for I felt my spirits depressed from witnessing the extreme agitation of my amiable friend, whom I thought, from some mysterious cause or other, had been rendered unhappy by some private injury, inflicted on his feelings by the Cardinal Benvolio: and while I was occupied, nay, totally absorbed, with contemplation of so painful a nature, I had forgot that my attendant, Marco, was still in the apartment, and was silently and scrupulously observing my emotions: and quickly recovering my self-possession, and assuming my wonted composure, I bid him remove the supper things from the table, as I had no appetite or relish for the delicacies which he had so obligingly set before me: after which, he might retire, as I felt weary, and would go to bed.

No sooner had I given him these orders, which I always did in a manner that proved, that I had a sense of my humble station; and that I had never once forgotten that I was a dependant only on the bounty of his illustrious master, than the poor fellow, surveying my agitated looks with peculiar sympathy and kindness, exclaimed,—

'And so because Mr. Aubigny does not choose to partake of a good hot supper, when it is placed before him, he must needs deprive you of enjoying it, besides making you uncomfortable by his megrims and his vapours; you, that have no more to do with his concerns in this castle, than I have, who am nothing more than a poor servant, living on the wages of honest industry

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and hard labour; but I should think it a still harder case, sir, if I was a young gentleman like you, if I could not take my meals in peace and quietness: there is my good lord, sir, never takes upon him half so much, I can assure you; and it was well for Mr. Aubigny, that he was not here, to see the airs that he gave himself in your apartment, when, like the dog in the manger, not being able to eat the hay himself, he must needs prevent others from tasting of it, with a murrain to him and his crabbed humours! It is enough to make a saint speak, to see how he has put upon you; and if *I* was *you*, Mr. Ferdinand—' Here Marco made a full stop, probably to take a moment's breath, which he appeared to have lost much of, during this long oration; but it had given me full time to deliberate on what reply I should make to it, with the propriety and decorum it was necessary for me to adopt to all the domestics in the castle of St. Clair; and answered him thus:—

'My good fellow, were you me, you would most probably do as I intend to do, not to intermeddle with the business of those, who do not concern my personal interest or my happiness: it is true that I have nothing to do with Mr. Aubigny's private grief or sorrow, or with the mysteries of St. Clair,—being but a dependant on the bounty of its illustrious lord; but I cannot see that human being miserable or unhappy, with a heart of apathy or cold indifference towards them; without endeavouring to alleviate his sufferings, by offering every condolence that sympathy can afford, although I by no means wish to inquire into the cause of them: besides, Mr. Aubigny is my tutor, my instructor, and my friend,—placed over me by my kind

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and generous benefactor and patron, the Lord Albino, in all which respective characters, I am bound, in duty to my lord, to owe him gratitude. I surely could not force him to eat if he felt no inclination, or yet command him to stay in my apartment if he was disposed to retire to his own; which from the lateness of the hour, was the most prudent plan he could adopt, if he found himself unfit for conversation. Mr. Aubigny is certainly his own master, and I have no right to control him in any one action that he chooses to do, when he is not giving me the instructions of a tutor.'

The cool and deliberate manner in which I had uttered this, was a sufficient hint to Marco, that his loquacity was by no means so welcome as he expected it would have been, in the absence of my friend; and placing the lamp on my table, which was to light me to my chamber, he very coldly and ceremoniously bade me good night, which I very civilly, but as coldly, returned; fully resolved, that I would not encourage any prejudice that had any tendency to slander or lessen the character of my amiable friend and excellent instructor, by listening to any gossip's tale, that came from the lips of any domestic belonging to the castle of St. Clair: and Marco never to my knowledge resumed [the subject of the merits or demerits of Mr. Aubigny more. I kept him at a respectful distance, without assuming too much consequence, and frequently gave him trifling presents, for his unremitting assiduities towards me; and I always found him grateful in return, and willing to serve me on all occasions, such as procuring me bait for my fishery, small shot for to shoot with, and dogs to follow me to the chase, in which I was permitted to join the huntsmen, when-

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ever they went a coursing, by desire of the Lord Albino.

But to proceed: the ensuing morning at an uncommonly early hour, Aubigny, very different in looks and manners from the evening before, made his appearance at the door of my study: I arose to meet him, and received him with a welcome smile.

'Good morning to you, Fordinand,' uttered he in a voice full of cheerfulness and vivacity: 'I am come to take breakfast with you, with a better appetite than I had last night, when I went supperless to bed: but I could not eat; zounds! I had no appetite last night for any thing but vengeance! which not being satiated when waking, I went to sleep, and dreamt that the cardinal and I met sword in hand, and that the very first plunge I made—laid the bosom bare of the treacherous priest, and he no more could rise, to bid defiance to his mortal enemy! for as I was about to raise my arm again, the perfidious villain groaned, and writhing like a crested snake who no more could spit its venom forth, expired! In raptures I awoke, with hands clenched, as though I still grasped the instrument of vengeance, that had rid the world of such a monster; but, oh! young Ferdinand, I grieved to find it but a dream!'—

'Almighty powers! are you frantic, sir?' uttered I; for not till this moment had I perceived that my attendant, Marco, was in the room; and concluding that he must have listened to this unguarded speech, was perfectly horrified at the consequences which might ensue, that I had permitted such indecorous conduct to take place in my apartment. I pointed out to his observation, the object of my terror and wild dismay,

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who at that moment was employed in placing the equipage on the table; and, had he ears, he must have heard the imprudent speech uttered in the wild hurry of a moment by the thoughtless and unguarded Aubigny: but there was no expression in the countenance of Marco, that betrayed the slightest fear that he had discovered the sentiments of Aubigny against the cardinal: I therefore hoped that it had escaped his notice; and as soon as he had quitted the room, entered into a conversation of the most affecting and interesting nature with my friend, who, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, and drawing his chair close to mine, became agitated only for a few moments, but having drank at my earnest entreaties a cup of coffee, and afterwards resumed his wonted composure, while he briefly informed me of the cause of his strong prejudice towards the cardinal, and how just were the grounds on which were founded the continuance of his eternal hatred; which could never cease till one or the other of them were exterminated from the race of the earth. He then began to detail the circumstances of his early birth, and of having received the first rudiments of his education at the college of St. Ambrose, in Vienna, and admitted as a student under the inspection and the care of the professor Paulini; himself, and an only sister, not then fifteen years of age, having been left orphans with a very small patrimony, which, by the will of his deceased father, who had formerly been also a professor of learning in the same college, was to be equally shared with him and his sister, when she came of age; that during his abode in the college where he was strictly urged to pursue the course of his studies with the most unremitting assiduity, he

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had never beheld his young and blooming sister Adelaide; but on his repeated inquires after her health and welfare, was at length told by the professor Paulini, that she had been placed under the care of the abbess, in the convent of Mariette Mouline, as expressed in the will of his father, there to receive a religious education, in order to take the holy conventual vow, at a more mature age, when perfectly initiated into the nature of the holy rites: that not having any intercourse with the world and its dangerous temptations, she sighed not for pleasures that she never knew, and was therefore considered a fit subject to take the veil, having no fortune or any inducement to move in any other sphere; besides, being so extremely lovely in her person, as to render her situation in the path of life very likely to lead her from heavenly purposes, for which her father, had from the hour of her birth, designed her: that from this communication of the professor Paulini, he was rendered miserable at the approaching fate of his young sister; and shuddered at the sacrifice of so much youth and beauty to a cold cloister's melancholy gloom, at which, it was possible, that her heart revolted; nor did he cease to revile the memory of his father, at the unnatural sacrifice he had made of his beauteous child.

'In short, Ferdinand,' continued Aubigny, 'the situation of my lovely sister affected me so deeply, that I was unable to conceal the anguish that preyed on my heart; and not daring to unburden my sorrows to any human being in the college, while the form of the dear, unhappy Adelaide haunted me night and day, in the natural conclusion, that the vows she was about to make was foreign to her heart and repulsive to her

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inclinations. I wept and bewailed her deplorable fate incessantly, till it at length threw me on a sick bed, where the physician of the college was immediately called in to my assistance. The professor Paulini, though stern and austere in his manners, and strict in the discipline he used towards his pupils, was by no means ungentle in his disposition, much less was he unkind in his heart; and, if occasion required, would always grant indulgence to any of their requests, if they came in any reasonable demand. I believe I was somewhat a favourite with the holy man, for on hearing of my sudden illness, he immediately presented himself in my chamber, and was very solicitous to know of the physician, what was the nature of my case; and what he imagined might be the cause of its so sudden effect on my person, which in three days was perfectly emaciated, with the rapid inflammation of hectic fever.

As this was said in an under tone to the physician, probably that I might not hear him so anxious in his enquiries about me, I could listen to them, without being at all perceived, having closed my eyes as if in sleep; and in a few minutes I heard him return him the following answer, uttered in the same low key:

'The poor youth is certainly suffering under the influence of strong hectic symptoms of fever; but it does not appear to be the general habit of his constitution; and candour obliges me to say, that I am of opinion, that the cause and the effects of the disease, apparently owe their source to a disordered mind, more than to a diseased body: there is some mental malady that powerfully oppresses him, which if not speedily remov-

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ed, will counteract all effects of medicine, and ultimately end in approaching dissolution.

'By holy Paul! I would not the youth depart thus disquieted, for the diadem of the Emperor Josephus,' cried the affrighted Paulini: 'I will, as soon as he awakens, confer with him awhile on the private sorrows that disturb his soul; and gently demand to know if I have the power of removing them. He is a most discreet and studious youth, and is besides the greatest ornament to our blessed college of learning. I knew his father, too; and he was a most devout and pious man, and for his memory I do bear good will to his son.'

Paulini now cast a look of solicitude towards me; and, as I feigned thus to be sleeping, I thought to feign dreaming would be no greater sin; since, as I then thought, it might save a gentle sister from the horrors of her approaching condemnation: so I called out, with a loud hollow voice, well calculated to deceive both the priest and the physician,

'Adelaide! Adelaide! my sister! why troublest thou me? I am thy brother, but have no power to save thee from the holy vow thou so abhorrest to perform! Adelaide! Adelaide! my sister! why troublest thou me?' No sooner had I pronounced these words, than I feigned again the most profound slumber: but the potent effects it had on the minds of the priest and the physician were beyond the powers of expression; for the one exclaimed, 'By holy Paul! the secret of the poor youth is now discovered; he hath a sister in the convent of Mariette Mouline about to offer up her vow of eternal celibacy, and to perform the holy rites to enter the holy cloisters; and I do believe the youth

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hath never seen her, since the maiden hath come to years of womanhood; and belike the youth doth sicken to behold her, ere she resigns all intercourse with the vain world: she is called Adelaide, sure enough—the boy is right; I beheld her once at the grand mass, and, truly, a fairer vestal saint did my eyes never beholds; and haply he may wish to see her: if so, his wish shall be duly gratified.'

"To which the physician replied;—'And which if thou dost not shortly gratify, he will not long see mortal more; for he will die ere the morning sun be set, if he beholds not this sister whom his soul so loveth.'

"'Then I will away on the instant, and bring the maiden to him,' cried Paulini, now in the utmost consternation and dismay. 'I will go to the convent of Mariette Mouline, and return with the maiden; by holy Paul, I could not answer to my conscience, to let the youth die, without bidding a ghostly farewell to his sister.'

"In this opinion the physician so heartily concurred, that away posted the professor Paulini to the convent of Mariette Mouline, to bring the young noviciate to the bed-side of her dying brother, for such the physician had declared me to be; and the high eminence in which the professional talents of this gentleman stood at the college of St. Ambrose, where he had been in constant attendance for a series of years, made it impossible to doubt the assertion that I was a dying man, if my sister was not brought before me: but my transported feelings told me that I was far otherwise; and elated with the success of my little innocent deceit, no sooner had the professor Paulini quitted the

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room, and I perceived the physician station himself at my bedside, surprized, no doubt, at my continued propensity to sleep, after having exhibited symptoms of a mind so disturbed, than I hastily drew the curtains aside, jumped out of bed, and threw myself prostrate at his feet; when I made an open confession of all the feelings of my tortured soul, informed him of the critical situation of my poor unhappy sister, if forced to take the vows contrary to her inclinations; and implored him, if he valued the repose of two earthly beings, both here and hereafter, to favour my designs, and practise the deceit on the stern professors of the college, who would not suffer me to hold any converse with my sister, but under the apprehension that I was really dying: to these supplications, I added tears, and was nearly fainting, when the good old man, perfectly shocked at my intelligence, and pleased with the confidence I had reposed in him, assured me that it should never be betrayed; and that if by his means my sister could be snatched from the horrors of such a destiny, that he would endeavour to avert it to the utmost of his power.

"'In the mean time, boy,' cried he, 'make the best of your way into bed again, and cover yourself up with the bed-clothes, and I will administer to you a medicine, which will compose your agitated spirits, which, in real truth, threaten you with inflammation, if you do not take great care to prevent it: it will send you off in a gentle slumber, and elude the suspicions of those who attend about your chamber; it is merely designed to give you an opportunity of conversing with your sister, privately. In the mean time, I will receive the maiden from the hands of Paulini, and conduct

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her to your presence?' at which assurance of the good old man, I energetically exclaimed—

"'May every blessing that crowns the race of mortals attend you, sir! for the performance of this goodly deed, may angels reward you! and whether I be living or dead, may this one action of your life be a passport to your eternal happiness in a world to come.'

"He waved his hand, as if to impose silence on my already irritated and exhausted feelings, and gave me a gentle opiate, which very soon produced the desired effect; and I was really under the influence of its potent sway, when Paulini arrived in a cabriolet with my sister, at the gates of the college, most anxiously enquiring of the physician, whether I were yet living or dead.

"To which he replied—

"'He is sleeping, from an opiate which I have recently administered, to quiet the violent symptoms under which I found him labouring, immediately after your departure; and from which it would be instant death, were I suddenly to awaken him. In a few hours hence, he will be more composed, and I will then cautiously bring the maiden into his presence. I furthermore recommend, for the safety of my patient,' added the worthy physician, 'that this meeting between the brother and the sister be of the most private nature; or, in other words, that no one may be witness to any conversation that may result from such a meeting.'

"'And thinkest thou that it will disturb his dying moments?' impatiently demanded the professor Paulini; 'if thou dost, I must, perforce, forego the promise I have made to the abbess of the convent of Mariette

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Moulins, that I must not quit the presence of the maiden, Adelaide Aubigny, till I forthwith deliver up my charge again; but since thou sayest so, I will not stand on the order of the nicety of the thing, but, take her to the youth, and leave them together, whenever he shall awaken. Far be it from me, to deny a dying sinner his confession; and though I have a sacred charge with the maiden, from her ghostly confessor, that no one see or converse with the vestal saint but the dying youth—yet, to your hands I will consign her, well knowing the high authority in which you stand in the college of St. Ambrose.'

"'And truly you may say it is no grateful task,' cried the physician, with an air of the utmost composure, 'since to hear the private conference of a brother and a sister can be nothing; but my patient cannot be left long without my assistance, and if he dieth in my absence, I must render up an account of what I have administered to him in the course of his disease, to the board of this college, who will hold me responsible for any wilful neglect offered to any of its members.'

"'Thou sayest most rightly,' cried the professor Paulini; 'therefore when the youth is awake, and thou shall deem him fit to hold conversation with his sister, come for the maiden, Adelaide, and I will forthwith deliver her into your hands.'

"On hearing these words, which was the confirmation of all my hopes and wishes, I could scarcely conceal my transports, or feign a stupor which I did not feel; and once more expressing my unbounded gratitude to the worthy physician, by whose friendly aid alone I had succeeded in the accomplishment of my de-

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signs I left to his discretion to appoint the hour, which it would be deemed the most proper to admit my sister: and his answer was,—'The sooner, the better; the moments are precious, both to you and your sister, and the sooner you obtain an interview with her, the sooner your mind will be rendered easy on her account. I, for my own part, have so great an aversion to compulsion of any kind, and particularly to that of forcing young females to take the veil, before they know the nature of it, that I confess, had I a daughter, I would rather follow her to the grave, than consign her to a convent's solitary gloom, which, I will ever, was never designed for youth and innocence—for what has innocence to do with fear, I should be glad to know? It may, indeed, be considered as a fit sanctuary for the once guilty sinner, who having committed crimes, repents, and wishes, in solitude and silence, and in fasting and prayer, to make some atonement for their past mispent life, by abandoning the pursuit of pleasures which have cost them so dearly; I say, that in such cases, the walls of a convent is the most proper asylum they can resort to, for the residue of their lives: but for the youthful and the virtuous breast, such a sacrifice is both unnatural and unjust, nor does the God of nature require it at our hands. Virtue has no exercise in a cloistered life, and humanity cannot perform its duties; nay, there is an absolute frigidity in the rules and ceremonies of a monastic life, and those who adopt it widely err if they imagine that it is more acceptable in the eyes of a Supreme Being, than those who, living in the busy haunts of mankind, in the very midst of temptation, yet have the prudence to avoid its snares: it is here that human fortitude and human

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virtue is called into action, and as natural propensities, which, whether inclining to good or ill, meets with its reward or its punishment; but in a convent, the free-born soul is held in fetters and in vice, often concealed beneath the semblance of virtue, which, if properly searched into, would not bear the test of investigation. I charge you then, youth, if your sister revolts at the sacred vow she is going to perform, and thou hast any influence to persuade her to abandon the thought of such a sacrifice, delay it not a moment, boy, but boldly tell the maiden, thou wilt not see her wronged, and that thou hast a brother's right to interfere.'

"'Alas! sir,' feebly articulated I, 'and what would that avail me, against the superior influence of the abbess of the convent of Mariette Mouline? in which the rules are so arbitrary and so despotic, that were I in any shape to oppose the high order of its authority, I should be disgraced, perhaps pursued with vengeance, by its fanatic votaries: among the foremost of which, is the professor Benvolio, who is one of the directors, under the especial authority of the abbess herself; over whose mind, it is said, he lords such unbounded sway; and he is considered so pure and chaste a pattern of all earthly piety, that he is worshipped by the holy sisterhood, as a being descended from the skies, to utter divine truths; and that he is so severe and strict in the performance of his religious duties, that on the slightest deviation from the established rules of the convent, he has been known to punish the offenders, whether male or female, with the most exquisite tortures, that the imagination or cruelty could invent.'

"To which the physician replied—

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"'I have heard somewhat slightly of that you speak, and of the character of Benvolio, but never heard him thus accused: he stands in high respect at the head of the church, and it is rumoured that he will be advanced to higher preferment, and put into the possession of greater dignities, when the court of Vienna shall assemble at the next meeting; but, no more of this dull matter, as thou valuest the repose of thy gentle sister, or thine own safety in the college of St. Ambrose, who all adore and bend at the shrine of Benvolio's saintly virtues: prepare thee now to behold thy sister, and I will go and bring the maiden to thy chamber.'

"The physician instantly departed; and hastily throwing on a dressing gown, and sitting myself on a couch that was placed near the casement, which through the lattice admitted the balmy fragrance of the opening flowers that grew beneath it, I felt my spirits revived; and waited, with the most impatient anxiety, to behold the only relative, and the only tie that bound me to existence—my young sister. And at length I heard her light step in the portico; and my heart beat tremulously when the door gently unclosed, and the physician led in his hand one of the most lovely girls my eyes had ever beheld; who, in her nineteenth year, exhibited the full bloom of woman's loveliness so perfect, that, as I gazed in transports on her faultless, lovely face, and on her fine, dignified, and commanding figure, I could not divest myself of some pride in being the brother of so heavenly a creature.

"Our meeting was natural and affecting, on both sides, and not without shedding tears. Adelaide assured me how frequently she had solicited permission to obtain a meeting with her brother, when she was

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informed that it was not the rules of the convent of Marietta Moulins for any female about to take the holy vow, to see any of the male sex, although the nearest relative in existence; and her request was therefore peremptorily denied to her.

"'And to whom was this earnest petition of yours preferred, maiden?' enquired the physician; whom I intreated to be present at this interview with my sister, well knowing that his presence would prevent all officious intruders into the apartment, while Adelaide remained with me.

"Adelaide for a moment faltered in her reply; tears involuntarily started to her lovely eyes; and, while a crimson blush in roseate hues dyed her fair, transparent cheek, she answered—

"'It was to my confessor, the holy father Benvolio, that I so oft repeated my solicitation that he would permit me to see my dear brother, ere I took the veil; which request was accompanied with tears, with prayers, unavailing, and I may add, unpitying. The holy father is a stern man, and I always tremble when I am obliged to attend his presence.'

"'Holy is, that holy does!' sarcastically pronounced the physician: and Adelaide again sighed heavily; and at this moment, beneath the folds of the veil that but partially concealed a breast white as the snowy plumage of the graceful swan, I beheld her struggled sighs, and all the brother rushed to my heart, with love and pity for my hapless sister, and rage and indignation against the tyrannic fetters in which she was bound. In short, Ferdinand, I was no longer master of my impetuous feelings, and unmindful of the presence of the worthy physician, I execrated the

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whole community of the savage monsters, who was going to offer up to their fanatic rites a sacrifice of such youth, innocence, and beauty: and I swore by the eternal Giver of all good and precious gifts, that I would use means to prevent it. 'Yes! by the God of my fathers,' uttered I, 'Adelaide shall be preserved from her impending fate: I will perish in consuming fire, before they shall force my sister to take a vow that her soul abhors!'

'Hold! wild, rash, and imprudent boy!' cried the physician, perfectly affrighted at the sudden violence of passion, that I had exhibited; 'or you will very quickly hurl down ruin on thy head, and on that also of your unhappy sister. Calm, then, these transports; and if you ever wish to succeed in your designs, be silent, I charge you, or you can do nothing towards the rescue of the victim—for such I fear she is—before you; this impotence of rage is unavailing, and will only expose you to the malice and the persecution, nay, the punishment of the offended church, when once they discover, that you are acting in direct opposition against its laws. Be prudent, then, and adopt silence, if you are wise. Remember, youth, that in kind compassion to your sufferings, I have gone a step beyond the boundary of the order of my authority in this college, as the attending physician, and if you do not repress this tendency to violent passion, it will not only draw upon yourself consequences that may be unpleasant and mortifying to your feelings,—but expose me also to some severe animadversions, on the indulgence I have granted to you; let me not find occasion to repent of having done you this kindness, but by the future propriety of your conduct, learn to merit my good

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opinion, and my further wish to serve you, should you stand in need of my assistance. For your sister you can do nothing, if she herself is resolved to take so solemn a vow: it is not in your power to alter the decree of the convent in which she was placed by the will of your dying father; for me to attempt to interfere in a point so delicate, and where the law would give me no authority, would be ridiculous and absurd. All I can say is now in her presence, that whatever she determined on, whether to renounce the vow she has made, or to keep it inviolate, that it must be done speedily, for the time is rapidly advancing, when you must bid each other adieu, to meet again God knows when or where: yet, remember, my children, in your separate griefs, which now weigh so heavily on your hearts, that his all-seeing and searching eye, from which no human secrets can be hidden, will constantly watch over you, and that in defiance of all human power and all human art, he will deliver you from all evil that man can do towards you, at the appointed time, that by his worldly wisdom he intends that it should take place. Wait, then, with patient forbearance, for that appointed hour, nor doubt the interference of an over-ruling and superior Providence, whose ways, though mysterious, are ever just.

For you, young maiden,' resumed the worthy man, turning to my sister, who had wept during the whole of the discourse that he had been addressing to me in so affecting and serious a tone, 'blind not your brother, who feels so poignantly for your situation; and deceive not yourself; but above all things, attempt not to deceive your heavenly father which is in heaven; and who knoweth your heart, though you know it not.

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If you feel that you cannot abide by the sacred oath you are about to take, renounce it, while you yet possess the power of doing so; for when once taken, it cannot be recalled without perjury, and without sin!—Reflect on these, my parting words, young maiden; and heaven and all good angels be with thee.'

'Adelaide,' uttered I, taking the cold hand of my agitated sister, and preparing to bid her farewell, 'you have heard the excellent advice of this worthy man, in this hour of bitter separation; remember it, my sister, and abide stedfastly to the truth, and to the firm faith of thy religious principles: so, farewell, my beloved sister, and may heaven be thy guide in this world, and in that hereafter.'

'And shall I not again behold you, my brother?' exclaimed the weeping Adelaide, and leaning on the arm of the physician, who now kindly supported her tottering steps, which nearly sunk under the weight of the intolerable anguish that pressed upon her heart; but to this strong appeal, made to my feelings, I could not make any reply; and I covered my face with my handkerchief,—wholly overpowered by my sensations, during the time that the physician conducted the weeping Adelaide from my chamber.'

Alas! Ferdinand, the recollection of this bitter agonizing moment, rushes on my mind with such resistless force, and recals my lovely and now sainted sister so perfect to my memory, with all the wrongs and injuries from the fell monster who heaped a ruin on her devoted head, and nipt so fair a flower in its loveliest bloom, that, armed like a lion in its fiercest vengeance, I could now rush forth, and strike with terrible revenge the destroyer of Adelaide Aubigny, that

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craftly, smiling, perfidious hypocrite, the false dissembler of holy religion's sacred laws, the accursed Benvolio!"

'The Cardinal Benvolio?' reiterated I, in the most profound astonishment, 'and was he the destroyer of your beauteous sister?'

To which, Aubigny instantly replied,—

"Heaven and all its holy angels be witness, that he was the fiend that sent an angel to an untimely grave! and the melancholy sequel of my story is thus, Ferdinand, and with sorrow and with shame I relate it; that my dear, unhappy sister, at a very early period in life, had contracted an intimacy with the younger branch of a most noble and illustrious family in Vienna, an amiable and accomplished young nobleman, to whom she plighted her virgin faith, and to whom she surrendered the possession of her virgin heart, long ere she became a boarder in the convent of Marietta Mouline; and to whom, it appears, she was privately espoused by a catholic priest, at the very time that she was called upon to take the vow of celibacy, which the will of her most unnatural father (for I must ever call him such) had left her no choice to make, whether she revolted at it or not. Imagine, then, the horror of the distracted maid, as well a wife, who was dragged forth by the fanatic laws, to take the veil for life, from which nothing could absolve her, but the presence of her lover and husband, and he was far distant in a foreign clime, unconscious of the pangs that assailed her young and tender heart, who though still a vestal, was yet a wife; their marriage rites having been solemnized in the most private manner, ere she left the village in which she was born, and in the pre-

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sence of her nurse, to whose care she was consigned, till she went to the convent of Mariette Mouline; that her husband, the young Lord Delfrida, had only time to make her his wife, ere the next moment he was obliged to leave his young and beauteous bride, to follow his father to the field, on a foreign land; and when Adelaide entered the walls of the convent, she was a wife, with no mortal witness to her innocence, but the priest who had performed the sacred rites, and her old nurse who was bound over by the Lord Delfrida, to keep the fatal secret, till he should return to claim his young and beauteous wife, and emancipate her from the walls of a convent's melancholy gloom.—

But, alas! Ferdinand, that day arrived too late, for my unhappy sister; soon after she beheld me, she was forced by the infernal Benvolio to enter on the terms of her conventual vows; and the very evening that she had signed and sealed the fatal contract, Delfrida arrived, and concealing himself behind one of the arches, found means to make himself known to the beloved of his soul, and to inform her that he was then come to gratify those vows he had so long sworn. Ah! what were then the feelings of the self devoted Adelaide?—and what the remorse, and the compunction of her unfortunate lover, when the fatal truth was revealed, and an insurmountable barrier was placed between them? Here, Ferdinand, could I close the veil on a sister's sorrows, and a sister's shame: how would a brother's heart exult in the ecstatic thought, that I could indeed proclaim her guiltless! but, alas! the frequent meetings which my unhappy sister (too late) obtained with the man her soul adored—and he adoring her,—who was, in the sight of heaven, her hus-

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band, soon led to a fatal discovery of her whole intercourse with Delfrida; who one evening, when vespers were over, concealed a billet to the beloved of his soul, behind the arch, appointing Adelaide to meet him there, where they had so often met before.

The argus-eyes of an invidious, jealous, antiquated old nun, who envying the happiness of my sister, as well as for the possession of that attractive loveliness which not even in the period of her youthful days, had ever been hers, watched from the moment that she beheld Delfrida quit the holy cloisters; rushed to the fatal arch, where the remembrance of fond love was deposited, and stole it from thence; where devouring the contents,—to her most precious, because it placed the lovely victim, whom before she hated, completely in her power,—she next sought an interview with the abbess, and laid the billet before her; who, enraged with her holy temple of chastity being thus defiled, sent for the ghostly confessor, the father Benvolio, and disclosed the heinous crime of the young sister, Adelaide; beseeching him to inflict the accustomed punishment on such an offender, and to use his authority with the utmost severity.

For awhile, Benvolio was stunned with the intelligence; for the charms of the youthful Adelaide had often been the object of his most secret and voluptuous desire and ardent admiration; which had he dared to have sued for the possession of, without fearing an open exposure of his guilty passion, the pious, virtuous professor of religion's sacred laws would have done it without burthening his conscience, without any regret at evincing the reputation of a young and lovely female; the reverend gentleman would have made his

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peace with heaven very easily for having committed so gross an indecency, and so abominable a crime, had he not dreaded exposure and disgrace, and a dismissal from his place of high authority! This was the only fear before the eyes of the holy father Benvolio: no other fear possessed him.—So much for priests and holy friars; who do not always employ themselves in counting their rosaries, and fasting and praying, or in contemplating the human skeleton, when flesh and blood, cloathed in youth and beauty, step between them and their pious orgies. They are then mere men, with no more philosophy or virtue to boast of than those human beings whom they deem the sons of error and the daughters of indiscretion.

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CHAPTER XVI.

" For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope, the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.
All must be false that thwart this one great end:
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives!
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives."

POPE.

IF such were the sensations of Benvolio, towards my sister, as I have described, imagine, Ferdinand, the jealous rage which possessed him on the discovery of her apostate vows, and that she was no longer the pure and vestal saint he so secretly sighed for the possession of, and had so long silently adored; and on whom he now had the full power and authority in his hands, to inflict the severest punishment that the laws of the convent inflicted for so heinous an offence; in the meanwhile, every means was taken, to prevent the approach of Delfrida again, to the presence of his

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unfortunate, and too fatally beloved wife, no admission being in future granted to any strangers whatever, within the walls of the holy sanctuary: in consequence of which imperative order, all access to the lovely victim of cruelty was barred between her and her unhappy husband; and who, neither by bribery, tears, prayers, or entreaties, could prevail upon the superiors to permit him to obtain an interview (although only in their presence) with the distracted Adelaide: who having been obliged to confess her fault, threw herself prostrate at the feet of Benvolio, and implored him with streaming eyes and a beating heart, to intercede with the abbess to mitigate the horrible sentence that was pronounced against her. Oh! Ferdinand! do I live to pronounce what that sentence was?—even now does not my blood run cold at the thought that such would have been the fate of my unfortunate sister, had not her gentle spirit fled to skies of eternal peace, ere the inhuman monsters had time to prepare their infernal rites over the devoted victim of their remorseless cruelty? For it is decreed in the cursed convent of Mariette Mouline, that those who forfeit the conventual vow, after having once solemnly taken it, are condemned to suffer a lingering death, by starvation, in a solitary cell; where none are permitted to approach them, or supply them with a morsel of food, on peril of their lives. And when this sentence was pronounced on my unfortunate sister, she fainted and was carried senseless to her chamber, where she remained for many successive hours in a sort of stupor, to which succeeded the most incoherent ravings of wild and unutterable despair; piercing the hearts of all around her, saving those more impenetrable than

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the flinty rocks, and more deaf than the raging ocean; and those hearts beat in the bosoms of the abbess, Mariette, and the father Benvolio! and he, it was, who accelerated the sufferings, and hastened the death of my unhappy sister! who, when returning reason again resumed its throne, became apparently more collected, and expressed an earnest petition, to commune awhile with her ghostly confessor. The petition was granted, though with evident constraint on the part of Benvolio; for, although he now abhorred the fair form on which before he had gazed with such eager delight, and although the sight of her awakened no dormant sensations of pity in his savage breast, yet he feared that she would excite the sympathy of others, who had some strong and powerful influence on the mind of the abbess, and thus retard, though they could not avert the just sentence of her doom.

With a slow and measured step, therefore, and his face covered with his cowl, Benvolio approached the cell of the condemned and guilty sister, the young and so lately blooming Adelaide; and with a stern unshaken voice, he pronounced,—

'Adelaide Aubigny, I am commanded by our good and pious lady, the blessed Mariette, abbess of this convent, to attend to your confession. Thou art a vile profaner, and a grievious sinner; and much it doth shock me to see one so young guilty of so foul a crime as that which thou hast confessed: still it behoves one of my sacred and holy calling to whisper peace and consolation to thy guilty soul.'

'Peace and consolation, holy father, is not in thy power to give me!' cried my sister, raising her meek eyes to heaven, as if alone she could expect it there; 'hope

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not, therefore, that thy presence can alleviate my sufferings; or thy ghostly counsel can in any shape give my fainting spirit one ray of comfort!—I am young, and it is terrible to die the death you have decreed me; still, I do no fear it for myself alone.'

The eyes of Benvolio strayed for a moment from beneath his cowl, and rested them on the exquisitely lovely form of the youthful Adelaide. Pale was that cheek, which only yesternight had blushed with the colour of a morning rose; and dim were those eyes, that like the starry firmament of heaven, shone in deep blue, with full etherial brightness; and blanched those roseate lips, that like twin rose-buds on one stem, but half disclosed the snowy blossoms that embalmed the fragrant leaves that did enfold them! and the holy father trembled ere he pronounced the awful sentence once again to Adelaide, that she must die the cruel death, that the forfeiture of her sacred vows had so justly merited;—yes, even the stern father Benvolio, as he gazed on the beauteous frail one,—paused!—and drawing his cowl hastily and in quick confusion around his face, to avoid the glance of an object, so likely to bewilder his pious calling, he exclaimed, in a struggled tone, unwilling that she should suspect the cause of his emotion,—

'Daughter, if thou hast no fear for thyself, when death shall be inevitable, for whom else fearest thou?

To which, my sister, now in a firm undaunted tone, instantly replied,—

'For that, which being innocent of a mother's crime, should not be destined to meet a mother's punishment,—a babe, which never yet has seen the light! and for that babe I do implore that pity which thou deniest to

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me, holy father. Let nature plead, nor plead in vain! let me not die a death so terrible!—spare my infant!—let it but behold the light, and then lead the wretched Adelaide to her fate.'——

Wholly unprepared for such a confession from the lips of his beauteous victim, and one of such a nature, the holy father stood aghast: large drops of perspiration hung on his brow; for the law did not decree, that the innocent should suffer with the guilty; much less, a babe, who though unborn, had life and breath within the bosom of its mother: and, like a thunderbolt from heaven, the intelligence which the wretched Adelaide had given, struck him dumb; for if her pregnant situation was really true, the sentence passed on her could not be put in force till after her delivery; and the holy father was for awhile frustrated in his immediate punishment of the unfortunate Adelaide, although her crime was now double in his jealous and enraged eyes: and without acquainting her with his diabolical purposes of cruelty, he secretly resolved to sacrifice the child of his now more than ever mortally detested rival, Delfrida, as soon as it was destined to behold the light, by means of poison infused into its nourishment; as a terrible revenge towards the woman whom he in secret so long sighed for the possession of. To effect this direful revenge, however, it was absolutely necessary to conceal his demoniac intentions from the hapless victim of his vengeance; and to wear the semblance of concern for the dreadful condition, to which her indiscretion had reduced her: and while Adelaide waited in the most breathless expectation, for his reply, the crafty and insiduous priest had time to recover his self-possession, which, but for a moment

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before, had utterly abandoned him ; and softening his voice as much as the nature of present circumstances could possibly admit of, he addressed the wretched suppliant in the following words :—

'Daughter, thou hast much offended against the holy laws of heaven, which thy youth and thy loveliness had made a fit subject to inherit the kingdom thereof: thou hast been tempted by the evil one,—and thou has sipped of the guilty cup of licentious pleasures, which he has offered to thy taste ;—and the wages of sin is death !—yet, for the infant thou bearest in thy womb, the proof of thy shame, and thy pollution, that death will be protracted, till thou bring it forth, also, as the living witness of thy foul disgrace !'

'But my infant will not die !' now wildly exclaimed the frantic Adelaide ; whose feelings now roused to a pitch of insupportable agony, again threw herself at the feet of the ghostly confessor, and grasping at a part of his long flowing robes, pressed her pale and quivering lips to the hem of his garments, and implored him, if she brought forth a living child, to spare its tender life, and conceal it in the convent of Mariette Mouline, and bring it up (if a female) as one of the vestal votaries ; or, if a male, a monk of the holy order.

The holy father trembled beneath his cowl ! an instinctive shuddering pervaded his whole frame ; for demon as he was, he felt a woman's power in an angel's shape ! her snowy hand still grasped the hem of his flowing robes, and, in her distracted wildness, the veil that concealed her lovely face, dropped on her shoulder, over which her luxuriant chesnut hair fell in clusters, while her heaving bosom confessed her struggling

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sighs, and panted with alternate hope and fear! and in spite of himself, Benvolio felt that he could not long resist her suit; and half subdued by the powerful eloquence of lovely woman,—and most of all, the only woman that he ever loved—he uttered in a yet more softened accent,—

'Adelaide Aubigny, you ask of me too much! your child will be preserved without my means. The convent of Mariette Mouline was never celebrated for the commission of murder, and our good and holy lady would not sanction any injury offered to a babe that cannot answer for its parent's indiscretion. Fear it not, daughter,—the life of the babe will not be endangered for the sake of its guilty mother, but how it will be disposed of, I cannot tell.'—a pause ensued.

'But you will not see it perish, will you, holy father?' uttered the weeping Adelaide, who saw that her confessor was powerfully affected by the strong appeal she had made to his feelings, and that he, contending either for or against them, never had Adelaide beheld the holy father so moved; and, seizing on the happy moment that oft decides the fate of lucky mortals, when the soul of man is taken by surprise, ere his half-formed resolutions have the power of unbounded sway, she took the hand of her confessor, who, a *stern prelate*—a *philosopher*, (or one that would be deemed so)---a *holy, pious man*! had not the power to draw it away; and Adelaide washed it with her tears, and again preferred her petition that he would be the protector of her child.

The touch of her snowy hand thrill'd to the heart of Benvolio, together with her uncommon and

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attractive loveliness of her person, that tremulously he now pronounced—

'Adelaide Aubigny,——you—you—have conquered: if thy infant lives, it shall be protected, and by me. But mark me, Adelaide, thou beauteous lovely masterpiece of nature's finest works, it shall own no *other father*;—mark you that, Adelaide! Never to mortal shall the child of Adelaide Aubigny be known, but to Benvolio!—Hear me, girl! none, but the spell-bound influence that you possess over my heart, (the source of which I hardly can divine the latent cause of) has obliged me to give you a patient hearing; and, by the same potent influence to promise you protection to the babe, who is innocent of your crime,—on one condition only will I grant it, Adelaide.'

"Oh, name it, name it! blessed father!' uttered my frantic sister; 'so thou wilt spare my infant, I will fall down and worship thee!'

'I will do more on your instantly acceding to the terms I offer,' cried Benvolio; 'I will recommend you to mercy, to mitigate the sentence you have received. You shall not die the death that is decreed, but live to lead a life of repentance in the holy cloisters, while heaven permits you, so thou wilt sign a paper with thine own hand, that Delfrida may never possess a right—a *father's* right—to claim your child. Let us have no further parley, Adelaide, for neither your tears, nor your intreaties will again prevail. I have gone beyond the limits of prudence in the pity and the indulgence I have shewn to you,—do not compel me to revoke the promise I have given you, for my resolution and my purpose cannot now be changed:—save your own life, and that of your infant's, while yet it re-

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mains within your power to do so,—or, refusing, meet the horrible and dreadful fate to which you are consigned,—which only awaits the moment of your delivery: the next—your new-born babe will be torn from a mother's first embrace, and the cradle that pillow's its head will be—a mother's grave: while its own little pulse of feeble life will be protracted for a few short hours; deprived of a mother's support, it will languish! droop! and perish!'

'Perish!' uttered Adelaide, with a wild involuntary shriek; 'forbid, every kind and pitying power, that the dear babe, for whose sake I have already suffered more than a mother's pangs, and for whose little life I would drain the dearest drop that flows in the fountain of this beating heart, should perish,—as thou sayest, for me!——For me, who, but for that, am now reckless of life itself! yet, to renounce every claim on the author of its being, is dreadful! but, since there is no alternative, but death to both, holy father, give me the fatal contract, and I will sign it; and for the wrong I do to thee unwillingly, Delfrida, may heaven pardon me.'

There was a malicious smile which now played on the lip of Benvolio, as handing a paper over to the trembling hand of the almost frantic Adelaide, who now seated herself at the table, in her little cell, on which, were the immediate implements for writing; and a triumphant joy in his countenance, which he could scarce conceal, visibly betrayed itself; when he pronounced in a softened tone, as her trembling fingers feebly grasped the pen,---

'Possess thyself with fortitude, daughter! this is no moment for a woman's weakness, or a woman's

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fears!—tremble not, when you are doing that which is just and right.'

'Is it just to deprive an helpless infant of the protection of its natural father?' demanded Adelaide: 'does inhumanity accord with justice?—Answer me that, holy father?'

Never could an humble suppliant have put a more unfortunate question to a stern oppressor of nature's laws; for instantly the face of the holy father became infuriated with rage and momentary jealousy: and darting a look at Adelaide, fully expressive of his offended feelings, he exclaimed,—

'I shall answer you nothing, proud girl, nor will I be so interrogated! sign the paper,—or—or—suffer the sentence of your doom! which, however severe, you have provoked by the measure of your crimes; and which, should you again demur, I swear by holy Paul, shall not be revoked. Hear me, Adelaide Aubigny,—shall not! Thou knowest the power of Benvolio; dread the hour that you will be obliged to fear it?'

No other stimulus was now necessary: Adelaide, without a murmur, without a sigh, without a tear, signed the passport to the eternal misery of her wretched and despairing husband; resigning the care and protection of her child (if it survived its birth) to the protection of the father Benvolio, the superior professor, and ghostly confessor of the convent of Mariette Mouline: and instantly snatching it from her hand, he rapturously exclaimed with the smile of a demon,—

'Now, daughter, I will believe that thou repentest of thy crime: thou hast done wisely; I therefore

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now pray thee, be comforted, for I will see all things ordered for thy immediate safety; and speak to our holy lady, on the purpose of my visit here,—and cautiously disclose the condition, to which I blush to own, thy indiscretion has brought thee.'

'Ah! do I not feel them in my bleeding heart?' uttered the weeping Adelaide. 'Must I needs be further reproached for them, after the sacrifice I have made of all that is dear to me in mortal life? My husband, will he not despise, condemn, and renounce me for evermore, when he finds that I have given up his child, to be protected by other hands than his? Oh! holy father! can I do more, to expiate my fault, which in your eyes is so heinous? and will you be less merciful than heaven itself, who deals out mercy to all mankind, unworthy as they are of its bounteous blessings?'

The voice of Adelaide was melody,—her look an angel's,—her tears the proof of her repentance: and Benvolio again felt the power of her bewitching eloquence; and also felt her power over his heart, which made it necessary that he should immediately retire from the sight of so seducing an object, ere he himself revealed a secret, he trembled to unfold.

He turned from her, therefore, although with an air of kindness, as he drew his cowl more closely over his face, to conceal sensations, he was both ashamed, and pride and his holy calling forbade him to discover: while in a smothered tone he bade her farewell; adding, as he slowly departed from the cell:—

'Adelaide Aubigny, fear nothing; you shall not be treated with the accustomed severity of a guilty sister, but, on the contrary, shall receive all the indulgence

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that your situation requires; the sister Agnes shall attend you constantly, with all that may be befitting your hapless condition: you know she is kind and gentle, and far unlike the other lay-sisters of the convent: to night I will send her hither; so farewell, daughter, and peace be with thee."

On these words, the holy father departed, leaving the afflicted Adelaide, as he supposed, much comforted by his ghostly council, and perfectly satisfied with the means he had used to save her; and with a sensation, which none but a demon-like breast such as his, would have felt, under similar circumstances, that he had triumphed in the most successful revenge that mortal ever felt over a detested rival; who could never more possess the charms of the beautiful Adelaide, or yet have the pledge of their mutual love, to console him for the pangs of being eternally separated from the woman that he adored, although it was a secret passion, long concealed in the inmost recesses of his soul: and that any mortal, but himself, should have possessed those transcendant charms, was a mortal stab to his disappointed hopes, and a sufficient cause for the present motive of the diabolical revenge he had planned for the destruction of Delfrida's child; for it is certain that such had been his secret intentions, the very moment that Adelaide had informed him of her state of pregnancy, he determined, for the completion and gratification of his perfect revenge over the hapless victim of his cruelty, if her child was living at the time of its birth, that it should not live long afterwards; but when Adelaide implored him to protect her infant, and to bring it up, to take the holy vows in the convent of Mariette Mouline, he could not

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withstand the witchery of her tongue, or refuse her solicitations, and he abondoned the idea of consigning it to an untimely end: but the thought struck him, that he could be revenged on his hated rival by depriving him of a father's right to protect his child, by compelling its unfortunate mother to sign a paper, wherein she delivered up her child to the father Benvolio, for the good of the sacred church, as some atonement for the forfeiture of the conventual vow, and to make her peace with heaven!

This point achieved, was beyond his most sanguine expectations; and his influence over the mind of the abbess being unbounded, he very easily prevailed with her, to accept of the proposals made by the wretched and penitent Adelaide, that she would give her child to the convent, and pass the remainder of her days (if heaven permitted her) in the shades and retirement of the holy cloisters; for, though the Lady Mariette was a stern, strict, and immaculate follower of the holy creed,—yet she was neither unkind or unforgiving in her disposition; and the youthful Adelaide having been high in her good graces, when she considered her as the greatest ornament of the holy sisterhood, she felt more solicitous about her state, which was now truly alarming and critical; and accordingly, the sister Agnes, the lay-sister, was fixed upon as the most proper personage to be employed about the person of the now considered penitent Adelaide Aubigny. The holy father had imformed the abbess, that he had left Adelaide perfectly composed and satisfied with the arrangements she had made respecting her infant, and the kind intercession that had been exerted in her behalf; and the abbess gave herself no farther concern

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about the matter, intending to visit the penitent in private, at some future and more convenient opportunity.

But the holy father was mistaken, with respect to the tranquillized feelings of my wretched sister; for, oh! Ferdinand! that persecuted and much injured angel was destined to breathe her last sigh in a state of mortal existence, on the very night that her ghostly confessor quitted her; remorse and compunction having so forcibly worked upon her already anguished feelings, for the supposed injustice and injury done to her beloved Delfrida, no sooner having signed the fatal contract to Benvolio than she repented of it, and reviled herself, as the author of the consequences of the misery that would ensue, when Delfrida should discover that his child was lost to him for ever; and that she herself had consigned it to the convent of Mariette Mouline, within whose gloomy walls it would be enclosed during the whole term of its mortal existence.

It is no wonder, then, in the distracted and agitated state of her tortured mind, that it produced the most alarming effects on her delicate frame; and that when the lay-sister came, by the order of the abbess, to attend her, that she found the pangs of child-birth rapidly advancing, and lost no time in procuring her the assistance which she so immediately stood in need of; but before the accoucheur arrived, my poor unhappy sister, in a moment of unutterable agony, had given a premature birth to a living female-infant; whose healthy appearance, although under every unfavourable circumstance of its birth, denoted that it was likely to be long a sojourner in this world, instead of making a

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hasty exit out of it; and Agnes proud of the little smiling treasure that had burst so suddenly on her sight, bestowed every care and attention on that and its unfortunate mother, that it was possible, in the confusion and consternation that such a sudden event had occasioned: and the abbess being immediately informed of it, gave orders that every thing that was necessary should be provided for the comfort and convenience of the suffering invalid; but unavailing were the efforts used for her recovery, and fruitless the attempts to save the devoted victim of love and jealousy; for notwithstanding that she appeared composed for many hours after her delivery, she expired in the arms of the sister Agnes, long before the morning's light broke in upon her, to tell her that she was the mother of a beauteous babe, to the inexpressible grief and horror of all around her, to witness the distressing and awful event: but so perfectly composed and conscious of her approaching end, that she seemed rather to rejoice than lament, that she was about to quit a world in which her pleasures had been but few and fleeting, and her sorrows great and piercing.

A few moments before her departure from a state of mortal existence, she called the sister Agnes to her bedside, and addressed her in the following affecting and impressive words:

'Sister Agnes, weep not that you behold a sister released from all mortal suffering, in a world where peace never more could be the inmate of a wretched bosom like mine; and where, accused of crimes, I could only live a life of penitence and shame. But of what crime sister Agnes, have I been guilty?—surely none that forbids me to enter the blest abode of saints and

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angels?—for love, Agnes,—hallowed and pure,—was implanted in the human breast by the God of holy nature! It was not the influence of an evil spirit who gave it life and birth, or it had never reigned at all. Heaven designed it for the blessing of its creatures, and not for a brand of infamy, or Adam had lived for himself alone, and no Eve had been wanting to complete the happiness which God had made. His wisdom thought it necessary that man and woman should be united together in bonds of tender love, ere the purposes of human happiness could be accomplished. With this impression on my youthful mind and heart, did I first open to the dawning of reason; and I had never been taught to believe otherwise. My nurse, Margaritte, in whose care I was placed till the age of sixteen, was a woman of strong intellect and tender feeling; and, besides being most passionately fond of me, had an insuperable objection to a monastic life,—she abhorred the walls of a convent! and, although it was my father's wish that I should enter one, it was her's to bid me shun it, and inspire my young heart with detestation towards the possessors of it. I loved my nurse, Margaritte, even as my mother, for I had never known any other; her's was the voice most dear to me, and I listened to no other, till I beheld the gallant and accomplished young lord who was at once the author of my happiness and my misery.

Sanctioned with the approbation of Margaritte, he approached me in the language of love, and won, by his repeated solicitations, I became his wife, ere he went to the wars; and it was during the long period of his absence that I was forced into the convent of Mariette Mouline; which, when I repulsed the cruelty

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and injustice of, in violence to my inclinations, I was told by the professor that it was the will of my father that I should take the holy vows, and be shut from the intercourse of the world for ever. Affrighted at the stern decree, and conscious that I was already a wife, I clung to the bosom of Margaritte, and for a while resisted every effort to be torn from her,—but in vain: neither her entreaties nor mine prevailed; and amidst my distraction and despair, I was taken forcibly away, and carried before the abbess, Mariette Mouline; before whom I preserved a sullen and disdainful silence as to the nature of my religious principles; but whose kindness and soothing attentions for a while reconciled me to the severity of my fate: and every indulgence being granted to me by the superiors of the convent, I began to imagine that I should not be compelled to take vows that my heart revolted at; but I was mistaken, for the holy father Benvolio was invested with the high authority of the abbess, to prepare me for the sacred ceremony which she insisted should be no longer delayed; and I will confess, could any influence have prevailed, it would have been that of the father Benvolio; for oft was I charmed with his powerful eloquence, and for a moment felt irresolute whether I should or should not take the conventual vow:—and well it may be said, that the woman who once deliberates is lost!—and trembling lest by any means my clandestine marriage with Delfrida should be revealed, I had recourse to dissimulation to conceal the anguish of my heart, and for a while listened to the holy father with apparent satisfaction; all which was reported to the abbess, who was delighted with the intelligence; and future indulgences were granted to me under the

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impression that I should shortly take the holy vow: and you know, sister Agnes, the jealousy this excited in the breasts of the sisterhood, who beheld the attentions I received from the abbess and the father Benvolio, with the most malicious envy and ill-nature; one in particular, singled me out for the victim of the most direful revenge; and, alas! too fatally succeeded to bring a ruin down on my head.

The sight of my adored Delfrida, one evening, when vespers were over, who had concealed himself behind one of the vaulted arches, and watched for the moment that I passed them, overwhelmed me with surprise and astonishment too great for utterance; and need I say, that our feelings of transport were mutual and ecstatic, and sweet as they were short-lived and fleeting. I informed him precisely of my situation in the convent; and in what manner I had been spirited away from the house of Margaritte, and forced into the convent; of how I had been treated there; and believing that he never would return again, to claim me as his wife, or had forgotten his once lov'd Adelaide, had only that morning signed the fatal seal, to lead a life of celibacy for evermore: at which intelligence, my beloved Delfrida endured the most insupportable pangs of grief, horror, and despair.

'Adelaide,' uttered he, 'you have destroyed yourself and me: one only alternative remains,—consent to it, or see me perish before you. I will not live without you: you are my wife, in the sight of heaven, by holy and honourable vows of the chastest affection, and I will not have you torn from me thus: though this convent were consuming in flames of fire, I would rush forth, and in spite of the laws, which man only hath

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made, snatch you hence, and proclaim to the face of the whole world, that you are my wife! Consent, then, my Adelaide, to fly with me for ever from these hated walls: choose rather the arms of the man that adores you, and who is your husband, than be immured in a solitary cloister's gloom! and fear nothing, while this arm can protect and shield you from every harm—from every evil that can assail you. I will hasten and consult with Margaritte, on the best means to effect your escape without discovery; and in the mean time, will meet you here every evening, after vespers are over, till we form our intended plans. In this arch, should any accident prevent my seeing you at the accustomed hour, I will deposit a billet, expressive of my sentiments, and the cause of your not beholding me,—with further instructions how you are to act in a situation so perilous as ours.'

One parting kiss, sister Agnes, sealed the contract between us. I was resolved to fly with Delfrida, and hesitated not a moment to comply with his solicitations; and who shall be rigid enough to condemn me, sister Agnes, or prove that I was guilty of a crime that abjured me from the forgiveness of heaven? was it not with my husband that I consented to fly? I did not act unchastely or unholily, when I afterwards met Delfrida several times in private. No! I feel that I am innocent, although loaded with the imputation of guilt. But to proceed with my sad tale:—I had agreed to escape from the walls of the convent, on the very night that a discovery was made by a billet, which Delfrida, not seeing me, had deposited behind the fatal arch which so often had witnessed our tender meetings, but which now proved our utter ruin, and frustration

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of all our hopes and wishes. Whose hand discovered it there, thou knowest,—heaven pardon her, as I do now, for there her power of mischief ended!—and thou also knowest the fatal consequences which ensued from this discovery, and what tortures, both of mind and body, I have endured since that fatal moment of all my climax of human misery; for, obliged to confess that I should shortly become a mother, to the holy father, he extorted, in the trembling moments of wild and unutterable despair, a promise, that in case I should give birth to a living child, that I should offer it up to the convent of Mariette Mouline, or in other words, resign it wholly to his protection, depriving Delfrida of any natural right to claim his child.

'Holy Maria!' uttered the sister Agnes, in the utmost astonishment, 'and did the holy father Benvolio condescend to make you this offer, which he has denied to thousands. It is mysterious and strange what could be his motives, to wish to deprive a father of his child! but, sister Adelaide, you surely did not grant him his request?'

To which the languid sufferer replied, 'have I not told you that I have already signed the fatal contract!'

'Which cannot now be recalled,' exclaimed the sister Agnes, casting a look of peculiar, and almost undefinable expression on the beautiful babe that slept, unconscious of the destiny that awaited it, by the side of its unfortunate mother; 'unless ——' added the sister Agnes, lowering her voice to the softest whisper.

'Unless what, dearest sister?' eagerly demanded Adelaide, and catching new life at the new-born hope which stole across her imagination.

'Unless we could deceive the convent of its expected

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sacrifice,' uttered Agnes, looking fearfully around her, as if the slightest whisper should escape her; 'there is none to tell whether the babe were born living or dead; none has seen it;—what, if the holy father were told that the infant is no more?—I have the means to conceal, if it be thy dying wish, sister Adelaide, as I guess it is.'

The dying Adelaide grasped the hand of the compassionate angel, whose heart bled for her injuries and her sorrows.

'And wilt thou save the offspring of my Delfrida?' uttered she: 'ah! if thou hast indeed the power to bear my precious babe from these hated walls, hasten to perform the charitable deed,—and may angels evermore bless and eternally reward you!'

'I swear, by the God of my fathers, that I will preserve it from the hands of Benvolio,' uttered the sister Agnes, crossing her bosom with the most passionate fervor. 'Three miles distant from this convent, in a retired and secluded spot, lives a devout and holy woman, who is a foster-sister of mine, and thither will I convey my precious charge; and well I know my sister Bertha,—trust-worthy have I ever found her; she would perish ere that infant would be touched with a hand of harm. Art thou now satisfied, my sister, with the promise that I now give thee?'

No answer being returned by the languid sufferer, to this kind interrogatory of the sister Agnes, she became fearfully alarmed, in the apprehension that this persecuted angel had either suddenly fainted, or that her gentle spirit had fled to its native skies, exhausted by a conversation so painful to her feelings, and which in her present situation she was but ill calculated to

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support; and running to the bedside, she softly drew aside the curtains, and there found that her fears were verified; for all that remained of the once beauteous and blooming Adelaide Aubigny was a pale, lifeless corpse!—To have applied restoratives, the sister Agnes (who was accustomed to witness the scene of death too frequently in the convent of Mariette Mouline) knew was useless and unavailing, for the vital spark was fled for ever; and being the midnight hour, she was resolved that this distressing, though to her expected catastrophe, should not be communicated to the abbess or the father Benvolio before the morning; during which time, she would also remove the infant far beyond their reach or their enquiry,—by giving out that it died suddenly of a disorder in its bowels, and being contagious, she had it immediately removed from the chamber of its mother, placed in a coffin, and privately interred in the holy chapel; such being the custom of the convent, on the least suspicion that contagion was likely to take place, and such was the fear of the superiors, on such occasions, that she well knew that no further enquiry would be made in the business.

Her first thought, therefore, after composing in decency, the body of the departed Adelaide, was to take charge of the lovely innocent, who slept unconscious that the last sigh of an expiring mother had been breathed beside of it. She was alone in a gothic chamber, far removed from the inhabited part of the convent, and no mortal eye was there to watch her motions.---There was no time to be lost, for the first break of morning would awaken the superiors, and call them to attend to their respective duties; and dreadful as the thought was of leaving the corpse of Adelaide without

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an attendant, yet the necessity of such an expedient could no longer be delayed; and wrapping a large cloak around the sleeping babe, and nestling it close to her bosom, she softly crept along the corridor, having secured the chamber which contained the remains of the unfortunate Adelaide, from any intruder, till she returned to discharge the melancholy offices that still were necessary to be performed. But what was to be done with the babe till she could safely bestow it in the hands of Bertha, whose cottage was on the skirts of the forest, above three miles distant from the convent of Mariette Mouline, and to journey there in so short a space of time was morally an impossibility?—But prompt were the actions, as well as the thoughts, of the sister Agnes; she had been used to think and act for herself, and that is the most useful and necessary lesson in the whole world. In convents the lay-sisters have unnumbered privileges, and are allowed more liberty than those who have entered on the holy vows, and are generally employed in attendance on those nuns never permitted to mix with any society, but their own particular class; consequently, the sister Agnes availed herself of all those that she had a right to, from the long established rules of the convent; and let herself out of a private door, that led to a few straggling cottages, the inhabitants of which, were supported by the generosity and compassionate bounty of the abbess, and the holy sisterhood; and Agnes was frequently employed by the young nuns, on missions of charity to the suffering poor, which she always discharged faithfully, often throwing in her own little mite, to contribute to the relief of her fellow-creatures.

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She was therefore well known to them, and deservedly respected for the humanity of her disposition. With a hasty step and a panting heart,—panting for the safety of the little treasure she was so solicitous to preserve,—therefore, she gently tapped at the cottage of an old woman, to whom she had been uniformly kind and charitable, and was instantly admitted within the little lonely hut; and no sooner was the latch closed upon them, than Agnes uncovered the face of the babe, while in a voice marked by agitation and extreme terror, she exclaimed,—

'Edith, thou knowest me well, and that I do not come here on idle business.—I am in haste, to return to the dead mother of this babe, who expired a few hours after its birth. I have potent reasons at present, for concealing it from all mortal eye, but more especially from the superiors of the convent: take charge of it, till you behold me again; and as you value life, betray not your trust: so shalt thou prosper in the sight of heaven, and receive the reward of thy fidelity to sister Agnes. The morning breaks; I must away:—make fast thy door, and let no one enter: there is money for thy present uses,—let the dear babe want for nothing, that can prolong and cherish its tender, helpless state! So, farewell, Edith, and may all good angels guard thee.'

'Even as my life, will I cherish it,' answered the old woman, and cautiously closed the door again, after the now affrighted Agnes, who almost breathless with terror, once more reached the entrance of the corridor, tripped lightly across it, and gained sufficient time to enter the gothic chamber, and perform the melancholy

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duties towards her now lifeless and inanimate charge, before any discovery had taken place, that she had been absent, or the slightest suspicion formed, that death had cropt the sweetest floweret in the convent, low; and that it never more would shed its blooming beauty there!

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CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell:
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.'

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold,
Lie within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the earth holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each *St. Clair* was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE is nothing so consolatory to the feelings as the consciousness of having performed a kind and charitable action, and discharged our duties to humanity. It is the brightest spark that shines on the altar of compassion. It consoles us in the most gloomy and adverse hour of misfortune; and cheers us when no other ray of comfort is nigh: and it lessens the evils of which we complain, and enables us to endure pa-

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tiently the reproaches that are cast upon us—because we proudly feel that we do not merit them, and that we are suffering more from the faults of others, than having committed them ourselves. And so felt the sister Agnes, as she silently watched the return of the morning's first light breaking in roseate tints through the azure sky; and, opening the casement, she inhaled the balmy incense of the breathing morn that gave fresh lustre to each blooming flower; for she had gazed on the lifeless form of the beauteous Adelaide till tears fell over the pale cheek she so lately had beheld in the spring of beauty and of grace; and would have lamented her untimely end, had not a warning voice whispered that it was a hand divine that had recalled her to her native skies, and forbade her to murmur at the work he made: yet, when she cast her eyes on the beauteous form of the still lovely victim of love and cruelty, she could not suppress the sigh that involuntarily sprung in her bosom, nor stay the falling tear, on the reflection that so lovely and amiable a creature was consigned to the withering tomb; who, treated with less severity, might have lived to grace a fond husband with her many virtues and various perfections—the happy mother and the prudent wife. And much as the sister Agnes had been taught to look up with respect and reverence to the holy father Benvolio, she could not but accuse him as the ultimate cause of this fair creature's sudden demise—by the terror he had impressed on her imagination, and the pangs he had inflicted on her gentle heart, when he compelled her to sign the fatal contract, that separated her child from all worldly happiness with the author of her being. This was the blow that was destined to strike deep in a mother's

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heart, and had wrought so powerfully on her agitated feelings, as to produce the pangs of child-birth, with which she had been so suddenly seized, and afterwards as rapidly occasioned her dissolution; which, the moment she beheld her situation, her fears had predicted would shortly ensue. But Agnes had been the means of soothing and tranquillizing the feelings of the departing sufferer: even at the point of death, she had made her a sacred promise to preserve her child from the convent's tyrannic power, and to conceal it from the knowledge of the Father Benvolio; and Adelaide, though she could not speak, had died happy in this consoling thought. But had not Agnes promised more than she was able to perform? Perhaps she did—but who shall condemn her for the kind intention? How oft do we promise, and through the direst necessity, are compelled to forfeit it!

"Still Agnes was resolved to use every means in mortal power, to shield the lovely babe from the tyrannic and absolute slavery of a conventual life:—but what was she to do with the child of Adelaide, when it arrived to the years of maturity? How could she provide for its support—and where find her natural protector? For it was very unlikely that, circumstanced as she was in the convent of Mariette Mouline, she could ever search out the wanderings of the Lord Delfrida, who had probably by this time left the country, which was the source of so much misery to him, since a barrier was placed between him and his lovely unfortunate Adelaide for ever. He would never have been permitted to have seen her more, had she been still in a state of mortal existence; and, therefore, her infant would be entirely left on her hands, without her having any

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probable means of providing for its support: for what is the subsistence of a lay-sister, wholly supported by the bounty of the Abbess, and receiving but very little for her attendance on the holy sisterhood? Agnes knew that it was inadequate to supply her own wants, much less those of the child; the care of which must now, by her own incautious promise made to its dying mother, wholly devolve on her: and for a moment, the bewildered and perplexed Agnes half repented that her compassionate feelings for the unhappy woman had superseded those of self-interest and of prudence.

"It is very seldom and rare, indeed, that interest is forgotten in worldly affairs, even though the happiness and peace of our nearest and dearest kindred ties are at stake; yet Agnes, when she promised the dying Adelaide to protect her child, had overlooked hers; and for a moment, she repented that she had done so—but the next was ashamed that she permitted herself to yield to so mercenary a sensation. She looked at the still beautiful, though pale and inanimate form before her, whose last expiring sigh had probably been wafted to heaven, by the consoling reflection, that her last earthly wish had been accomplished: and, perhaps, the dying saint had offered up for her a prayer, which was accepted at the throne of mercy; and why should she repent of doing good to the unfortunate?—Agnes, therefore, while only in the presence of her Creator, prostrated herself on her knees, at the foot of the bed, where the lifeless body of Adelaide was laid, and prayed that the helpless innocent that she had taken charge of, might never (through her means) be rendered wretched, or destitute, or be neglected: and that he who clothed the lilies of the field, and provided food

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for the sparrow, might be a father to her, when she no longer could supply its necessities.

"And was not the prayer of the pious and the virtuous Agnes heard?—Ah! who shall doubt it? When did the plaint of the truly virtuous ever sue in vain, or when was the confidence placed in the goodness of the Omnipotent ever deceived?

"And somewhat calmed in the tumultuous and fearful beatings of her heart, for the safety of her little tender charge, she repaired at a proper hour to the holy board, and there disclosed the catastrophe, which had taken place so suddenly, as to baffle all human means to prevent it.

"'Adelaide Aubigny, dead!' exclaimed the abbess, turning pale with astonishment; 'but who shall pervert the decrees of the unerring judgment of the mighty high One? The maiden did commit the foulest sin that ever did blot a maiden's memory; and she hath paid the forfeit of her life in the punishment that was prescribed to her: yet I would that the babe had been spared to atone for a mother's sin against the purity of our blessed convent, which she hath defiled by her apostate vows. Thou sayest, Agnes, that the infant perished with its mother?

"'Of contagion in its bowels, so please you, holy lady,' uttered Agnes, in a somewhat tremulous and faultering accent—so true it is that, 'they who follow simple truth, are unwilling to forsake it:' 'yet it died not with its mother: but no sooner did I perceive the danger that it threatened our holy community with than I hastened to remove the corpse; decently interring it in the holy sepulchre that is without the convent walls: and some few hours had scarcely elapsed, when

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the mother too was seized with the same mortal distemper.'

"'Then it were well that she too were quickly removed,' uttered the abbess. 'Go, sister Agnes, straitly to the holy confessor, the father Benvolio, and bid him hasten hither, that I may commune with him on this sudden event, and give orders for the funeral of our frail and unfortunate sister; over whose untimely fate let us each shed a tear. Alas! that beauty should enchant the eye only to doom it to its self-destruction! Adelaide Aubigny was the fairest flower that my eyes ever looked upon: what a pity that it did not own the semblance of purity that so sweet a maiden looked!'

"The abbess, as she uttered this sentence, heaved a mournful sigh responsive to her feelings; which were, notwithstanding her austere and rigid calling, by no means ungentle ones: while Agnes flew to obey her mission, and found the father Benvolio alone, and studying—what?—not the sacred volume, which pious and holy men like him ought to do, who are priests at all—but spread before him was the portrait of a lovely woman! and so deeply engaged was the holy man in the contemplation of its beauties, that he heard not the light step of the sister Agnes, as she approached him; nor listened to her soft voice, which timidly pronounced—

"'Holy father, a good morning to you! and peace to thy blessed and pious orgies!'

"To which no answer being returned, Agnes tripped smartly on, and being close at his elbow, there discovered, to her utmost surprise, and profound astonishment, the object at which he was so earnestly gazing—it was the portrait of Adelaide Aubigny! and, per-

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festly horror-struck at the sight, from an idea that the once lovely original was now a livid corpse, she uttered a loud and involuntary scream, which very quickly aroused the holy father from his pious meditations; who, equally under the influence of terror and dismay, that he had been so discovered, in the secret nearest his heart, became instantly infuriated with the direst passion: and very roughly seizing the arm of the affrighted sister Agnes, fiercely demanded to know, by what authority she had presumed to enter on his privacy.

"But Agnes knew that her cause was good; and the authority she held at this moment in her hands at least equal, if not superior; and very resolutely answered—

"'By authority of the abbess of this convent, Mariette Mouline, I come hither, holy father, on an errand of no small moment, and in which your presence is immediately required, in the holy lady's apartment; and truly, on a most melancholy occasion, for it concerns Adelaide Aubigny.'

"A different expression now took possession of the infuriated countenance of the holy father: rage had lost its power; and, in a calmer accent, he falteringly pronounced—

"'Adelaide Aubigny!'—

"'Is no longer a sojourner in this land of suffering and sorrow!—her spirit is departed!'

"A ghastly paleness overspread the face of the father Benvolio. His eyes glared wildly; and it was some moments before he could demand in what manner and at what time this sudden and unexpected catastrophe had taken place: apparently wishing to conceal as much as possible the deep concern and dis-

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may that this intelligence had occasioned him to experience. And having learnt the whole particulars of the death of the once beautiful Adelaide, and that her new-born babe had also perished with its frail and unfortunate mother, whose portrait he had purloined from the gallery of pictures, in the private chapel belonging to the young noviciate—he secretly determined to place it in its former situation, without the theft being discovered by any of the superiors: hoping at the same moment that it had escaped the eye of Agnes, on her entrance to the apartment. His first thought was, therefore, to dismiss her as quietly as possible, without betraying any of those violent emotions, either of grief or anger, that he had exhibited at the first intelligence he had received of the death of his lovely victim: and bidding her to tell the pious lady that he would forthwith attend her presence, Agnes departed, with no violent or increased predilection in favour of the saintly, ghostly fraternity, who, professing to fast and pray, and count their beads, amuse themselves with gazing on what is forbidden in their holy creed—lovely woman!

"Thus perished, Ferdinand, in the full bloom of youth and loveliness, my young sister; who had been consigned to the precincts of the dark and mouldering tomb nearly four years when I left the college of St. Ambrose, and practised as a professor of learning in the several districts and provinces adjacent to this country. I had been informed of the sudden demise of my unfortunate sister officially, as being the only relative she possessed, by the professor Paulini; and was, in consequence, put in immediate possession of the little patrimony which, if she had survived, would

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have been equally divided between us: but I was kept in profound ignorance of her clandestine marriage with Delfrida, her state of pregnancy, or the subsequent cause of her sudden dissolution. It was one of the mysteries of the convent of Mariette Mouline; and was never divulged through the crafty zeal and influence of the insidious Benvolio—to mortal probability, in the fear that a brother's love, for the wrongs of an unhappy sister, would be roused to seek vengeance on her destroyers, and expose them to some reproaches on the immaculate purity of their religious practices: and in this conjecture they would not have been mistaken, had I once known of the cruelty and severity they had inflicted on my dear and unfortunate sister; or that she had been a wife or a mother. This thought had alone roused me to madness. But, happily for me, and the succeeding events of my life, I knew not of the misfortunes of my ill fated sister; and when informed of her death, wept for her only the tears that nature cannot restrain o'er the tomb of beloved relations, but to which, after a time, we become reconciled, from the reflection that it is the mandate of almighty Providence, whom it is our imperative duty to obey without a murmur or a sigh, after those which holy nature claims. And, in due course of time, I began to consider the death of my beloved sister with a calm and philosophic eye, viewing it as one of those natural calamities which must inevitably attend the lot of all who live in a state of mortal existence: and the active duties in which I was constantly engaged, gradually softened the grief that I felt at her loss, had I been left idle and unemployed to

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brood in solitude over a misfortune which was unavoidable.

"At length, having obtained the notice of a family of distinction, in Vienna, who had employed me in occasional visits to the younger branches of their family, I went with them in the humble capacity of a tutor, on a continental tour to Italy, and the countries adjacent; in which I not only acquired the happiest improvement myself, and the most useful information in the science of foreign literature, but constantly imparted it to my youthful pupils; whose knowledge was so increased by travelling, and paying the most unremitting attention to the lessons and practical hints that I daily furnished them with that at the expiration of two years we returned to Vienna; when the noble lord who was at the head of this illustrious family, died suddenly of a contagious disease, caught in the warm climates, to which he had so recently been exposed; and I was, in consequence of his demise, dismissed the service of my late worthy master, the young noblemen being deemed of a proper age to send to college for the completion of their education. But, in justice to the noble family whom I served, I was not dismissed without receiving some marks of their munificence; each of the young gentlemen presenting me with a most liberal testimony of their gratitude and respect for the instructor of their juvenile days. And once more I embarked on a wide world in search of what had ever eluded my pursuit—the smiles of capricious fortune: and the first intelligence I gained in Vienna was, that the ghostly confessor of the convent of Mariette Mouline, the father Benvolio, was invested

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with the rights and privileges, and presented in due form, by the Emperor Josephus (by whose influence and the Lord Albino's he had obtained this dignified station) to the court of Vienna, as Cardinal: and was, bearing all these honours, likewise made treasurer and prime agent and counsellor in the castle of St. Clair, in the absence of the Lord Albino, during his continuance in the wars; for which service a most sumptuous establishment was provided for him: and so great was his influence over the Lady Margaret Albino, that nothing could be done of any moment in her affairs, without obtaining permission of the now Cardinal Benvolio to approach her presence.

"I know not why, Ferdinand, that at this intelligence I should experience sensations which amounted to little short of envy (to call it by the mildest term that was possible) at the shining and splendid honours which had been heaped on the head of this saintly hypocrite, for the reward of virtues to which I believed he had but little claim; while real merit and real virtue were neglected—perhaps despised—because they had no means of displaying it, and no encouraging smile of patronage to bring it forth; and after heaving a mournful and unavailing sigh at the caprice of fortune, who divides her gifts so unequally, I determined to travel to Bohemia; feeling, I know not by what secret impulse, an unconquerable aversion to this saintly idol of a man, at whose magnetic shrine all worshipped; and I recollected the words of my young and beauteous sister, that in his presence she had always trembled, and that by his stern commands and official authority, I was debarred from her beloved presence, and a brother's friendly intercourse with her; I say, Ferdinand,

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that at this period I could attribute the unconquerable aversion I felt towards this man to no other cause than that so spoke of. Never having as yet obtained a sight of his person, I knew him only by name; and that stood high in the estimation of an admiring world—but not in mine; and I hated the Cardinal Benvolio, for having deprived me of the society of my sister. Pernicious monster! had I, indeed, then known what cause I had for my hatred towards him, he had fallen the victim of a brother's vengeance, even though I had paid the forfeit of my offence with death, so that I had satiated my revenge on the fell destroyer of Adelaide Aubigny. But, to proceed, I had a wild romantic thought which presented itself in as wild a manner to my then bewildered imagination, that if I journeyed to Bohemia, I might chance to mend my fortune, which now began to wear by no means a smiling aspect; not that I was destitute, or in want of pecuniary aid, for I had still my little patrimony at my command, and to which the death of my sister had made some small addition; and I had not been unprovided while in the service of the noble lord with whom I had passed four years of my life in comparative ease, and even splendour. But it was owing to this very circumstance that I was now rendered wretched and unhappy; for I had acquired a taste for polished society, while on the continent, and had lost all relish for any other, when I returned to Vienna, and was so suddenly deprived of my noble patron: besides, in Vienna I could obtain no lucrative situation; there were already too many of my own profession: and after the death of Lord Granville, I could not stoop to accept of an establishment inferior to that which I had formerly possessed;

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and having heard much in favour of the character of the Lord Albino, (who had just returned from a successful campaign,) and that he had a young son, growing into manhood, I bethought me of making an application to the Lord Albino for becoming his preceptor: and as every action of mine was prompt as the occasion seemed pressing, I took my departure from Vienna on the very day that I had formed my intended plans. I had taken a guide and a couple of mules to expedite my journey to the borders of a country with which I was totally unacquainted, and we set out, on a fine clear sun-shiny morning, and having many gloomy forests to pass through, I found the conversation even of my humble companion, who was both lively and intelligent, far more agreeable than my own sad and melancholy reflections; for I contemplated the uncertainty of my being able to obtain a situation in the Castle of St. Clair, and whether, on my arrival there, I should not sustain a disappointment to all my hopes and wishes—or meet with a cold reception even from the lord of the illustrious house: besides, the hated Cardinal Benvolio again floated across my imagination; and as we slackened our pace, to give the mules a little breath, to ascend the almost inaccessible and steepy mountains by which this country was on every side surrounded, and having nothing better to talk of, I carelessly inquired of my guide if it were true that the professor Benvolio, of the convent of Mariette Mouline, was made a cardinal by the Emperor Josephus.

"'For,' continued I, 'I have been absent from Vienna a considerable length of time, and am profoundly igno-

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ant of the changes which have taken place since I quitted it.'

"To which, with much meaning in his quaint and merry countenance, the guide replied—

"'A pox of all such cardinals as he, I say! though I believe he has got the devil's luck and his own too, as the saying is. If he had been a poor man he might have waited for a place till there was a blue moon shining on a frosty mountain, before he would have fell into such preferment. Why, Lord love you, sir, the folks in our great city do talk of nothing else, but about this priest being made a cardinal! more shame for the emperor, I say, to do any such thing, when so many brave fellows, who have been fighting in their country's cause, and have had their precious limbs lopped off in his service, do perish for a morsel of bread, in a foreign land! If this be the reward for being a soldier, and following a soldier-like life—why the devil take the wars, I say! It is enough to make a man murmur, sir, that hath a bit of pluck about him, when he sees such foul play going on, while he is draining every drop of blood in his carcase, and fighting the battles of his country; when he returns home to his native land, deprived of his precious limbs, and famishing for want, to see a parcel of lazy, idle, canting priests, eating of the fat of the land, and stuck up in places of high authority, for doing nothing at all, as a body may say, but leading us, poor simple souls, astray, with what they call the light of the gospel: but a pox to their lights, I say! every man that is a christian soul, knows who gave him life and breath, and thanks him for it, without wanting the like of them

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telling us of it, and that are no more saints than ourselves, for all their preaching and their praying—but they do not fast, though—take that with you. There is many a fat turtle made into dainty soup, and delicate pastries to cram the maws of the ghostly friars and holy fathers, as they are called, in yon convent of Mariette Mouline: and this same Cardinal Benvolio was as fond of licking his chaps over a hot supper, as the best of them, and smacking his lips at a glass of cherry-brandy. For you must know, sir, that about a year ago, my old dame used to wash for the convent, though poor souls, they do not put on much linen, with them frightful cowls drawn over their brows, to hide their pretty faces; yet, as I hope to be saved, sir, my Jeannetta saw such goings on, as would make the hair on your head stand out like bristles on the back of a porcupine. 'So,' says she, 'Juddi, if this be religious folks, that would scorn to do wicked dealings, why the less they talk of it the better, that is all.' 'Why what didst thou see, Jeannetta?' cried I.

"'That which I never wish to see again, Juddi,' answered she; 'for there were the priests, and the friars, and the nuns, all in one room together, and they were at———'

"'At what, Jeannetta?' uttered I, 'they could not be doing wrong, surely, in the blessed convent of Mariette Mouline. What were they at, then, Jeannetta, that thou speakest so roughly of them?'

"'They were merry-making, and drinking wine, and eating pastry—when they should be fasting and praying,' answered my old dame; 'and I do not think, Juddi, they have a bit more nun's flesh about them than I have, for all the counting of their beads, and

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their going three times a day to mass: for if this be religion, Juddi, we had better be without it! and my old dame never did a hand's stitch for the convent afterwards, sir.'

'It was a moral impossibility to resist smiling at the increased jocularity of my talkative companion; but I had heard enough from him, to convince me of what kind of estimation the character of the Cardinal Benvolio was now held in by the inferior classes of society, and that his christian virtues were only assumed under a mask of smiling hypocrisy and deception, which I did not doubt would be exerted in the illustrious family by whom he was protected: at length we arrived on the borders of St. Clair, and having lost sight of the stupendous mountains, struck into a path which led to a pleasant valley, over which nature had thrown a lovely vernal green, interspersed with a thousand wild and fragrant flowers, which diffusing their blooming sweetness on the open air, as the shades of evening were softly and imperceptibly stealing on us, gave the beauteous valley an appearance of a fairy landscape, only inhabited by the fairy race, who sipping dew from every blossomed spray, and dancing on the silver ray that sheds its light on the bosom of the ocean, mix not with the substance of the grosser earth; and I thought of the beautiful allusion made by the immortal bard, in the Tempest out of the mouth of his pretty Ariel, when he says,

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I—
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On a bat's back do I fly,
After summer merrily;

"Merrily merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Merrily merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

"But my guide presently convinced me, that it was no fairy scene that presented itself to our eyes, and which I was contemplating with such delight and wonder; and he pointed out to my observation, a little lonely hut, in the form of a hermitage, almost concealed by the foliage of the deep surrounding shades, from whence issued a glimmering light, more calculated to bewilder the benighted traveller, than to serve him as a beacon to guide him on his way: and imagining it to be the abode of some solitary hermit, I exclaimed,—

"'And why should not man live apart from his kindred race, and find content in shades so pleasing and sequestered, if that kindred race have treacherously betrayed? for,

"'Are not these woods more
Free from peril than the envious court?
Here feels he but the penalty of Adam—
The season's difference.'"

"'True, sir,' cried my pleasant and facetious guide; 'but if a man has nothing to subsist on in woods and wilds, he had better not live at all.... I am thinking, mountain-berries and mountain-water may suit the palate of some folks: but give me some more substantial fare, I say, and plenty of it, whensoever I can catch it. But you are out in your reckoning, sir, if you take that snug little dwelling to be a hermit's hut: no, faith! it has something better in boast of, for it belongeth to a woman, as kind a soul as ever breathed, though the wicked folks in Vienna do say that she be a witch: but witch, or no witch, she never refused to help poor

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folks, that cannot help themselves; and if this be bewitching a body, why I wish I may be bewitched every time I cross the threshold of dame Bertha's door!'

"'Cross the threshold of her door!' uttered I, feeling the most resistless curiosity, from what he had said, to behold her; 'and do you think it likely that she will give us shelter for a few hours in her habitation, seeing that we are now benighted travellers, and there is no house of entertainment at hand, where we can call for refreshments, of which, truly, honest fellow, we stand in much need? We have journied far, and I am weary with fatigue.'

To which he instantly replied,

"'That will I manage for thee, master, if thou art so desirous of halting awhile on the road. Bertha will give us both meat and drink, and never ask thee for the price of the banquet, so thou dost not tender it unto her, or speak of the rumours that are spread abroad of her bewitching folks when they do journey through this country.'

"'It is not likely that I should be guilty of such absolute folly,' uttered I, determined to enter the abode of this woman, by any means that was possible: 'they must be base, indeed, who sharing the rights of hospitality, perfidiously return it by ingratitude!'

"On these words, which appeared highly satisfactory to the guide, we drew up our horses' heads to the hut, when, to my surprise, Juddi, taking a small whistle from his pocket, blew a blast tolerably loud, and which soon brought a female to the door, of so singular an appearance, that I own, for a moment, I was led to imagine, that there was some foundation for the strange story that went about her; not that I had any

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belief in supernatural agency, or that she possessed any more power than mere mortal: but I could easily credit any impression made by her on the unlearned, and the profoundly ignorant and credulous mind; for her very look seemed to threaten impending danger to all she glanced her scowling eyes on. She was habited in complete armour, save that a short red petticoat descending from her waist to nearly her ancles, denoted her to be of the feminine gender, with long raven tresses that flowed in profusion over her broad and certainly fine-formed shoulders: her height was gigantic, yet dignified, graceful, and commanding; and her countenance, expressed, by strong and peculiarly marked features, the violent passions of her mind; still, there was a vestige of sorrow, more than any other expression, that appeared to have given place to pride, and a sense of injuries not very patient of endurance, which, however, was apparently concealed by a strong mastery of passion, on our approach to her little dwelling. On her head she wore a helmet, with a plume of black feathers descending o'er her brows, which, in her youthful days, had certainly possessed no inconsiderable claim to beauty; but she appeared to have reached her fortieth year, although there were but few marks of the ravages of time on her fair, smooth, and open brows; and she might have passed for a much younger woman, had not a deep shade of melancholy been gradually impressed on features which, if done justice to, had still been handsome and even youthful.

"I know not, Ferdinand, by what secret impulse I was led, at this moment, to regard this woman with peculiar sympathy, when in gentle tones she demanded

to know of the guide, what business he had to approach her dwelling at so late an hour, and what was his errand there? On which, the guide whispering a few words in her ear, we were immediately admitted into the lonely little dwelling; which, notwithstanding the appearance of its solitary and sequestered walls, exhibited a splendour within which baffled all description, and which filled me with wonder and astonishment not to be expressed; for there were not only the most delicate viands set out with refreshments, but wines and fruits, of the most delicious quality, placed before us, in an apartment very little inferior to some of the houses of public resort that I had frequently visited when in Italy,—with this difference only, that there was that air of luxuriance and gaiety, which so oft invites the senses to voluptuous pleasures, rather than create a solid enjoyment for the tranquil blessings of life. And the extraordinary mistress of this mansion having pointed to two chairs, next to the table, bade us sit down and partake freely of the banquet which was spread before us; in the mean time, as I thought, riveting her eyes on me with a peculiar expression, which seemed to be excited by the most involuntary surprise, for which, at this moment, it was impossible for me to account; and I felt conscious that I blushed deeply, when, in a voice somewhat marked by agitation, she exclaimed,—

"'And whither, good Juddi, art thou travelling at this late hour, with yon stranger?'

"'To the castle of St. Clair,' answered he; 'though I must be e'en bold enough to say, that I do not think we shall reach it between this and the hour of midnight. There is the Black Forest yet to cross, and hellish wo

may chance to meet with no very pleasing companions on our journey thither. Didst thou hear, dame Bertha, of the Bohemian soldier, who was murdered there by the robbers, on the night of the carnival at Vienna?'

"To which she replied—now scowling on Juddi an angry glance, but apparently wishing to conceal that he had excited a momentary sensation of displeasure—

"'How should I know that which is false!—There was no murder committed in the forest, on the night of the carnival: but a poor, solitary, wretched monk, who sustaining some deep injury in the convent of Mariette Mouline, was doomed to suffer the tortures of the rack, by the Cardinal Benvolio: he escaped the threatened punishment, and fled from the presence of his unjust accusers: as he journeyed through the forest, the robbers sought not his life, but protected him. Thou shouldst learn truth, ere thou slanderest even the name of the wicked. When thou journeyest back again to Vienna, tell them the tale was false, and that Bertha told thee so.'

"'I did not think my words should so offend thee, dame Bertha,' cried the guide, winking significantly to me as he spoke, although I perceived that he was under the impression of some terror, at having raised the choler of the reputed witch; 'for, by my good faith, I would not care the value of a single stiver, if all the monks in Christendom had been murdered in the Black Forest.'

"'So thou escaped thyself,' retorted she. 'Poor fool! thou speakest truly. Self is the god of idolatry, with all mankind, and few there are who worship any other.'

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"By this time we had finished our repast, and Bertha was seated at her distaff, winding some flax mechanically, and apparently with thoughts far otherwise employed, around the wheel: and thinking that some acknowledgment of thanks was due to her, for the hospitality she had manifested towards me, I expressed a deep sense of my gratitude, for the favours she had conferred on an utter stranger: and with some surprise, perceived, that at each sentence I addressed to her, she started, quitted her employment and became suddenly agitated; then renewed it again with listless apathy; while she exclaimed,

"'I do not want thanks, which thou owest to heaven! Providence caters for the birds of the air, the fishes of the ocean, the flowers of the forest—and will it not be mindful of thee? Be grateful in adoring its bounteous blessings, and murmur not when it seemeth to forsake thee. Youth, I would warn thee of the dangerous tract thou art pursuing, did the time admit of longer conference and more friendly counsel: I have an interest in thy fate, unknown to thee the cause! if thou wilt yet tarry in my bower, I will provide a couch for thy repose, and while thou sleepest, I will search into the planet that rules thy destiny! Dost thou consent, youth, to tarry with the witch of the valley, for so call they me in Vienna.'

"'Oh, tarry, sir—by all means, tarry!' cried Juddi, 'consider the Black Forest, and the infernal den of robbers who infest it.'

"To which I replied—

"'I have certainly no intention of departing, when the gates of hospitality are so kindly opened for my

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reception, and feel as little inclination as you do, Juddi, to have my throat cut by the robbers of the Black Forest: I will therefore accept of the invitation of this good lady, and will gladly tarry here till the break of morning.'

"'And thou art welcome, youth,' uttered Bertha, fixing on me an eye which, like the eagle, seemed to penetrate my inmost soul; the expression of which had an effect upon my feelings for which it was altogether impossible to account: that as an utter stranger to my name and circumstances, she should take so strong an interest in my fate seemed so inexplicable, that I was lost and bewildered in my conjectures whether this strange and extraordinary woman was not really an impostor, or one actually possessing superior intellect, and perception of forthcoming events, by the systematical knowledge she had acquired in a practical and unremitting study of the heavenly bodies, or particular planets under which persons were born. I was aware, that from no other source, and that merely the effect of study, could she ground her pretence of knowing the calamities which attend a state of suffering mortality; for I had too great a confidence in one only Author of our eternal being, to blindly imagine that he had invested authority in any, bearing the corruption of mortal form about them, to tell the passing events of this world's earthly space, only known to him alone, and his holy angels. Still I thought this woman an extraordinary earthly being, although only possessing superior knowledge by earthly means; and she echoed the appellation I had bestowed upon her, of 'Good lady,' having seemingly offended her; for fixing her scowling eyes on me with an expression of some dis-

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clain, she attended, at the same instant that an involuntary sigh escaped from her heaving bosom,—

"Lady or not, thou shalt find, youth, that I am a woman, and no unworthy one, though unworthily treated; but the deep injuries which have been inflicted on me have not yet steeled my heart against the sufferings or the wants of my fellow-creatures when I find them meriting my protection. Yes, the protection of the witch, Bertha of the valley—for such have they styled me in the court and city of Vienna—live, who have shone in circles far above the sphere in which the malicious and mercenary reporters of my fame have moved in. Yes, the highest splendour that adorns and dignifies a throne was the lot of Bertha! Know I that these honours was owing to the perfidy, treachery, and apostacy of one of your precious sex, who discarding the form of virtue, so oft betrays defenceless and too fond, believing, and credulous woman. Yes, he it was, who gathering a fresh and unstained lily from its parent stem, exhaling all its sweetness and its charms, then left it to droop and wither, and finally to perish, amidst the desolating tempest which surrounded it. Such is man towards woman, when he has once made her the victim of his licentious and his lawless passion; and such a woman was I, oh youth! to man's perfidious arts. Wonder not, then, that you see the wild, strange, and mysterious being here before you; or that I am called a witch and a sorceress of these vales, because I lead a solitary life within these peaceful and retired shades. It is better to live alone, than to live despised, amidst a race of beings, who not knowing the secret sorrows of a bleeding heart, yet hold her out to derision and to scorn, nay, even to infamy, without

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knowing whether she has ever been abandoned. On the immediate and especial order of the myrmidons of the Emperor Josephus, I was dragged forth from this peaceful valley, and carried before the court of Vienna, arrested under the charge of corrupting the people's minds with sorcery and foul spells, in order to bewitch them, and put them in fear of the evil spirit, with whom it was supposed that I held communion: but think you, youth, that I felt appalled, or stood dismayed in the presence of my base persecutors and cruel judges, or that I meanly submitted to become the weak instrument of their vengeance? No, had I done so, I should have fallen, without the power of redressing my wrongs, but uplifted by the arm of an all-righteous and heavenly Judge, he who indeed is alone gifted with the power of knowing the past, or foretelling the destinies of the creatures whom he formed, and none else can decide it, yea, inspired by the confidence I reposed in him, I called upon his name, and boldly attested that the crimes with which I was charged were false, and the accusation wholly unfounded; and grown more bold by the conditionals of innocence, I demanded the proof of my guilt in the presence of my judges. For if I am a witch or a sorceress, accursed I, indeed, deal with evil spirits, they are with heavenly bodies only, and not with terrestrial ones: for I converse with the planets, daily, of which having no knowledge yourselves, you despise, and attribute to improper causes. Shame on you, ye gentlemen of Vienna! Shame on you, ye wise sages and judges of the court and state of the monarch, whom ye pretend to rule and to govern, when thus a weak, unfriended woman is able to confute and to convict you in your blind argument

and profound ignorance. If I am a witch, prove me to be one, and I will submit to the sentence of your laws; but if you cannot advance the proof which I now loudly call for, in justice to myself, in shame retire from this public assembly of wise judges and legislators of your city, and dismiss a poor, simple, and defenceless woman, whom, from the words of your own mouths, and the very highest extent of your authority, you cannot convict of the charges you have assigned against her. I ask you for the proofs, gentlemen of Vienna; you cannot produce them, or substantiate the cause of your summoning me hither. Discharge me, therefore, like men, and like christians, and becoming men in high authority, to render justice with impartial favour; or refusing that to me, you will have cause to repent of your inhumanity; for I will appeal to a higher order and power than yours, to redress my wrongs—even to the high heavens! Dare you dispute it? Not one of you, there sitting, shall utter a voice contrary to its unerring and divine administration and judgment.'

"'Astonishment, at what they deemed at first my undaunted, affecting, and imposing address, for a moment prevented any exercise of justice or humanity towards me, for I had despised the authority of their laws, and held in contempt their understandings. But what of that? I knew that they dared not detain me as their prisoner, and that by the spirited defence I had made, to confute the charges alleged against me, that they were convinced of my not having merited the accusation, and that I should be acquitted in spite of every rancorous proceeding, that had been previously contrived for my disgrace, and my punishment of

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crimes which they could not bring to light: and being no proof, they could not inflict any punishment. All this I knew, and waited patiently for the issue of my trial, and the opinion of the judge appointed to sum up the evidence, on which all eyes in the court were attracted towards me, with more curiosity than any commiseration or pity for my fate; and among the numerous visitors then assembled to witness it, I blush to own, were many females of high distinction and fashionable notoriety, who, dressed in the gay plumage that attends the appendages of rank and exalted station, had come hither to witness the disgrace and the punishment of one of their own sex, whose anguished sufferings claimed the tear of pity, and not the bitter and loud laugh of ironical contempt, at which I gazed with merited scorn, preserving, throughout the whole of this painful scene, that dignified composure and contempt of injuries, which in former and in happier times I had possessed.

"'Whether this look had any influence on my judges, I know not, or whether they feared to go beyond the bounds which their authority prescribed, and thus incense the multitude, who were assembled there for the purpose of seeing justice, and only justice, performed; and that if improperly executed, they would, unbiassed by party, hereafter judge for themselves, and hold their administration in contempt.

"'It was doubtless owing to this consideration, that I was permitted to be indulged with a fair and impartial hearing; and one of the judges, much the junior of his wise and polite brethren, with a countenance more benevolent and placid, began to demand that I should be asked certain questions, which should either con-

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vict or exonerate me from the charge of which I stood arraigned at their bar, recommending them to the most impartial judgment of the case, as to him, it appeared, that some private malice had instigated the proceedings; and this meeting with no dissenting voice, I was accordingly questioned, and by himself wholly, in the following manner:—

"'What is your name?'

"'Bertha Margaritte St. Omer.'

"'Your country?'—'Bohemia.'

"'Your quality and circumstances?' further repeated he, with peculiar emphasis.

"To which I replied, without the least hesitation, 'my quality is that which it seemeth, humble, but not debased; my circumstances humble too, but yet sufficient to suffice my wants, and content me.'

"'How came you to be possessed of the means by which you live?'

"It became mine by inheritance, the gift of my father. He had no child but me, and I must needs have that which would be claimed by none beside.'

"'You have been possessed of extraordinary beauty, extraordinary talents too!'

"'Which are both the gifts of all-bounteous Heaven,' uttered I, with increased spirit, for I felt that I was gaining ground in the opinion of the populace. 'Is there any fault to be ascribed to the possessor of beauty or of talent?' continued I.

"'None,' answered he; 'they are admirable, when they are not abused, and converted to improper uses. Then, instead of blessings, they prove a curse to those who were ignorant of their value.'

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"'If you apply this to me, I deny the accusation,' cried I, 'for I have done neither.'

"'Why then have you acquired the term which is applied to you, namely, the appellation of a witch! Justify that, and we shall acquit you.'

"'I will tell you, so please you, sir,' uttered I, in a firm, undaunted tone, 'I will tell you all the witchings I have been guilty of in the whole course of my incantations and spells, and commerce with evil spirits to delude and betray the unwary traveller to cross the threshold of my door, and invite him to a place by my fire-side, when the tempest beats howling o'er his unsheltered head, and the lightning darts its fury, and strikes the oak of the forest low! Then, sir, it is my delight to contemplate the wide majesty of the expanse of ocean, and to behold the wondrous works of a wonderful Deity presiding and ruling over the whole with superior and resistless force. Then, by the wild sea-bank do I sit and watch the setting of the glorious orb that lights the whole creation, and, as the last beam of its golden rays yet tinges the blue firmament of the vaulted heavens with the deep red that crimsons the face of the shadowy landscape with a roseate blush, and which, at the return of morning again renews its smiling verdure, and makes all nature blithe and gladsome, and every living creature acknowledge its pre-eminence,—then do I bless the hand that formed this all-glorious planet that lights the world, whose wonders I explore and study daily—and, if this be witchery, why call it so. Also do I love the lunar ray, which, when it silently steals behind the envious cloud, I mark with wonder and delight, too great, too joyous, for utter-

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aneo; and then each bright and twinkling star sparkling all the sky, in curious rotation, I view again with joy, and hail with raptures. Then, I hie me to the loftiest mountain, and count them thrice and thrice and study their formation, and their names, and by books do learn to know the influence that each particular star has on the surface of the earth, and how the planets rule and reign alternately, when the seasons of the year do take their diurnal course; and I love the summer breath of morn, and the dew of opening flowers, and watch the blossom and the fruit revived again; and when autumn comes, and falling leaves do strew the forest, and the lightning and the thunder do shake the little piece of earth, that man doth think was made for him alone to govern, then do I smile at the vain boasting fool, that knows not but the coming morrow may put an end to all his promised hopes of worldly pomp and grandeur; and the sun that arose in the morning, beams to light him to his happiness, shed its departing rays on the grave that holds his sad remains! If this be witchery, I do delight to dwell upon it, and if these be all my offences, they are none to heaven nor man, whom I hold in hate, yet would not injure him so deeply, as he hath injured me; had I riches, I would share them with the worthy; and I have learned in solitude and silence to bury my griefs, and that the only remedy for wrongs received, is to forgive them, as I do, in the face of heaven, and my accusers here?'

'Acquit her! acquit her! she is innocent!' uttered a thousand voices at once.

'You have accused this woman falsely, and we insist on having her restored to liberty!' vociferated

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another part of the enraged and surrounding populace. 'Shame to the court of Vienna!' cried another.

"'Youth, my triumph over my rancorous and malicious foes was now complete. 'Bertha Margaritte St. Omer, you are now free,' uttered the judge, by whom I had undergone so exact and close an examination; whose countenance I perceived betrayed marks of inward satisfaction, though he did not openly express his sentiments on the occasion: but there was a look which, as he signed my acquittal of the foul charges preferred against me, I was at no loss to define, for it plainly said—I rejoice in the triumph you have gained over your enemies. I then quitted the court amidst the rejoicings and the congratulations of the surrounding multitude; some of whom invited me to their houses to partake of some refreshment after the fatigue of this important, and to me distressing day; but, civilly declining their proffered kindness, I returned to these peaceful shades again, with a heart overflowing with the tide of gratitude and adoration to that merciful and beneficent Being, who, whether sleeping or waking, always watches over those faithful votaries who ultimately rely on his protection.

"'This is the history of the witch in the valley, youth, except that part that does not materially concern or is not connected with your's, which I know, and therefore warn you of the destiny which awaits you on your arrival at the castle of St. Clair, in which you will encounter much difficulty if you do not attend to my advice: with all the mysteries of St. Clair I am fully acquainted, and were you to know them as well as I do, you would shun the protection you are about to solicit from the Lord Albino, instead of being a pe-

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titudes for his favours—not, that I would believe that the noble lord himself would deny you the meed due to merit, but there are others in possession of those privileges and rights which he alone ought to share. I mean the Cardinal Benvolio, youth. Who has not heard of the saintly character of the pious priest, and that he is in high authority in the castle of St. Ouil? He was lately invested with the right and privileges of a cardinal, by the powerful interest of the Lord Albino, who obtained this exalted dignity for him, through the influence he possessed over the mind of the Emperor Josephus. So men come to great places and high preferments, with little claims themselves to merit the honours which are bestowed upon them. It was ever so from the beginning of the world, and will continue so to the world's end. But the rough trials that virtue must go through, is adversity, sorrow, suffering, and forbearance. It is the ordeal, which like the golden ore must be tried with many hard experiments before its intrinsic value can be estimated, while the base and counterfeit, polished and glittering outward ornament and show, passes without any test of its virtue at all, because its high polish deceiving the eye is never suspected. Such are the virtues of the Cardinal Benvolio! Beware of him, youth, for should he once find favour and protection with the family of Albino, he will counteract the influence you obtain, and if it be possible, effect your ruin, and accomplish your disgrace. Like the serpent of old, he seeks the destruction always of the most innocent and unsuspecting, and envies the happiness of another, because his evil conscience will not permit him to enjoy real happiness himself. Youth, to the Cardinal Benvolio

you owe the misfortunes, nay, the untimely death, of your young and lovely sister Adelaide Aubigny!'

'Adelaide Aubigny,' uttered I, with a sensation of agony and horror not to be described, 'and did you indeed know the cause of the premature death of my angel sister; if so, in pity tell me how she died. It was reported to me by the professor Paulini, of the college of St. Ambrose, that her sudden demise was occasioned by her having caught a contagious fever, which, baffling the effects of medicine, very speedily terminated her existence! and was it not true? Perfidious monsters! presumed they to deceive a fond, a doating brother!'

'The intelligence you received was false,' uttered Bertha, 'she died of no contagious fever, or ever had any, but the contagion she caught of the cruelty that was inflicted on her tender heart in that cursed convent of Mariette Mouline.' Then followed, in succession, from the lips of Bertha, the whole detail of the misfortunes that befel my dear unhappy sister. Her secret marriage with the Lord Delfrida, her being forced into the conventual vows, and the manner in which she had broken them, the birth of her child, the oath that had been extorted from her so unwillingly, the subsequent repentance and compunction which had attended it, and the kind protection of her infant from the humane compassion of the sister Agnes for her misfortunes: at the recital of which I was nearly frantic with rage, and vowed eternal hatred to the perfidious and crafty priest, of whom, cardinal or no cardinal, I determined to seek revenge,

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for being necessary to the destruction of the peace and the happiness of my beloved sister.

"'And where is the offspring of the ill-fated Adelaide,' exclaimed I, 'where is the pledge of love of my poor unhappy sister: deserted, oh! no, I cannot doubt of the humanity of her kind protectress; yet she had not the means of providing for her, thou sayest, Bertha; then what is become of the child of my Adelaide?'

"To which Bertha energetically and feelingly pronounced, 'That is a secret which I am not permitted to unfold. I have sworn to Heaven, and I must keep my oath, never to tell where the child of Adelaide is concealed.'

"'And why was this cruel prohibition made, Bertha?' uttered I, 'and why this cruel oath, when it was probable that I might one day be informed of the circumstances of my sister's death?'

"'That cannot I tell,' answered she, 'but it was probably to secure her from the power of that base, crafty priest, Benvolio, that the sister Agnes was so anxious to conceal the infant from all mortal eye, save mine alone. I have seen her! she is the lovely image of her mother; now, youth, question me no further respecting the child. I have already gone beyond the limits of the sacred oath, under which I am bound.'

"'God of my fathers! am I not her uncle?' uttered I, in the wildest and most ungovernable rage of frantic passion. 'Is she not my niece, and have I not a right to claim the only kindred tie I have now in existence? Think you that the sister Agnes can be

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more watchful over this precious relic of affection than I should be, who am related to her by blood? Cruel Bertha, you can, you ought to tell me where the child is concealed: feel for a brother's anguish! tell me where I may behold the child of Adelaide; let me but once infold her in these arms, and I will fall down and worship thee!'

"'Frantic youth, calm these immoderate bursts of wild romantic passion,' uttered Bertha, now enraged in her turn. 'Thinkest thou, that for thee or any other mortal I would forfeit my vow to Heaven? I have said that I cannot tell thee more, and more thou must not require of Bertha; the child is safe; and will, if she survives, lead a life of virtue and of peace. Her beauty, like a young rosebud, promises fair to be one day ripened into perfection. Let no canker worm thus early destroy the charm! Wert thou to tell her the misfortunes that attended her mother, or but slightly glance at the fatality of her birth, peace never more would be the inmate of her gentle and innocent breast, for she has all the sensibility of her unfortunate mother, who so dearly suffered for her sake, and with strong intellect she would ponder o'er the mysteries of her birth, and thus become habituated to perpetual gloom and melancholy! Crop not then the sweetness of this smiling and innocent flower in its early bloom. There is a time and a season for all earthly changes that attend the sufferings of frail mortality, and this change will take place in thee and the offspring of the sainted Adelaide. Wait then the appointed hour that Heaven shall think fit to elucidate all further mysteries,

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and strive not to oppose the will of Providence, whose ways, though dark and hidden from us blind and erring creatures, are always in the end—just!'

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"He stood confused:
He had not seen her since at court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision! In her joy, she moved,
More like a poet's dream, in form divine—
So lovely was the presence!—than a thing
Of earth, and perishable elements.
Now, had he seen her in her winding sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved—
For peace is with the dead:
But this alter'd face, bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
Came like a ghost, which in the grave
Could find no rest."

SOUTHEY.

"At length calmer moments succeeded to those strong emotions of the mind which, like the raging and turbulent ocean, knows no cessation till the storm has subsided; and while Bertha viewed me with an eye of pitying and tender sympathy, she besought me to retire to the chamber which she had provided for my reception, and to place confidence in that eternal Being, who crossing, as it were, our most favourite projects,

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hopes, and worldly expectations, still ordereth, in its wise dispensations, all things for the best, though we are not wise enough to think them so; but I very gladly took Bertha's advice, telling her, that I was much benefited by the counsel she had given me, and that I would patiently wait for that appointed hour, to reveal all mysteries in the castle of St. Clair, and especially those which appertained to my beloved sister, and the innocent offspring of her ill-fated love and marriage with the Lord Delfrida, towards whom, I confess, Ferdinand, that I felt, in spite of his exalted rank and superior consideration of fortune, a sort of perhaps ill-grounded antipathy, owing probably to the misfortunes which he had entailed by this clandestine marriage with my unhappy and ill-fated sister, who but for him, had still been the ornament of the society, which her youth, innocence, and beauty adorned, and the blessing and the pride of a fond brother's heart: and I looked upon the Lord Delfrida, as in part, the destroyer of Adelaide Aubigny!

"Perhaps this sentiment was unjust, and even unnatural, at the time that I so warmly expressed it: but recollect, Ferdinand, that I was debarred, as a near and kindred relative in the ties of blood, from seeing the child of my sister; although I was her uncle, I was considered unworthy of being trusted with the place of her concealment!—and goaded by this reflection, you cannot wonder, that I lamented the hour that she yielded her hand and her heart, and her beauteous person to that man, who, however exalted by rank, and the superior advantages of the splendid gifts of fortune, had, by the concealment of his marriage with my beauteous sister, exposed her to the censure of the

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whole world! A clandestine marriage! the worst of all human curses! my heart abhorred the thought—and I reproached the unknown Delfrida with the subsequent cause of all the unhappy misfortunes which had attended my sister, in the convent of Mariette Mouline. I accused him as the author of miseries she had never known, but for him! and had I encountered with him at this period of my distraction and my frenzied grief, our meeting had certainly been fatal: to which, the concealed birth of my niece added no little to the deep anguish and mortification of my feelings. Yet, after passing a night in the abode of Bertha, and reflecting on the nature of the oath she had so sacredly sworn to the sister Agnes, never to reveal where the child of Adelaide was concealed, I of course could not expect that she would forfeit it, and therefore reconciled myself to what I looked upon an irremediable evil, still resolved, however, that I would venture on the protection of the Lord Albino, and endeavour to obtain a situation as preceptor to his son; thus resolved, I bade adieu to the lovely and hospitable dwelling of the kind Bertha at the break of morning, who again cautioning me to beware of the Cardinal Benvolio and his deceptive arts, I set forward once more on my journey, accompanied by my faithful guide, Juddi, who demanding to know how I liked the witch of the valley, I replied—

"'She merits not so opprobrious a term, not but I own, that she hath some witchery about her, that would beguile a man of some weary hours, passed in her company, most pleasantly; she had been beautiful in the summer of her days, think you not, Juddi?'

"'As an angel,' uttered he: 'but, oh! sir, what is beauty?'

"'It is something when united with the rare accomplishment of a superior mind, modest deportment, and an engaging disposition,' answered I; 'all which Bertha seems to possess.'

"'We were now on the brow of a stupendous mountain, from which I discerned the stately and majestic towers of the Castle of St. Clair; and my guide instantly pointing it out to my observation, exclaimed—

"'By St. Peter! there's none of your wax-work there, sir! It has stood many a bit of steel, and many a barrel of gunpowder—yon old stately, frowning battlements!—and I have a notion that it will stand a good many more before we find it sounding a retreat.'

"'It is indeed a most beautiful and magnificent edifice,' uttered I, gazing with an admiration and wonder not to be expressed, as we approached nearer and nearer to the illustrious mansion of the Lord Albino; beautiful were the towers that looked toward the western sky; blue and ethereal bright, from the high vaulted roof of Heaven, they overlooked the bosom of the ocean, and the golden rays of the setting sun were reflecting their last beams upon it. A gondolier was taking its silent course to the harbour; and in it was only a Bohemian boy, who having trimmed his sails, was now resting on his oar, warbling a merry carol, and cheered with the hope that at night he should sleep in the peaceful, happy house of his father, and partake of the comfortable meal which a mother's fond care was preparing on his safe landing to his native shore.

"There was not a breeze that ruffled the silver wave, on which the little vessel homeward steered its course,

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and nearer and nearer as it approached the long wished-for harbour, the Bohemian sailor-boy added a quicker and merrier burthen to his song. 'The condition of that simple boy is truly enviable,' cried I. 'He hath no cares to disturb his peaceful, happy slumbers; and when the tempest is howling, and the wind whistles o'er his head, sleeps he peaceful still; his only thought to see his once loved home again, in sweet content and smiling happiness; and though rough and perilous has been his voyage on the stormy seas, safe landed on his native shore, he is hugged in the fond embrace of a dear mother, welcomed by a kind father, hailed by lovely sisters, and a group of village friends; then beats his heart with thrilling rapture! No more he feels the dashing wave which so late washed over him as it would threaten his destruction. He looks around, beholds the cottage where he drew his first breath, and 'Welcome home,' seems on every lip, in every eye, and all is earthly paradise.'

"By the time that I had finished these remarks, the little vessel, scudding under pleasant and easy sail, had nearly reached the harbour; the boy, ceased his merry song, with alacrity seized the oars, and plying them with all his strength, soon gained the haven of all his happiness; and we saw no more of him and the gon-dalo.

In the mean while we arrived within a quarter of a mile of the Castle of St. Clair, and at the foot of the mountain halted for refreshment at a small *café*, the appearance of which was both simple and neat; at the entrance stood a pretty looking young woman, with a fine infant in her arms, on which she was bestowing the fondest caresses.

"I would lay a wager that is the mother of the child," cried Juddi.

"Doubtless, Juddi, the look of nature is eloquent, and cannot easily be mistaken: it speaks all languages, journeys to all climes, however distant, solitary, or remote. No circumstance or situation can alter its complexion: we breathe it in the first moments of our birth, and it remains with us to the latest moment of our existence. It is the cherub-gift of earthly happiness, and its home is heaven. It reposes on the bosom of love, and goes hand in hand with virtue, innocence and peace!

"Whoever has travelled the several provinces on the confines of Germany, Austria, and Bohemia, must have observed that urbanity of manners and civility to strangers (especially those of England) are the distinguishing features of this simple and unsophisticated race of unoffending beings. May we add, that there is a striking contrast, which it is impossible not to form, between the natives of these provinces and those of the land said to be the land of liberty, and flowing with milk and honey: but for whom does it flow? who tastes of the nectared sweets? who sips of the luscious banquet, and revels in the hall of plenty? Is it the children of poverty? do the unfriended and the unfortunate sons and daughters of genius sip of the flowing bowl, or partake of the festal board? or are they invited to partake of it by the courtly great ones? No! for them is not reserved this badge of honour. But whom do they single out for the companions of their nightly revels, and the sharers of their dissipated pleasures? Why, the question is easily resolved, since it is often among the most profligate and

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the most unmoved, that their companions and their associates are to be found, while the meritorious and the truly virtuous are suffered to pine in want and in wretchedness, in some miserable garret, then drop into the grave unpitied and unknown.

"But, to leave digression, so universally felt and acknowledged, hourly and daily, in this land of milk and honey—suffice it to say, that my guide and I entered this neat looking *cafée*, with a disposition to partake of the comforts and accommodations which it afforded; for it was at this village that I was to part with Juddi, having, before we sat out from Vienne, deposited in his hands the sum he demanded for conducting me across the steepy and almost inaccessible mountains, by which the Castle of St. Clair was surrounded, and which rendered it so difficult of access to travellers, and those unacquainted with its impervious windings, and its intricate mazes."

"The observations of Juddi had been perfectly correct; it was certainly the mother of the smiling babe, whom we saw caressing it at the door, and when we alighted and entered the *cafée*, she received us with every mark of respect and civility, recommending us to the best viands and liquors that her house could afford. Although to the guide she preserved one mode of behaviour, and to me another, yet I was well pleased with Juddi, for having introduced me to the witch of the valley, from whom I had learned the most important secret of my whole life, and received so much benefit from her friendly counsel and advice, that I determined that the short time we remained together in the *cafée*, to treat him kindly, and give him the most convincing

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proofs of my liberality, for the service and justice he had rendered me in my journey to Bohemia.

After we had partaken of a most excellent dish of moor-fowl, (in which this country particularly abounded,) I took my leave of Juddi, who expressed great anxiety for my welfare, informing me where he was to be found, if ever I should chance to require his services again.

"'A poor and humble, but happy cottage, calls me master, sir,' cried he, 'but Providence never deserts a poor man, who is willing to strive to gain an honest living, for the support of the tender babes that look up to him for the protection of a father.'

"'Certainly not, friend Juddi,' cried I; 'but every father is not so provident for a numerous progeny, which he often leaves to the wide and merciless world, to provide for themselves.'

"On these words Juddi took his leave of me, at the door of the *cafe'e*, taking charge of the mules I had hired from Vienna; and after the departure of Juddi, as I had engaged a bed at the *cafe'e*, not thinking it proper to visit the Castle of St. Clair at so late an hour in the evening, I strolled into the public room, where all the news of the day is canvassed over by the inhabitants, and the different tradesmen and shopkeepers assemble, after the fatigues and the cares of business are over; and taking a seat amongst them, while they were regaling themselves with their sherbet and their segars, I entered into conversation with several of them on the affairs of the state, and the management of affairs under the reign of the Emperor Josephus.

Some of them expressed great dissatisfaction at the

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conduct of the ministers, while the name of the brave St. Julian echoed through the vaulted roofs with thunders of applause: while others contended that he was too daring and enterprising, and having obtained such unbounded success over the allied party, that he assumed too many privileges over the nation, and was likely to overthrow the whole mighty empire by the influence he possessed.

"To which, a grave old man, who sat apart in a remote corner of the room, not seeming to notice the disputes which had arisen, but who now seemed roused to energy, by the severe animadversions they had passed on the conduct of the brave St. Julian, loudly vociferated—

"'It is false, young men, what you have now asserted against one of the bravest young warriors that ever yet shone in bright and shining arms. St. Julian has been the saviour of this country, which had been a pile of mouldering ruins, but for his undaunted bravery and his courage. Who defeated the Austrian forces and their allies? tell me that! Who sent the Spaniards sneaking away? who saved the land from famine and dismay?—and the emperor thrice acknowledged his gratitude to St. Julian in the public news of the day; and if he had not rendered him this public service, would he so publicly have thanked him, even, in the face of his enemies? canst answer me that, you silly goats? because, if thou canst not, it were better thou kept silence, than utter folly, and what is worse than folly, untruth. Smoke your segars, smoke your segars, young men of Bohemia! it is better than talking of politics, which you know nothing about.'

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A pause ensued of some length after this oration delivered by the old man, whom all regarded with some deference and awe, though they differed from him in opinion; and he was suffered to depart from the *café* without one of them presuming to contradict the assertion he had made respecting the valour of the brave Bohemian conqueror.

"I then retired to rest; and after passing the night in contemplating my present prospects, (which, indeed, were not of the most pleasing nature, as I looked upon myself to be nearly an isolated being, with no kindred tie that bound me to existence, save those only whom I was not permitted to claim any relationship with,) I rose at an early hour the ensuing morning, and having attired myself in the most respectable manner, I inquired the best path that would conduct me to the Castle of St. Clair?

"'Which you cannot enter without a passport from the cardinal,' said the host.

"Confounded and astonished by this unexpected intelligence, I demanded to know by what means I should obtain it; and was answered, that I must apply to the officer of the guard, at the entrance of the battlements, who forwarded all business of this nature to the cardinal; and having obtained this information of my host who was an intelligent man, he offered his services to accompany me to the guard-house, which I very gladly accepted; and we accordingly set out for the Castle of St. Clair. As we approached the guard-house, we very distinctly heard sounds of revelry and mirth, which my host informed me were from the soldiery, who having returned from their nightly duty, had assembled together for the purpose of celebrating the

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natal day of the young Lord Fernando, who had attained his sixteenth year, and they were now rejoicing and taking a merry glass in consequence of it, by the express command of the Lord Alvino himself. On our nearer approach, bursts of laughter prevailed, which was followed by a Bohemian air, sung by one of the officers, which was adapted to the following words:—

"Oh! where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breath'd in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?
Thy storms have awakened their sleep;
They groan from the place of their rest;
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast.
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!
The savage, all wild in his glen,
Is nobler and better than thou;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow.
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever:
And thinking of thee, in my long after years,
Would but Kindle my blushes, and wake my tears.
Oh! shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh! shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be.
Division shall strike thee forlorn;
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of hate, and the hisses of scorn,
Shall burden the winds of thy sky,
And proud, o'er thy ruin for ever be hurled
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world."

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"No sooner was the song ended, and the sounds of revelry ceased, than mine host and I made our appearance at the entrance of the guard-house, and on making proper application to the officer on duty, were immediately admitted; in short, there did not appear to be the slightest impediment to my obtaining the wished-for passport, for it was immediately presented to the Cardinal Benvolio, and signed by him, for my immediate admission to the Castle of St. Clair, on my intimating that I had some private business with the Lord Albino. It was a lucky minute, as I thought, for my destiny; a day of hilarity, feasting, and rejoicing, when less precision and order was preserved than other days—the birth-day of the young Lord Fernando; and owing to this circumstance I had certainly an advantage which I should not otherwise have derived, had I made my application at a less favourable opportunity. I had concealed my real name, as well as my real business, from the knowledge of the Cardinal, well knowing that if he had been apprised that I was the brother of the unfortunate Adelaide Aubigny, that I should be debarred all further access to the family of the great Albino, and thus be deprived of promoting my interest in life.

"As both my good-natured host and I had made our appearance together, we were both invited to partake of the good cheer that was going forward in the guard-room, where I staid till the officer of the guard returned, and delivered me the passport, which he accordingly did; and, in a few minutes, the honest Bernado quitted me, wishing me every success in my undertakings in the Castle of St. Clair.

'While I remained in the guard-room, I had several

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opportunities of hearing the different opinions and sentiments of the soldiery respecting the wars, and the management of the Emperor Josephus in the command of his dominions; some of whom complained of him, most bitterly; while others extolled the brave St. Julian to the very skies, declaring that shortly there would be a violent contest with the opposed allies; that the greatest hostility would eventually prevail against those who waged war with the young and mighty conqueror; to all which I preserved the most profound silence, not thinking it prudent, whatever I thought, to express my opinion of the matters of the state, when times were so perilous.

"Still I took care not to offend any one, either by looks or by words; and although the officer of the guard had by various means endeavoured to draw forth my private sentiments on the subject in question, yet I preserved silence to the last moment that I remained in the guard-room, and none there either knew my rank or quality, or what business I had come upon to the Castle of St. Clair. An attendant from the guard-house conducted me, by order of the officer, to the entrance of the battlements, which were the most superb and beautiful I had ever seen. Never was a more ancient or formidable fortress, than that which the outside of the castle presented on my first approaching its venerable walls.

"When I approached the grand entrance of the battlements, I delivered in my passport, which on being duly examined by the attendant officer of the guard, with the signature of the Cardinal attached to it, I was immediately admitted within the Castle of St. Clair; and afterwards conducted, by a page, to a gothic

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chamber, magnificently adorned with trophies of war, and otherwise decorated with the finest sculpture and paintings. Among these, and which riveted my attention so greatly that I could not remove my eyes from it for a considerable length of time, was a work executed by Salvater Rosa, in his finest style, representing the figure of our blessed Saviour raising Lazarus from the dead;—and on this I gazed, till I felt the warm tear trickling down my face; for the image of my ill-fated sister at that moment presented itself to my imagination, and filled my heart with the most indescribable agony of deep and poignant regret; and in this situation I was surprised by the sudden entrance of the page, who had conducted me thither, and who now came to inform me that the Lord Albino had been apprized of my arrival at the Castle of St. Clair, and now awaited my coming, and that he had orders immediately to conduct me to his presence. On these words, I instantly prepared to follow him; but my heart beat tumultuously high, when passing a corridor, the page threw open two folding doors, which discovered a most magnificent hall, brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers, with a chair, cushion, and table, covered with crimson velvet, and the same on the opposite side; one of the chairs was vacant, the other occupied by the Lord Albino himself."

"'This is the hall of audience, so please you, sir,' uttered the page, and the personage you behold seated at the table is our illustrious lord, the great Albino, our most noble, excellent, and worthy master!' To whom, when I approached, I bowed with every mark of the most respectful homage, though with an agitation and tremor, which evidently made him feel for my

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situation; but never did I behold a man whose countenance seemed more angelic or heavenly, for with a smile of the most affable condescension, he pointed to a chair, and bade me be seated beside him, and enter on the nature of my business.

"'Which I do not usually attend to myself, with those whom I do not know, or who are not especially recommended to me by some personages of distinction,' uttered he; 'but I have waved this ceremony with you, young stranger, in the probable conjecture, that you are friendless, perhaps unfortunate: and it is seldom that the unfortunate find friends at court.'—

"'But seldom, if ever, indeed, my gracious lord,' uttered I; and greatly relieved by the kind manner in which he had addressed me, I very soon recovered my self-possession, and ingenuously threw myself upon his bounty, and implored the distinguished honour of his patronage, carefully concealing every part of my private history, that related to my unfortunate sister, and not once mentioning the convent of Mariette Mouline, or the name of the Cardinal Benvolio; by which policy I succeeded; for the illustrious lord immediately accepted of my services, as a private tutor to the young lord, Fernando; and being well acquainted with the noble family I had quitted, he informed me that I should begin my establishment that very evening in the Castle of St. Clair; gave me some private hints respecting the Cardinal Benvolio, and of the conduct I was to adopt towards him; and that he was placed in high authority over his vassals and his establishment, and must consequently be considered on a level with himself.

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"'I have one daughter, besides my son, Fernando,' uttered the Lord Albino, an animated glow of rapture resting on his manly cheek, and sparkling in his eye—'not less the pride of a father's heart, than her brother: they are both my children, and both inherit the most virtuous propensities. Now, young man, retire with my page, and he will conduct you forthwith to apartments, where you will have refreshments, and such attention shewn you as suits the station to which you will belong in my establishment in the Castle of St. Clair. At an early hour to-morrow morning you will attend.'

"Ferdinand, imagine the nature of my sensations, at having thus far succeeded in the fondest wish of my heart, and the proudest aim of my ambition. I was overwhelmed with the tide of gratitude, and I would have thrown myself prostrate at the feet of my noble and illustrious benefactor, had he permitted me to do so, but with the greatest kindness, he waved his hand, and instantly dismissed me.

"The apartment to which the page now conducted me, was very different to the suite of magnificent chambers I had passed through before, although perfectly correspondent with the gothic style of the whole castle. The room was all hung with tapestry, and illustrative of warlike heroes, and the bloody battles that had been fought in the feudal times of near a century past. A valuable library, consisting of books, ancient and modern, occupied nearly one half of this spacious apartment, and that the page informed me belonged to the young Lord Fernando Albino, and was appropriated wholly to himself and his studies, in the several branches of his education; and pointing to a recess

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which had crimson curtains richly festooned over it in several directions. 'That recess which you see there,' uttered he, 'leads to the private apartments of the Lord Fernando, in one of which chambers he reposes, and none can enter there without first obtaining permission of the Cardinal Benvolio. I have even known the Lady Margaret, his mother, ask leave to visit her son privately, and of the Cardinal Benvolio.'

"An expression of involuntary surprise had certainly escaped my lips, at this singular communication of the page, had not prudence checked it; and I was nearly on the point of inquiring who had been formerly in the capacity of tutor to the Lord Fernando, he being then in the sixteenth year of his age; but this inclination I also cautiously suppressed, and an attendant coming in to say that the refreshments were in readiness, I was not sorry that a conversation was discontinued between me and the page, which might have been the means of betraying me into some error, which I studiously wished to avoid, well knowing the arduous and difficult character I had to sustain in the service of the Lord Albino, whom it was already easy enough to perceive was not only the fond, credulous, and indulgent husband, but the too yielding instrument of other designs. A very elegant repast was set before me, such indeed, as I had seldom been accustomed to in the vicinity of Vienna, and of which I partook plentifully, while I returned the humblest thanks to Providence for having so fortunately favoured my plans; and after I had dined, the attendant who waited on me, and who had preserved the most profound silence, respectfully withdrew, and left me to pursue my meditations, which were, indeed, of the most perplexed nature. I had,

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indeed arrived to the very summit of my wishes; and had met with so flattering a reception from the Lord Albino as to hold out the most brilliant prospects for my future success; but the very thought of the powerful interest of this Cardinal Benvolio operated, in a great measure, against the tumultuous sensations I enjoyed of being thought worthy of becoming the tutor of so illustrious a personage as the heir of the great house of Albino. In short, Ferdinand, I felt afraid to encounter the looks of this said Cardinal, whom I hated and despised for divers reasons; and I believed that as I then felt that a brother's vengeance had alone dictated my purpose of coming to the Castle of St. Clair, to behold the destroyer of Adelaide Aubigny, I actually believed, Ferdinand, that I was impelled by this motive, and this motive only, to enter the battlements of St. Clair: still I did not wish to indulge in gloomy or melancholy reflections, or repine at Providence for the blessings it bestowed, so far greater than my merits deserved, or my most sanguine wishes had foreboded; and retiring to the apartment I had quitted, which the page informed me was that in which I was to remain, as being the tutor of the young Lord Fernando, I had recourse to the well stored library to amuse my mind till such time as I should be called upon to attend to the duties of my situation; and the very first volume that attracted my attention was the poetical works of the admired Crabbe; and, on opening the book, I found a particular page had been marked down, beginning with the beautiful tale 'Phœbe Dawson,' related in the following words:

'Two summers since I saw at lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;

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When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see, and happy to be seen.
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy,—and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed;
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed:
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained;
Her beauty won them, and her worth retained.
Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back;
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience, striving with her pains:
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,—
Whose cares are growing, and whose hopes are fled:
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow.
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again:
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes.
But not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms:
With water burdened, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay:
Till in mid-green she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind, as strength the frame, forsakes
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path, but not her peace, she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her house she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
And bares her bosom to the winds, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits,

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in vain. They come: she feels the inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;—
That speaks, in feeble cries, a soul distressed,
Or the sad laugh, that cannot be repressed.
The neighbour matron leaves her wheel, and flies,
With all the aid her poverty supplies:
Unfee'd—the calls of nature she obeys;
Not led by profit, nor allured by praise:
And waiting long till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress, the mourner feels thy aid:
She cannot pay thee—but thou will be paid.
But who this child, of weakness, want, and care
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Ismose fair!
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressive warmth, and love-inspiring sighs,
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart,
For all his sufferings, all his bosom's smart:
And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest to the arts of love,
But, ah! too soon, his looks success declared;
Too late she knew, the marriage rites repaired,
The faithless flatterer fled—his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant, or a greedy sot.
If present, railing till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labours gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.'

"I was deeply affected by the perusal of this little simple and pathetic tale, in which I feared that the inspired author had drawn too true and just a picture of the base perfidy of mankind; and though my dear, unfortunate, lovely sister had not exactly, in her miseries, resembled the fate of poor Phœbe Dawson, yet in this beautiful poem there was, in some respects, an allusion to her melancholy history: and the book was still in my hand, and a tear had just started to my eye,

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when a gentle tap at the door aroused me from the gloomy reverie into which I had fallen; but, quickly recovering, I arose and unclosed the door of the apartment, when one of the most elegant youths my eyes had ever seen, who bore a striking resemblance to the Lord Albino, bowed gracefully, and demanded to know, with an air of the sweetest affability, if he was right in concluding that I was the gentleman appointed by his father to be his tutor; to which he added, 'You will pardon me for not waiting for a formal introduction to you, before I intruded myself upon your presence; but my noble father, who is now engaged on matters of state, has already apprized me, (from the little he has seen of you, sir) of what sort of character I had to encounter in Mr. Auberry;' for that was the name, Ferdinand, that I thought it expedient to introduce myself by to the Lord Albino: a counterpart of which was his amiable and accomplished son, whose manners were gentle and refined, and whose mind was the temple of purity and honour; and with whom I now entered on a course of studies, wholly different to those practical lessons he had received formerly under the hands (as I had understood) of one of the professors of the adjacent college.

'But he was dismissed from my father's establishment,' uttered the young lord, suppressing as I thought a sentiment of some involuntary displeasure, which he then felt, 'by the Cardinal Benvolio, whom he had in some slight sort offended. I thought the severity used towards him merited not such disgrace and punishment; and I attempted to interpose in behalf of the unfortunate man: but, alas! my utmost influence with my father failed to succeed. He had

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given offence to the cardinal, and that was sufficient. Poor Meranda was dismised!"——a sigh followed this remark, and an interval of silence ensued. At length I ventured to exclaim,—

'Heaven itself pardons the offences of erring mortals; it holds out mercy to repentance, even for the most hardened sinner. Should man be less forgiving than his Maker, whom he is daily sinning against?'

To which, my amiable, young pupil instantly replied,—

'Certainly not, Mr. Auberry; such unpitying conduct must ever, in my mind, excite disgust: and is extremely reprehensible in those, more especially, seated in high authority, and placed at the head of the holy church.'

'Yet the Cardinal Benvolio is extolled even to the very skies,' uttered I, perhaps with more warmth than occasion warranted; but I hated this saintly hypocrite, and exulted in hearing him condemned, even in the judgment of the son of his patron. You may call this revenge; but I had the feelings of an injured brother struggling in my heart, and could not conceal a sentiment of which I was not ashamed. 'No man,' again resumed I, 'holds so bright a name in the court of Vienna, as this pious holy man, to hear whose discourse and sage doctrines, both the aged and the young assemble in multitudes, and with wonder and delight, treasure up each word that is pronounced by such saintly lips.'

'True,' uttered the Lord Fernando; 'he has acquired popularity and fame; but it is easier to do this, than to draw approbation from the truly discriminating and discerning few. All hearts do not acknowledge

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the umpire of the virtues of the Cardinal Benvolio ;—all knees do not, will not, bow to his holy shrine !'—

Ferdinand, I felt transported beyond all human bounds, at learning the true statement of these feelings in the young Fernando ! already was my vengeance half satiated ; but finding a necessity for concealing my feelings, or otherwise incautiously reveal them, I forbore, though unwillingly, to make any further comment on the conduct of the pious man ; and entered into subjects of a very different nature, of which the present perilous state of the times was one : and I found by the discourse of my young and ingenuous pupil, that he panted for military fame, and longed to follow to the field, with all the spirit and impatience of a martial hero ! and besides informing me of what, indeed, I already knew,—that Austria had declared open war against Bohemia, he protested that if his father did not grant him permission to enter the service in which he was to be engaged, he would wholly abandon his present pursuits, and beseech the emperor to give him a place in his army.

'For I know,' uttered he, that the cardinal is now using all his influence over the minds of my father and mother to induce me to follow the church ; but, sir, though I revere the church, and hallow the precepts of our holy and sacred religion, yet I will not have my free wishes so controled or fettered by the authority of the Cardinal Benvolio. I will serve God and man ; but I will not serve monkish priests, or bend to that altar I cannot adore ! Am I right, Mr. Auberry ? if wrong, you are my tutor, and being such, it is your duty frankly to tell me so, do you hold with the sentiments I have just expressed ? or shall I tamely submit

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to become a passive instrument in the hands of the cardinal? Alas! his influence with my mother is unbounded,—with my father, no less,—with my young and lovely sister, not so much; for Augustina loves her brother: and oh! Mr. Aubigny, how I love my sister! how beautiful she is! how chaste, how animated, and yet how innocent! would to the immortal gods that I were a monarch, presiding o'er undivided empires, to reward the excellence and worth of my gentle, lovely sister!'

Ferdinand, it was a chord that touched the very feelings of my heart; for how had I loved Adelaide Aubigny! she was lovely too,—and chaste as lovely! and her destroyers were—her husband and the Cardinal Benvolio! And I could have clasped the youth before me with transports to my heart! I could have worshipped him as an earthly saint! but my emotions were too strong and powerful. I burst into a flood of tears, which much shocked and surprised the Lord Fernando. At length, recovering, I apologized for the liberty I had been guilty of, thus in his presence, to give vent to my sorrows. 'But I had a sister once, too, my lord,' cried I, 'a young sister, whom I loved, even as thou didst thine;—and she was fair as the opening breath of summer's morn, and as angels, pure! she dropt into an untimely grave, nipt in her early bloom; and her destroyers were——'

I checked the full impulse of my throbbing heart: I struggled to conceal the authors of my Adelaide's shame, and my Adelaide's miseries! the miseries and the severity that had broken her gentle heart, and made her spirit fly to celestial skies! and the amiable youth did all, within the limits of his power, to console the

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anguished feelings of my heart; and by his soft and gentle arguments at length succeeded; but delicately evaded all explanation of the melancholy subject to which I had alluded. Nor do I recollect, that he ever mentioned his lovely sister, fearful of renewing my sorrows, till the fatal evening that he went forth with his gallant father to the field of battle; and then the parting between the sister and the brother was prophetic. Alas! need I paint it to you, Ferdinand, were you not present when both the warriors fell?'

And so I was, Sir Orville Faulkner. I had reason to remember the day that the great Albino fell; but of that anon. Aubigny concluded his melancholy recital, by informing me that his young pupil daily flourished under his hands: and that the warm plaudits bestowed upon the labour of his pains and his unremitting endeavours to perfect the education of his son, that he obtained from his illustrious patron, at length excited the envy and the bitterest rancour of the Cardinal Benvolio, who took occasion several times of grossly insulting him about the studies of the Lord Fernando, and of his having perverted him from the principles wished to be inculcated in him by his noble father: which on the part of Aubigny was powerfully resented; in short, he made no scruple of revealing to the cardinal all he knew of the melancholy end of his unfortunate sister: charging him with being instrumental to it, by the severity he had used towards her, in the convent of Mariette Mouline; and at length, discovered his name and relationship to Adelaide Aubigny. Shocked and surprised at this confession, the priest trembled, that the whole of his perfidious conduct should be known to the Albino family; and making a virtue of down-

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right necessity, he bethought him, if he offered some sort of apology, beside bribery, that as an humble and poor man, he would willingly accept of it. But in the character of Aubigny he was widely mistaken; he was not to be bribed, neither was his situation so destitute or obscure as to lead him to screen a traitor under the mask of a lamb,—yet he felt unwilling to injure those who had injured him. Adelaide, the helpless victim of his cruelty, and whom if she had lived had probably been also the victim of his secret and disgraceful passion for her person, was mouldering her fair and lovely form in the dust, and could never rise more to repeat her wrongs, or tell the sorrows of her heart: it had died with her, except that the offspring survived, and that was a circumstance that he by no means wished to reveal to the knowledge of the crafty cardinal, and therefore buried it in silence; at the same time, that he thought it politic to accept of the proffered apology of the cardinal, because there was no probable way of avoiding it, and yet continuing in the service of the Lord Albino, than by the means of preserving silence on the subject of the cardinal.

Aubigny therefore remained in the service of the Albino family till the Lord Fernando had entirely completed his studies, and voluntarily quitted that service like a just and honourable man, when he found that he could no longer be of any service to him: and this was the period, also, Sir Orville Faulkner, that I became a dependant on the bounty of the Lord Albino; he went to the wars, and to the wars went I with him: but before this time, Aubigny one morning disappeared, and no one could tell whither he had fled. Some unfavourable reports had prevailed against the cardinal at the

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time, and I, among the number, was firmly persuaded that this pious holy man (so famed for christian charity and godlike deeds) had done no less than murder the unfortunate Aubigny. I hated him, and I suspected him of the foul deed; although no possitive proof could be brought forward against him yet I knew that he was capable of such an act; and the murmurings that prevailed at the castle of St. Clair at this period, together with the feudal wars which had then broke out with the most resistless fury, rendered it a dangerous abode for those not materially connected with the illustrious family; still I preserved the highest and most exalted gratitude towards my noble patron, who assured me that the very first promotion that took place in the army, immediately, under his command, that I should hold a rank of a superior order, and set out with him in the grand attack that was to be made against the allied forces, which were to pitch their tents on the plains of Morna Penritch, in ancient history so renowned for the bloody battles, which had been fought on them, and the gallant warriors who had drained the most precious blood in their veins, in the service of their sovereign and their country. It was on the plains of Morna Penritch, that the Emperor Josephus Godfoida fought so desperately against the Bohemians, and conquered them: and to this place was the Lord Albino appointed to go with the command of a body of near ten thousand men, the Lord Fernando and myself were also to accompany him on this fatal expedition. Ah! Sir Orville! how little did I think that it was the last I ever more should take with my dear illustrious master: but let me check the remembrance of this memorable, and to me, awfully prophetic day; before

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which, the most active preparations were going forward in the castle of St. Clair, which occupied a period nearly of six months, during which, I wooed and won the heart of Mademoiselle La Roche, the confidential attendant of the beauteous daughter of the great Albino. I did not espouse the lovely maid, without the knowledge of the Lady Margaret and her illustrious lord, although that haughty and inflexible woman frowned upon our mutual love, and to my Antoinette proved most unkind: yet the storm once blown over, she was kind again, and promised her protection while I was gone to the wars.

But to the Lady Margaret was I not wholly indebted for this kindness, but to the most matchless of her sex, the lovely, virtuous Augustina. It was her who, like an angel of pity, as she was of beauty, interceded with her stern mother to protect a soldier's wife, whose husband was fighting the battles of his country, and my mind would have rested perfectly satisfied with this arrangement had I not feared the serpent that had crept into the bosom of this illustrious family only to undermine its repose:—need I say that serpent was no other than the Cardinal Benvolio? He it was whose baneful influence over the mind of Albino's wife, had amounted, on her side, to absolute folly; and on his, something worse than the basest ingratitude and perfidy to his illustrious patron. Besides, a suspicion having arisen in my mind that he neither liked me nor Antoinette, fearful that we should discover some of the dangerous proceedings that were going on in the castle of St. Clair, wholly unknown to the Lord Albino, and that we should not long suffer him to become the dupe of such infamous conduct.

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"And the Cardinal took care himself studiously to avoid me, till one evening I encountered him in the gothic armory, which was, and is now, the favourite retreat of the Lady Margaret Albino. The shades of evening had already thrown its sober silvery mantle o'er the grey and lofty towers of St. Clair, and a faint glimmer of light, just sufficient to render darkness more visible, appeared in the armory: and the Cardinal Benvolio and Albino's wife had been some time engaged in the closest and most secret conference together. It was the night of the carnival at Vienna, and our illustrious lord was absent in attendance on the Emperor Josephus, who, with the officers of his court, were then to assemble with all his judges, to consult on matters of the highest importance to the state. The young Lord Fernando had accompanied his noble father on this expedition: and when they set out, I had particular charge from my illustrious master, to take care of the dispatches, if any should arrive in the interval of his absence, and lay them on the table in the armory."

"'In the gothic chamber, hearest thou that, Ferdinand,' uttered he, with a peculiar tone and emphasis in his manner, which I had never remarked before; 'the chamber that the Lady Margaret is so wont to visit in the darksome hour. There the pious soul doth commune with her most secret thoughts, and contemplates with wonder and delight, the trophies of her buried ancestors.'

"And there, thought I, the saintly Cardinal doth also love to repair, to breathe forth his pious orgies, and to contemplate something more pleasing to his eye-sight than the relics of departed heroes, or the trophies of buried ancestors: his contemplations are on the living

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not on the dead.—But this thought was not disclosed; but in holy silence sealed in the most secret recesses of my heart; and I beheld my dear lord depart, with a melancholy presage, that the proceedings of the Lady Margaret with the Cardinal Benvolio would at some future hour of his life, render him the most miserable, as well as the most injured man in existence.

"And on this very eventful evening, I had more occasion than ever to consider that my fears were not merely imaginary, for at a late hour some dispatches, from the foreign allies, arrived, expressly for my honoured master, which, being his secretary, (a situation he had lately appointed me to) I had authority to take charge of in the most private manner: and they were accordingly delivered into my hands, by the officer of the guard, and I should have immediately proceeded with them, as directed by the Lord Albino, to the gothic armory, had I not beheld the glimmering light, that threw its feeble rays over the corridor—and from thence I concluded that the Lady Margaret was paying her nightly visit there, although the most profound silence prevailed within its gloomy, antiquated walls: yet I certainly had not, on this ever to be remembered night, the remotest suspicion, that the Cardinal Benvolio was the companion of the pious lady's holy meditations, till I had arrived within a few paces of the door, at which I should have gently knocked for admission, had I not heard voices within it, one of which, I plainly distinguished to be that of the Cardinal Benvolio, and the other that of the Lady Margaret Albino! and shocked at the perfidy of the one, and the unblushing effrontery of the other, I was about to retire, till a more seasonable opportunity occurred for

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laying the dispatches on the table, when the name of Ferdinand caught my ear; and instinctive curiosity, which I found it utterly impossible to resist, induced me, for the first time in my life, to become a listener:—boding no good, I was certain, to me, was the mention of my name in the mouth of the Cardinal. The voice became more low and tremulous—it was Lady Margaret's!—I applied my ear to the key hole—my eyes, too, Sir Orville Faulkner, were not idle; there was light enough for me to distinguish objects, and I was horror-struck at the discovery I then made of the guilt of Albino's wife! and the stab that was given to his honour, by a designing, artful, and perfidious villain!

"I would have fled precipitately from the fatal gothic chamber, after the too certain confirmation of the dishonour of Albino's faithless wife, lest in the perturbation of my mind, and the poignant grief I sustained at the deep injuries of my dear and honoured master, I should burst out in the bitterest invectives against the base authors of his wrongs, had not prudence suggested that it would be absolute madness, to reveal the secret I was now in possession of.—There had been no witnesses by, but me, to prove the treachery of Benvolio, or the guilt of Albino's wife—save one all-seeing Eye, who never sleeps on mortal actions! He would know that she would not falsely be accused of the dishonour of her noble, virtuous, and too confiding husband:—yes, the all-seeing Eye of heaven would know the completion of her crime, and the full measure of her guilt!—but by earthly means, how was I to prove it, should I even reveal the fatal secret?—how pierce the bosom of a fond and doating husband; or harrow up the feelings of a virtuous son, and an inno-

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cent, lovely daughter!—No, thought I, it were better to let the dark tale be hidden, till the slow, yet always just avenger of foul crimes, brings it to light and to punishment: and I will patiently await the vengeance of heaven, to denounce a curse on the head of the perfidious pair. Thus resolved, I held my station at the door, in silence, mute as death; when, again, the name of Ferdinand saluted my ear: and in a low murmuring voice, I heard the Lady Margaret pronounce;—

"Not yet, Benvolio: the season is unapt, and the time impolitic. Should Ferdinand be missing while Albino is at Vienna, strange suspicions may arise in the minds of the vassals, as to the cause of his so sudden disappearance from the Castle of St. Clair. Remember that the loss of Aubigny is still fresh in the remembrance of the sickly fools! Let him go to the wars—and haply the goodly shot may do his business, and rid us of the ugly work; but should he escape the cannon's angry shot——' The perfidious monster, in the shape of a woman, made a fearful pause, as if her blood ran chilly through her veins, at the premeditated death she designed for one who had never wronged her—the orphan youth who had been protected by her virtuous husband, and who was, at this moment the new made husband of a faithful, humble girl, who had passed all her days in her service, and to whom she had sacredly promised an expiring parent, that she would become a mother; and yet this monster was coolly deliberating in what manner she should deprive her of her only protector—her husband, and by the foul means of most unnatural murder!

"And soon was the pause she made filled up by the

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Cardinal, who, equally guilty, cruel, and atrocious as herself, emphatically pronounced—

" 'Yes, lady, should he, indeed, escape the cannon's shot, and return victorious from the battle, with his gallant lord, think you we will permit him long to inhabit the Castle of St. Clair, and lord it over us with the pride of martial conquest? and his young upstart wife believes she hath atchieved a noble exploit, in becoming the bride of the young soldier! No, lady, we are not so unwise, methinks, and so impolitic.—If the cannon fail, the dagger's point shall strike more surely.'

" 'But not till he returns from the wars!' uttered the Lady Margaret in a deep hollow tone, expressive of the tumults of her wild disordered mind, as if unwilling, out of some touch of pity for the hapless Antoinette, to let the dark deed be sudden. 'Benvolio, I command—I implore you, spare the life of Ferdinand, till he returns from battle with Albino!'

" 'Lady, implore not of him whose services you have a right to command,' uttered the accursed priest: 'You are the leading star of Benvolio's destiny;—he but the humblest of your humble slaves. Your suit is granted.—Ferdinand lives till the wars be ended! Victory or death shall decide his mortal or immortal career! which thou pleasest.'

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CHAPTER XX.

"Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
Be flattered? Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself:
For thou hast been as one, in suffering all,
That suffers nothing: a man that fortune
Buffets and rewards! Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, as I do thee."

SHAKESPEARE.

"THERE is a shuddering of the heart, like unto death, when it creeps slowly through our veins, and yet are not aware of the fatal and prophetic warning that summons us hence, yet calls us back again to life by the dear objects that form the happiness of our existence; and that shuddering I felt, Sir Orville Faulkner, on hearing the dread sentences pronounced from the lips of two such savage and remorseless monsters of depravity clothed in mortal shape.

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"Already I felt the fell butcher's knife at my throat; and I should certainly have fainted, without sense or motion, wholly overpowered by the dangers that surrounded my situation, at the foot of the gothic chamber, had not the door of the armory at that moment suddenly burst open, and from thence stalked forth the Cardinal Benvolio, who would immediately have discovered me, had not the faint glimmerings of the lamp been nearly extinguished. I instantly crept behind one of the massive pillars, and so eluded his observation: and soon after the Lady Margaret Albino retired to her apartments, leaving the door of the armory unclosed: and no sooner did I hear the last sound of her footsteps, than I stole from the place of my concealment, although with a dread and terror that I never experienced before: yet a sense of duty to my dear injured master in part nerved my feelings, and armed me with tenfold courage to discharge my trust; and with a heart palpitating and a hand trembling, I entered the guilty chamber that the perfidious and cruel monsters had just quitted; and laying the despatches on the table, instantly retired to my own apartment, and, securing the door, endeavoured to collect my scattered thoughts, and resolve on some plan that would protect me from the intended malice of my enemies, after which I attempted to partake of a few moment's repose, but my every effort was unavailing;—unbroken were my slumbers, and filled with the most ghastly shapes and horrid fancies, that imagination could possibly conceive:—at one moment, methought I beheld the Cardinal Benvolio with the uplifted dagger, ready to strike it to my heart! and in the next, a female with a dark, terrible, and fero-

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cious countenance and gigantic figure, stood over me, pointing to a poisoned bowl, and commanding me to drink of it!—then beside her was my lovely gentle wife, with streaming eyes and supplicating looks, imploring her to save her husband from the cruel death they were about to give me. In short, I awoke from my feverish and disturbed dreams in a state of distraction not to be described, but by one exposed to the terrors of such a situation. But with the morning light, some of those terrors were dispelled, for my noble and illustrious lord, and all the suit he had taken with him, returned from Vienna, to the Castle of St. Clair, and with him vanished all my fears; for I knew that I should be protected from further outrage while he remained in his princely domain, and that his perfidious wife, and the treacherous Benvolio, would not proceed in the measure of their guilt, in the fear of being exposed to shame and to punishment by the Lord Albino.

"Thus, for awhile, the tiger's rage was suspended o'er the neck of the innocent lamb; and preparations for a long campaign, and the secret expedition that my lord was going upon, were now in the utmost state of forwardness and activity; but as the time progressively advanced, that was to bear me from the presence of my beloved Antoinette, and leave her in the hands of such savage, remorseless monsters, I became distracted with a thousand fears for her safety and happiness; and uncertain whether I might ever return again to the Castle of St. Clair, or if returning, what further evil might attend my fate, I became dejected and unhappy, which my illustrious lord one day perceiving, he addressed me in the following words:—

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"'Ferdinand, I have, for several succeeding days past, remarked the deep melancholy that possesses you, which you vainly attempt to conceal from my observation. I would, from motives of delicacy, withhold from inquiring into the cause of your secret sorrows, did not I know that you would not—could not—impute those motives to idle curiosity, but to the great anxiety I feel for you welfare and happiness. It is painful for me to behold any human being about me miserable, without seeking to know if I can remedy the cause. Much more do I feel for you, because you are the son of a brave soldier, and the orphan youth, whom, in his expiring moments, he confided to my protection. We are about, Ferdinand, to engage in a perilous war; and must endure a long and tedious campaign, ere we shall again behold the lofty towers of St. Clair. Victory or death will decide it: or in other words, Albino must return a conqueror from the field, or fall among the gallant slain ones.—Hearest thou, Ferdinand, the fiat of a soldier's fate, which must also determine thine, if you go with me to the battle? but, haply, thou dost already repent of the resolution thou hast made!—thou hast lately taken to thine arms a young and lovely maiden, which, perchance, may stand between thee and thy affections to a soldier's fortune;—woman, soft woman, doth not incline to war: out peace, gentle peace and smiling love is the proper element for woman's heart: and it may be, that Antoinette would much rather have thy head pillowed on love's soft bosom, than graced with laurels of a soldier's conquest!—and I grant, the wish is natural to a fond woman, just empannelled in the bonds of wedlock. Say then, Ferdinand, if this be the secret burden of the sorrows that

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so rudely press upon thy youthful heart, and so oppress thy lively spirits; speak then:—do I guess truly, as to the cause? if so, I will gladly release thee from thy promised vows, and give thy young wife her husband to her fond arms again.'

"'Not so, my noble and illustrious lord,' uttered I, 'my Antoinette thou hast indeed wronged by this supposition—believe her not so puerile, or so weakly-minded; she hath a woman's tenderness, but she hath also a woman's spirit, which would resist all considerations of her own happiness, that would impede the prospects of her husband's martial glory. No, my good lord, I do not repent (nor ever shall) of the sacred promise I have made thee! Alas! my lord, some other grief doth vex me sorely! the cause of which, with all thy mighty power, and thy most excellent heart, thou canst not relieve! Oh, my good lord, touch not on this tale of my disastrous grief, vibrating every chord that doth pierce my inmost soul, and arouses me to vengeance, fierce and terrible as the fell tiger's rage, when first he darts on his defenceless prey!—yet shouldst thou question me, my lord, as to the import that my words convey, by the immortal gods, I could not answer thee, or ever explain the mystery!'

"To which the Lord Albino, with an astonishment and wonder that beggared all powers of description, exclaimed—

"'Ferdinand, I know thee virtuous, and will not condemn thee; though I like not mystery, yet I will believe thee honest and faithful to thy lord and master; and since Antoinette is not the cause that will oppose thy fortune in the wars, thou shalt follow me to the field of glory, since thou so desirest it—and be thy

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tale of mystery sealed in silence! there must obscured some dark deed, and committed by whom I know not; and you will not, haply, dare not, tell me of it.'

"'Presume not thus deeply, my dear, excellent, and ever honoured master,' uttered I, in the wildest accents of despair and terror; 'there has indeed guessed rightly:—a dark and foul deed have these eyes witnessed in the princely castle; but by whom committed, almighty Power, it is known to thee and thy holy angels!'

"'While I was absent, on the night of the carnival at Vienna,' exclaimed the Lord Albino, 'resolve me this question—I will inquire no further.'

"To which I emphatically pronounced—

"'While you were absent, on the night of the carnival at Vienna, my good lord—that night was a dark deed committed! I nothing more must reveal, till the web of time shall discover it to your knowledge, or the finger of heaven point it out to your observation. It is a crime that will meet the punishment of heaven, though it may escape thine.'

"I thought the Lord Albino struggled to suppress an involuntary and anguished sigh, but he turned from me, in order to conceal it from my particular observation; and bidding me farewell, he hastily withdrew: nor did I again behold him, till within a few weeks of the fatal expedition with the allied forces, to the plains of Morna Penritch; where one of the fiercest and the bloodiest battles ever fought by contending armies, decided the fate of millions. Alas! the brave Fernando was the first to fall—and next to him, his gallant father, the noble, virtuous Lord Albino! What tor-

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rents of tears shed I over their gallant remains! But unavailing was my grief, horror, or consternation, in this fearful hour of universal terror and dismay! for the din of arms, alternately mixed with groans of the dying and the wounded, the neighing of horses, and the sounds of victory proclaimed, even amidst it, would have confused and stunned even the most undaunted and courageous of all mortal men! It was said that St. Julian, the young Bohemian general, had been ultimately the cause of this defeat; but the slanderous tale was false; for well know I, that gallant hero would far more willingly have saved the life of the father of her, whom most his soul adored: but in battle all soldiers meet; whether they be friends or foes, they must do their duty to their soveriegn and their country, or they are no soldiers at all.

"That I had escaped the battle's heat, but for the sake of my Antoinette, I was at this dread moment perfectly indifferent; for I had lost the leading star of all my future destiny, hopes and ambition: and I should have sunk into the lowest depths of utter despair, had not an uplifted arm been stretched out to save me; Sir Orville Faulkner, I need not blush to own that arm was the brave St. Julian's! I was his prisoner, among the many that the army under his command had taken, and happy for me that the fortune of war had designed me such a service; for the youthful conqueror, unlike the heroes of ancient days, who look on the captives taken, as so many objects of contempt and cruelty, compassionately viewed them as fallen enemies, and therefore treated them with tenfold marks of kindness and humanity; and, among the number of his prisoners, I was led to the tent of St. Julian; where, absorbed

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F. R. Stothard del. et sc.

Ferdinand listening to the voice of Ariel.

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in grief for the loss of my gallant lord, and his brave young son, I sobbed out a faint repetition of their names, and became insensible of all other passing scenes around me; insomuch that I was removed from the presence of the mighty conqueror, with the rest of the prisoners, without having once bowed, or bended my knees before him, or by any other outward sign, manifested the least respect towards him: and it was expected that on the following day I should meet the punishment that so gross an omission and offence deserved: but my informants, whom I did not notice by any other way than by bestowing on them a smile of the most abject contempt, were mistaken in the character of the martial hero; his great soul disdained such petty acts, and was above such petty punishments as they had described: for at midnight, while alone in my solitary and lonely cell, by the pale glimmering of a lamp, which emitted its feeble rays through the dark gloom of my cheerless apartment—as I mused on the melancholy change which only the events of one fearful day had made in my situation, a gentle tap at the door of the chamber announced a visitor, who, in as gentle an accent, demanded instant admission within its comfortless walls: but how little did I think, Sir Orville Faulkner, who that visitor was, till I perceived the glittering star that shone upon his breast, and the plume of black feathers that decorated his martial brow, over a forehead smooth and white as monumental alabaster; in a voice of sweet complacency and most compassionate kindness he demanded to know my name, and my rank in the army of the Lord Albino, and whether I had been long in his service, or knew aught of the Lady Margaret, or— There the great hero paused

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and sighed deeply; and I soon perceived that it was St. Julian the great, renowned St. Julian! who had thus condescended to visit, in the lonely hour of midnight, a captive soldier; and throwing myself at his feet, I implored his pardon and forgiveness, for the disrespectful conduct I had observed on a former occasion.

"To which he replied, 'I do not consider offences in that light, as meriting either punishment or requiring apology. I want no such mark of humility used towards me, who am, in myself, humble and diffident of offending others. It was natural for you to love the master whom you served with such faithful zeal and loyalty; and it was equally natural for you to abhor the presence of a man whom you considered as his enemy, and who had defeated his army; therefore to me no apology is due: but for the enemy of Albino, or his brave young son, who has fallen in the battle's heat, believe me, soldier, I am none such; for could I have saved Albino or his son, I would have sacrificed the dearest drop in a soldier's veins. He fell not by my means: let not this slanderous tale be ever told.—That St. Julian occasioned the defeat of the brave Albino. I was mounted, at the head of my soldiery, in a far distant scene of action, when the news reached me that the Lord Albino and the young Fernando both had fallen: and on the instant I flew to ascertain the fact. Alas! the tidings were too true! for mine eyes beheld the gallant slain men stretched on the ensanguined plains of Morna Pentsch! I commanded the bodies of the brave warriors to be borne to my tent, and every due respect paid by my soldiers to the memory of the departed heroes; while with kind care I staunched

their bleeding wounds, and administered every cordial medicine that could be devised by my surgeons to soothe the anguished pangs of parting life; nor left I the tent a moment while one vital spark remained. Methought, as I bent over the couch where they had laid Albion, which I had watered with many a briny tear, that a sigh thus heaved, in deep convulsive groans, from his expiring breast; and gently did I stoop mine ear to his pale and quivering lips: by the immortal gods! Albion knew me! and faintly murmured out the name of St. Julian. Eagerly I clasped within my own his hand, cold with the icy chill of death: and while torrents of tears fell over the pale cheek which I entranced with heart-felt grief, thrice called he on St. Julian again.

I raised his gallant head on the couch they had made to support his expiring form; and, by an effort of almost supernatural strength, in low, broken, and faltering accents he thus addressed me—

"St. Julian, I have revenged thee, for have the men, so generous! had I combated with thee as a friend, and not a foe, this day I had not fallen on the plains of Morna-Penrith. No matter, the storm is past and on a soldier's death, with pardon to those who have so treacherously betrayed me to this inglorious fight: but, oh! I grieve that my brave boy has fallen on all his pride of youthful grace and beauty! 'Twas a kind boy, and he loved his father! St. Julian, one word more, while I have mortal life within me; my wounds bleed afresh, and I cannot long survive this battered body. I have a daughter—thou lovest her—"

"As my soul and life!" uttered I, in frantic accents of wild despair; for what would not I now have

given to have restored the spring of life to the expiring Albino.

"'I doubted it not,' faintly resumed he, 'and my Augustina loveth thee. Win her, and wear her: with a father's dying breath I bequeath her to thee; for thou wert ever worthy of her, though foul tongues went abroad to slander thy fair fame. St. Julian, to Augustina repeat the words of her dying father, and let not her stern mother forbid your chaste and honourable loves. Tell my daughter that I gave her to St. Julian's arms, while dying, on the plains of Morna Fenritch. For the Lady Margaret, St. Julian, I do believe she hath been a treacherous wife; and for the Cardinal Benvolio, I have a shrewd suspicion that he hath played me falsely. Thou understandest me? Let not my daughter be persuaded of the holy traitor. Haste thee to my castle, and protect my daughter: if you are forbidden to enter, storm its walls, and haul down the confessor from his ill-gotten throne of splendour, and of mockery and pomp. For Margaret, spare her not, till she hath confessed her wrongs to an injured lord, who, dying now, can scarcely forgive the stain she hath brought upon his memory. Among your prisoners there is a gallant youth, whom much I loved, for he was an orphan boy, and I protected him, and brought him to the wars. He is called Ferdinand; seek him out from the number of your captives, and, for the sake of Albino, treat him kindly. So, farewell, St. Julian; and may peace, and bliss, and smiling victory, and the blessing of a dying warrior be with you now and for evermore!'

"'Thus spoke, and thus died, the great and virtuous Lord Albino,' uttered St. Julian, heaving a mournful

sigh, but by the immortal powers that rule the high and vaulted heavens, so will not perish the wrongs and injuries of this most virtuous gallant man! Tell me now thy name, and whether thou be the youth he commended to my charge. Art thou the follower of the brave Albino, to the plains of Morna Penritch, and is thy name Ferdinand?'

"'The same, gallant chief,' uttered I, bending my knee before him, and now the humblest, and will be the most devoted of your slaves!'

"'And dost thou know the Cardinal Benvolio,' exclaimed he, 'that same treacherous and crafty villain whom I suspect to be the wily serpent who hath undermined the happiness of the virtuous Albino? knowest thou ought of this dark tale, or art thou bound to secrecy?'

"'Sir Orville Faulkner, I was not bound to secresy as well thou knowest: for my dear lord's peace no longer proved the barrier for my divulging the guilt of the perfidious monsters who only awaited my return from battle to sign my death-warrant; and fully to St. Julian did I impart the measure of their guilt, and what was their murderous design, the moment that I should again enter the battlements of St. Clair'—

"'At which the gallant hero, confounded by such atrocious villainy, exclaimed—

"'And can such perfidious monsters expect much longer to hide such gross and glaring infamy? Can they hope to escape the avenging rod of all-offended Heaven? Oh! my Augustina, and canst thou be safe within that foul sanctuary which thy mother hath defiled, or a false dissembling priest, filled with his abominable crimes of lust, rapine, and even murder?

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No, Ferdinand, I tremble every hour that I am absent from the dear idol of my fond affections, lest she be endangered by the foul contagion that the very air must breathe of, where her perfidious mother doth inhabit; and quickly will I snatch her hence, though bars of adamantine steel, or consuming flames of fire, fierce as Etna's burning gulph, opposed or devoured me by their fury. Ferdinand, you must now follow the fortunes of St. Julian—another battle must succeed to this, more furious than even that thine eyes hath witnessed on the plains of Morna Penritch. Art thou ready to wield thy sword in my service, or tamely wilt thou return to the towers of St. Clair, and there be butchered by a murderous priest and demoniac women.'

"'I have a young wife, my great lord,' uttered I, 'whom sorrowing I left behind me, perchance, she may believe that I have fallen on the fatal plains of Morna Penritch with my gallant masters, and the sad tale would wring the gentle heart of Antoinette so deeply, that I should grieve to wound her thus without a cause. She is the attendant of the lovely daughter of my honoured lord, and most truly doth she love the fair Bohemian lady; as truly as she loveth her!'

"'And how long hast thou been united in the bands of wedlock to the maiden of thy choice,' inquired St. Julian, suppressing a struggling sigh.

"'Scarcely hath ten moons smiled upon our loves, my good lord,' answered I, 'and love to her, and duty to my illustrious patron, hath cost me many sighs, ere I consented to go to the wars—yet duty conquered, and love was left to mourn.—Now, my good lord, one small boon I crave.'

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"'It shall not be denied,' answered St Julian.

"'Once to the Castle of St. Clair let me go to snatch one hasty glance at Antoinette, bid her farewell, and invoke a prayer on her beauteous head. Then will I return, and follow the fortunes of the brave St. Julian.'

"'Should I reject so fond and natural a wish I were a savage monster,' cried he. 'Yet how wilt thou find access to the battlements of St. Clair, bearing as you must do the arms of St. Julian; as a Bohemian officer, you would be taken prisoner, even before you reached the borders of St. Clair.'

"'I will assume the disguise of a Jew pedlar,' answered I, 'so please you, my lord, suffer me to go, I will not tarry long.'

"'And wilt thou in this disguise be permitted to approach thy wife,' impatiently demanded St. Julian.

"'There is nothing more easy,' cried I. 'The attendants in the castle are never watchful of strangers, but when they are habited in the military costume.'

"'And wilt thou in this disguise be the bearer of a message to my Augustina, good Ferdinand?' exclaimed St. Julian, 'a ring, too, shall thou carry, the token of a precious love, given in maiden modesty, when last we parted at the foot of the holy shrine; in the battle's heat, sweet maiden, I cried, I will remember this precious ring, and wear it next my heart!—and then gave I another, engraven with my name upon it, with 'fidelity' in golden letters: this must thou bring me, and I will give thee mine, with fond remembrance of our treasured love. Seeing the ring, she will not doubt that you have authority from me to bear it hence, and will perchance return an answer to the billet that I send her. See that thou discharge this trust faith-

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fully, and at thy return doubt not the gratitude of St. Julian.'

"'Oh, my good lord, could I fail in this,' answered I, 'no more admit me to thy presence—but hang me like a vile traitor, on one of the high trees that skirts yon mountain forest.'

"'At the first break of the roseate morning thou must depart from Morna Penritch,' uttered St. Julian, 'in the meanwhile I will get ready thy credentials, and give thee money and necessaries, to bear thee on thy journey to St. Clair:—Farewell, Ferdinand—I must away to my tent. I do not think it politic to be seen talking with thee by the soldiery, or the guards appointed to watch the prisoners of war. There is jealousy even in a camp, young soldier, and envy, like a withered hag, sits scowling with malignant eye, and haggard mien, to watch the prey she has singled out for her victim; even so the foul canker-worm creeps to the bosom of the young rose, to crush its bud of beauty; and the sly insidious spider, in its web, to dart on the innocent fly, who approaches her dread abode only to perish in its baneful snare! It is now past the hour of midnight's fearful gloom—when morning breaks forth in the azure sky, speed thee to my tent, and I will forthwith give thee further instructions—farewell.'

"On these words the godlike hero departed, and left me charmed with the nobleness of character he had displayed towards me; and overwhelmed with the deepest sense of gratitude, at the kind interest he took in my fate. I, therefore, determined to be guided by honour and rectitude in every action of my future life, towards a man so generous, and so strictly just in his dealings to mankind; and with these reflections closed

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my eyes in the most gentle and refreshing slumbers, with thanks to the divine Author of all good and bounteous gifts, that having deprived me of the protection of one illustrious patron—had already given me another, noble, renowned in arms, and victorious, and still more highly gifted with the power to do me service: and, greatly refreshed by sleep, I arose on the first light of the morning, waiting in anxious expectation of receiving a summons from the officer of the guard, to attend the presence of my commander, nor waited I long in vain for that dearly cherished hope. A knock at the door soon informed me that I had a visitor, and that St. Julian had not forgotten me! for a soldier, habited in the Austrian costume, in a low voice, bade me follow him; and, in a few minutes, I was once more in the presence of my illustrious lord! He had every thing prepared in a small sealed packet that laid upon his private cabinet, and the soldier having immediately retired, he demanded to know in what manner I should obtain the disguise of a Jew pedlar, and whether I was otherwise prepared for the long journey I was about to take, and St. Julian smiled with that beneficent sweetness which always animated his noble and intelligent countenance.

"'I have a shrewd guess, Ferdinand,' uttered he, 'that your coffers are not very abundantly supplied either with gold or silver. Gold, indeed, seldom grows upon a soldier's laurels.' On which the generous and exalted man presented me with a purse, more than sufficient to supply my wants, and, on expressing my fervent sense of his goodness, he exclaimed—

"'Thanks I require not, and will not receive them; let every man, while he can, discharge the duties of

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humanity, and Heaven will repay him, even when man forgets the benefits he has received at his hands.'

"Beneath the folds of my vest I carefully deposited the precious packet with which I was so sacredly intrusted, and not without tears departed from the presence of my noble patron. I informed him that at a neighbouring hamlet I could, without much difficulty, purchase the disguise that would be necessary for the purpose I designed: previous to which I would wear a large surtout, which would completely conceal my military dress.'

"'Thou hast acted wisely, Ferdinand,' uttered St. Julian, 'and now Heaven speed thee on thy way to the hated towers of St. Clair, once the haven of all earthly happiness, but now more detested, from the foul beings that inhabit it, than language can express. Alas! that angel Augustina still sleeps within (how) its impure and contaminated walls!—Ferdinand, soon will they fall and mingle with the dust: for I will storm the castle, ere long—with the fiercest vengeance on Albino's foes. The haughty Margaret will I make my prisoner; and the perfidious Cardinal, that mocker—that vile profaner of all religion's laws, shall meet the fate his crimes deserve! by the immortal gods, I would not spare the crafty priest, though that angel whom my soul adores, were sueing at my feet to sign his pardon! Execrable monster of depravity! to stain the hallowed roof of the august patron who had given him a shelter beneath it; like the serpent of old, came he not forth to deal destruction to all within his grasp? and found he not a fit instrument for his deadly purpose—a weak, vain, credulous, ambitious, haughty, vindictive, cruel, and lustful woman?—in the perfidi-

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ous character of Margaret beheld he not all that he required, to aid him in his invidious and treacherous designs, against his lord and master? Trust me, Ferdinand, no greater devil presides on earth, than a base, evil-minded woman; but of this no more. I shall be calm anon! and will not send thee away with gloomy presages of approaching terror; go and refresh thee with the soldiery; observe silence, and they will respect thee—then, Ferdinand, depart in peace, so that in peace and safety thou mayest return again. For the Cardinal, avoid him,—for the Lady Margaret, venture not in her presence—and, if there be any danger of detection, preserve thy life in time, and, if thou canst bear thy wife from the hated towers of St. Clair—leave me to do the rest; so save thee, Ferdinand, farewell!'

"On this I departed, but preferred far better to journey on, than to return to the guard-room to partake of such refreshments as my lord had desired. Sir Orville Faulkner, the man who has once been deprived of liberty, knows how to value its blessings, when he finds he is free. Liberty is the sweetest privilege of human nature, robbed of which, though health and fortune crown the banquet, it is still embittered with a thorn!—for liberty is a mountain child! it is born in the air, and owes its finest breath to the native skies. Poverty, with all the chilling storms that blow over its defenceless head, hath yet no influence over its free-born soul—and the very moment that I again tasted of it, I began to contemplate its blessings; and I felt a repugnance unconquerable to return to the guard-room, to be considered in the light of a prisoner; although I knew that I had my credentials in

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my pocket that could command me to be set at liberty, from authority they dared not dispute; yet I was unwilling to expose me to the animadversions of the soldiers, and therefore immediately proceeded on my journey to the Castle of St. Clair—only halting at the neighbouring village to procure the disguise that was necessary, and to take some little refreshment. A Jew, with whom I drank a glass of sherbet, at a *cafée*, and with whom I entered into some familiar conversation, very gladly offered me the purchase that I wanted, and without any questions about my requiring such singular articles for immediate use. The Jew looked to nothing but the money that I had paid for them, which being exorbitant to a degree, he went away from the *cafée* fully satisfied with the bargain he had made with —what he imagined me to be—a credulous traveller.

"I had purchased of the Jew, in addition to the surtout, a grey cassock and vest, with large pantaloons of the same colour; red stockings; leathern belt; and black slouched hat, with a single black feather placed in the front of it; besides a red-haired wig, and a huge pair of red mustachios; in which, when I was completely arrayed, so transformed me from any thing to what I was, and so entirely disguised my features and former shape, that it was impossible to resist laughing at my altered appearance; and in this array, I set forward on my journey to St. Clair, meeting with no impediment on my way, till I arrived within five miles of the battlements, which were so closely guarded, that I had much difficulty in persuading one of the sentinels to admit me and my pack to pass on to the interior of the castle, in order to dispose of some of my merchandize.

"'Why, lord love you, you will get nothing there,'

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cried the soldier, whom I had presented with a few articles of my shining ware, ' but crabbed faces, crooked words, and empty purses. There 's a mort of difference, now that my lord is no longer the representative of the castle of St. Clair, I promise you. There 's nothing given away now, but what the cardinal chooses, and, by St. Peter, that is little enough, in all conscience: it would not keep a rat alive, if it were starving to death. No: it's another guess sort of a thing, now, I can assure you; and the castle of St. Clair is no more like what it was, than a church-steeple is to a gate-post.'

I thought the loquacity of this fellow more intolerable than the silence he had preserved before: and began to think, after all my efforts to wheedle him into good humour, that my stratagems would not succeed; but, luckily for me, I had a bottle of sherbet in my pocket, which I had procured at the cafée, while conversing with the jew, which I now presented to the centinel, and which had a very potent influence on his feelings: money, I knew, would have been very impolitic to have given him, not being very consistent with the character that I was personating; and at length, his heart being completely warmed by the invigorating effects of the sherbet, he permitted me to pass the ramparts, and from thence to the interior part of the castle, where, as a jew pedlar, I found a very ready welcome, disposing of various articles of my merchandize, which was purchased with avidity by some of the females, who were so pleased with their bargains, that they treated me with every mark of civility and hospitality that could be imagined; and I contrived to while away the time, till the shades of even-

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ing imperceptibly advancing, they offered me a night's lodging in the castle, provided I would depart at day-break, before any of the family were stirring. 'For,' continued they, winking at each other in the most significant manner, 'we are all under cardinal government here, now he is at the top of the tree, though many wished him at the bottom of it, before our dear master went to the wars.'

'Likely, likely,' answered I; but I uttered no more, for I was aware that it was dangerous to make the Cardinal Benvolio a subject of discourse, fearful that there might be some of the domestics that would act with treachery to one another, and would not care to report it to the ears of the cardinal at some seasonable opportunity; certainly, nothing could be more favourable to my plans, than the invitation they had given me: and I instantly availed myself of it, with the intention of stealing to the gardens of the pagoda opposite to which were the apartments of the Lady Augustina and Antoinette; and there I determined to station myself, till by some lucky chance, I should attract their observation; I recollect that every evening, the Lady Augustina went forth to inhale the balmy breezes of the air, in the gardens of the pagoda, and that both her and Antoinette conversed for a considerable time, in the bower of roses, well knowing that they would be watched in any other part of the castle, by the emissaries of the Lady Margaret.

Accordingly, when I was conducted to the little chamber which they had prepared for me, I took an opportunity of depositing the key in my pocket, which I contrived to do in the easiest manner that was possible, Petro, which was the attendant who was desired

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to shew me to the chamber where I was to sleep, being nearly drunken with the wine (of which there was no scarcity) while we sat supper, which consisted of some excellent venison and other dainties, which, they informed me, had come from the private larder of the cardinal, part of which he had that day feasted off; and they laughed heartily, remarking, that he was fonder of the good things in the larder, than the good things of the church, and that he loved better to eat venison and drink wine with the Lady Margaret Albino, than preaching a sermon in the pulpit!'

To these remarks, I answered not a word, though I could freely have laughed at them at any other time. I was not much inclined to indulge in mirth, however, at the present moment, for I perceived with regret, that the loss of my dear and honoured master had produced no very general appearance of lamentation, even in the very vassals to whom he had been so kind and indulgent a master, and that the castle of St. Clair was become a scene of drunken revelry, boisterous mirth, and riotous dissipation!

With respect to the cardinal, I knew that he was a most abandoned hypocrite, and that his humility was only feigned to controul others, an artifice of pride, which humbled itself to be exalted, for pride is never better disguised and more capable to deceive than when under the semblance of humility: but in afflictions there are various hypocrisies; sometimes, in bewailing the loss of a person dear to us, we weep the loss of wealth, pleasure, and consideration; sometimes we regret the source of approbation we have lost; thus, even the dead have the honour of the tears which flow for the living. This is a sort of hypocrisy

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in which we always deceive ourselves. But there is another hypocrisy not so innocent, because it is put on; it is that which aspires to the glory of an immortal grief, after time, which destroys all things, has consumed their real grief. They persist in their tears, their wailings, and their sighs: they preserve a doleful countenance, and endeavour to persuade, by their actions, that their wretchedness will only end with their lives. This sad and tiresome vanity is usually seen with ambitious, proud, haughty, and unfeeling women, such as the Lady Margaret Albino. As their sex bars the usual roads to glory, they seek celebrity by an uncontrolable affliction. Their's are tears whose shallow sources quickly flow and as readily cease! We weep for the reputation of being thought tender; we weep to be pitied, we weep to be wept for, and we weep to avoid the shame of not weeping.

These were my reflections, as stationed in my little chamber, I closely watched the progress of the moon from behind a cloud, determined, that by her beauteous silvery light I would, as soon as the castle reposed in silence, steal along the corridor, at the end of which I knew there was a private door seldom kept locked, through which I could easily make my escape to the gardens of the pagoda, and so I did; where, quickly concealing myself among the trees that were opposite to the windows of the Lady Augustina's apartments, I could obtain a full view of the objects, and all that were passing within them; and I had not been there many moments before my heart palpitated with a tumult of the most rapturous sensations I ever experienced in my whole life; for both the Lady

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Augustina and my Antoinette appeared at the lattice of the window, under which there was a beautiful larkennet in a golden cage, suspended on a branch of an Arcacia tree, which being full in blossom, diffused its balmy fragrance through the air, and the sweet bird, as if delighted at the approach of its lovely mistress, began to pour forth a strain of the most enchanting melody. Methought, as I caught but a transient glance of the face of my Antoinette, that she looked pale and spiritless, and a very visible alteration had taken place in her beautiful figure since even my short absence from the battlements of St. Clair; and how eagerly did I long to approach her, and tell her that her Ferdinand was returned in safety from the plains of Morna Penritch, and was now in the service of the Bohemian conqueror,—the brave St. Julian! but this it was not possible for me to do while I remained in my place of concealment: from whence, if I attempted to sally forth, I should have completely frustrated the accomplishment of all my hopes and wishes; for at the very first glance of my singular appearance, they would have screamed with terror and affright, and I should instantly be surrounded by the guards, my person discovered, my plans betrayed, and exposed to disgrace and to punishment, for the daring offence I had committed. This apprehension alone withheld me from darting forward, and throwing myself in the arms of my beloved wife.

At length, the wished-for transporting moment arrived; the lattice was softly closed, and presently I heard their light feet descending the flight of steps which led to the entrance of the gardens of the pagoda:

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they approached cautiously and slowly;—the bower of roses was on the left, and they had descended from the right,—they must, perforce, pass the shrubbery, within whose deep shades I was concealed: they could arrive no other way to the bower of roses, which they had chosen for the place of their retreat.

Gods! what were my emotions, when some of the straggling branches of the trees caught the black-flowing veil, which concealed the lovely face of my Antoinette? and in the effort she made to disentangle it, she caught a glance of me! an involuntary, but faint, scream of terror escaped her: when, in a low and tremulous accent, I pronounced,—'Ferdinand! thine own faithful Ferdinand!—let not this disguise alarm the timid fears of my gentle Antoinette, or excite terror in the fair bosom of her illustrious mistress, since necessity alone induced me to adopt it as the only means, by which I could expect the happiness of beholding you again. Be not thus alarmed, then, dearest,—but let me instantly confer with you and the Lady Augustina Albino, on matters of the highest import. I am charged with a sacred trust, which I must herewith deposit in her own hands:—it must be delivered,—the moments are precious! I must see the Lady Augustina! tell her I come from the plains of Morna Penritch, and that I bear a precious relic, even now, about my person,—that I tremble lest it may be taken from me, and I accused of treachery to a most noble and illustrious patron, St. Julian! no less a patron, than the Bohemian conqueror! the brightest and most godlike hero, that ever shone in arms.'

The Lady Augustina had proceeded a few paces be-

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fore her attendant, and was surprised that she had not followed her. She turned towards the entrance of the gardens of the pagoda, and there discovered her attendant conversing with an entire stranger, and one too of so extraordinary an appearance, that surprise and astonishment were alternately blended in each lovely feature of the fair Bohemian lady. I flew towards her; I threw myself prostrate at her feet: I implored her to pardon my intrusion, and an explanation immediately ensued which cleared up all doubts of my not having discharged my duty faithfully to my master. The deep crimson blush which mounted the face of the Bohemian maid, when I presented to her St. Julian's packet, and opening it in my presence, the ring with 'fidelity' engraved on it met her view, was beautiful and impressive; and never will her words and actions be erased from my memory,—pale was that lovely cheek, not yet dried from the tears which she had shed for her honoured father and her young brother, so recently slain in battle; and the rancorous, foul, malicious report had already reached her ears, that St. Julian was the man who had led and spirited up the forces against him:—but did the great Albino's daughter believe a tale so false against the man who loved her? Can love, true love, be unjust to the shrine that it adores? No! it cannot be so, where love is only hallowed, and pure, and holy as the chaste loves of St. Julian and Augustina. She knew the great hero better than to believe he ever could wrong her father. Yet the slanderous tale was breathed into her ear both night and morning that St. Julian was the man who laid her father and her young brother in

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the mouldering dust. But by whom was this slanderous tale reported to her ear? By the poisonous breath of two foul serpents, whose sole delight consisted in making the virtuous and the meritorious miserable, because they themselves were so, from the consciousness of secret guilt and foul misdeeds of mysterious villainy.

Vice, that enemy to virtue, cannot inhabit the same pure hallowed shrine. Although the former often assumes its lovely and bewitching semblance, it cannot long retain its beauteous form. The mask, however preserved with caution and circumspection, will, at one time or other, drop from the hideous monster, and its whole deformity be seen, without a shadow to conceal its no longer imposing appearance. But when the Lady Margaret hastened to her daughter's apartment to unfold this slanderous tale of infamy, she found her dissolved in speechless grief, and unable to defend herself against the bitter reproaches with which she so cruelly loaded her, in accusing her of having bestowed her heart on the murderer of her father and her brother—St. Julian.

At which the tears of the lovely maiden flowed afresh! it was not enough that she mourned her father slain, and her dear brother lost; but it was an aggravation to her miseries to be told, and by her mother, that the only man her virgin heart had ever yielded to in maiden truth and maiden honour, and that, in spite of the rancorous tale, (which she abhorred to hear) that still she loved most dearly, had led her father and her brother to a soldier's grave, and after the first sentence pronounced by her mother, she exclaimed,

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'Do not, I implore you, my lady mother, proffer this foul charge against St. Julian: he could not act thus treacherously and perfidiously;—I am certain that St. Julian could never be the instrument of my dear father's fall, or cause the death of my young brother. He was too much attached to the great cause, which alone animates the breast of a martial hero—humanity! Accuse him not, then, of being the murderer of my great father; 'tis false, as heaven itself is true! I'll not believe the slanderous tale!'

'And have you the audacity to dispute the high authority from whence I derived the intelligence?' cried Lady Margaret: 'Can you presume to question the veracity of that holy, pious, virtuous man, Benvolio, who utters nought but sacred truth: and, in the words of the inspired bard,—'truths come mended from his tongue'?'

'Mended! *marr'd*, you mean, my lady mother,' cried Augustina, indignantly; 'for if he has slandered the fair unspotted fame of the virtuous St. Julian, then will I pronounce him false!'

'Arrogant, presuming, and insolent girl!' cried Lady Margaret, her eyes flashing fire as she spoke; 'soon shall you be taught to repent of this unseeming, and let me add, unmaidenly conduct, to one who scorns the irony of your tongue. But do I not know the cause? doth not thy young forward heart doat on St. Julian? did you not love him, in opposition to your father's stern commands, ere you had scarcely learned what woman's love can be to man? did not your burning cheek proclaim the secret flame, and your eyes confess that he was the idol of your virgin bosom? Tell me, thou perverse one, did you not

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breathe the name of St. Julian, e'en in the silence of the midnight hour ; and when your feverish dreams awakened you from love's rosy slumbers ? have not crimson blushes dyed your virgin cheek, when in confused accents, hardly yet awake, you have whispered the name you loved, and cried,—St. Julian ! oh, St. Julian ! why does my father banish you from me, why does my mother frown on our faithful loves ?—Look at me, Augustina, and tell me if I have pronounced this falsely. You still doat on this same St. Julian, and still would marry him, did not my stern command forbid the sacrilegious rites. Yes, my child would bestow her hand where already she hath bestowed her affections, her virgin heart,—on the murderer of her father !'

'Forbid it, Heaven ! if, indeed, St. Julian is such as you have called him, my lady mother !' cried the frantic, agitated maid, now half subdued, and half reluctant to own she could give credit to a report so injurious to St. Julian's honour ; I ne'er could wed the man that wronged my father ! give me but proof that St. Julian has done so,—and—and—and——' Tears, the most heart-galling and the bitterest that the Bohemian maid ever shed, now stained that lovely cheek, purer and whiter than Alpine snows, ere the sunny ray had dissolved them, and fell on her snowy neck, but partly concealed by her luxuriant auburn tresses, and her sentence remained unfinished. But soon did the Argus-eyes of the Lady Margaret perceive the struggles of her lovely child 'twixt love and duty ; and soon was that pause filled up which love had made :—it was the lucky moment when sensibility and weakness alternately possessed the lovely, virtuous maid ;

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and instantly assuming a tone of the greatest softness and complacency, she exclaimed,—

'And what wouldst thou do, my Augustina, shouldst thou, indeed, believe that St. Julian played thy father and thy young brother falsely?'

To which, the sobbing girl immediately replied,—

'If, indeed, that tale were true, my lady mother, I would renounce the holy and the chaste love I bear St. Julian, for ever!'

'For ever!' repeated the Lady Margaret, in an awfully prophetic tone, the more calculated to impress on her innocent child, the forboding presage of the apostate vows of the man, and the only man, her heart had ever loved.

'Yes, for ever would I renounce St. Julian, if he has thus proved himself a traitor to my father,' cried Augustina, at that moment forgetting all but that dear father, and that dear brother, so lately slain in battle, and that battle had certainly proclaimed St. Julian the conqueror!—His victory over the allied armies had resounded far and near, and none but St, Julian, was in the mouths of the millions; that this bloody battle had been achieved by his means, and his means alone; and both her father and her brother had fallen in the fatal contest. This, Augustina could not contradict the direct assertion of: and staggered for a moment, by the strong appeal made to her by her now weeping mother, (for Lady Margaret could command a fountain of tears whenever she pleased to suffer them to flow) as if tears, alone, were the real indication of internal woe: but it is not so,—for those who shed tears so copiously have not half the sensibility and feeling where tears do not flow at all. It is the deep sigh that

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in secret, heaves from the anguished heart, when no eye is witness to its sorrows, save the all-seeing eye of Heaven, that can alone bear witness of what it feels, that marks the real semblance of grief; for grief, like love, always seeks concealment: it wants not the public gaze of a multitude to tell that it is breathed purely and freely from the source from whence its affliction flows; whether it be mourning over the death of a beloved husband, or a lamented child, and whether the tears shed are really genuine, or only affected, it is not in mortal power to know: but it is known to that divine essence of our nature, which cannot reach mortal knowledge, and the book is wisely shut; if open, no mortal philosophy or worldly wisdom could survive its disclosure of human events! Profanely do we seek to enquire into that knowledge, but who has ever been able to direct us to the divine mystery? and he is wisest and best who avoids it.

And transported at the change which she now beheld in the half relenting and half subdued feelings of her sorrowing child, in the supposition that she now believed in the rancorous tale she had told her, she rapturously exclaimed,—

'There spoke the virtuous and noble daughter of the great Albino! and thou hast conquered, my child, the strongest and the weakest passion that ever reigned in womankind. Yes, St. Julian has been false to thee, and, as I said before, has indirectly, though not openly, led thy father and thy young and lovely brother to the field of slaughter! which I wonder not that thou shouldst so slowly have believed, or that I should feel intemperate at thy warmth: yet my loved girl is now convinced that her mother has not uttered falsely, and

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has proved herself a heroine, by surmounting the hardest trial woman ever met with—an apostate lover! for such is St. Julian! let not thy tears, then, flow for one so unworthy of thy love, but quickly dry, and seek peace and consolation where it is to be found, my love.'

'And where is that, my mother?' uttered the weeping innocent maid, whose look, at this moment, would have called down angels to have pitied her:—her father and her brother slain in battle,—and St. Julian false, and lost to her for ever!—it was too much for her tender nature to bear, nor needed she the reproaches of a mother to have added to the augmentation of her misery; who, however, no sooner saw the accomplishment of her evil designs completed, than she endeavoured, by every means that was possible, to heal the wound her cruelty had inflicted.

Her stratagem had succeeded, and that was sufficient,—and she made use of the most religious arguments to console the agitated spirits of her afflicted child; who, after having been prevailed upon by her crafty mother to take tea in her apartments, retired at an early hour to her chamber, with her faithful attendant, Antoinette; where, relieved of the presence of the Lady Margaret, she gave full vent to the anguish of her feelings, imparting to Antoinette the whole burthen of her sorrows, and the conversation which she had held with her mother respecting St. Julian: to which, after a thoughtful pause, Antoinette replied,—

'And dost thou so soon give credit to a tale that e'er would wrong the virtuous character of such a god-like hero? Can the idle tongue of slander, poisonous and deadly as the breath of serpents, find such belief in the chaste bosom of my lovely mistress, that for a

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moment she could suspect the honour of St. Julian? Lady, heed it not; for though an angel descended from the skies to tell me that St. Julian ere was false to thee,—I would not, could not, believe the scandalous aspersion.

'But my mother told me,' said Augustina, 'and for her voucher did give the Cardinal Benvolio as the author of the vile report.'

'The Cardinal Benvolio,' uttered Antoinette, with a suppression of a smile of the most abject contempt. "Then trust me, lady, that the tale is false; for the cardinal is false, and with falsehood truth cannot exist: it is a plain, white-robed child of smiling innocence and beauty, and cannot be mistaken; but falsehood, when it drops the mask that conceals its hideous brazen front, has no power of withholding its deformity in the eyes of the whole world, and is then unable to defend itself from the contempt and the scorn it has so justly merited. Believe not, lady, that St. Julian ere hath done this deed; but bear in silence, all you hear pronounced against his spotless faith till you have some better voucher for his apostate vows than the Cardinal Benvolio, and the Lady Margaret, your mother. Averse to your marriage with the mighty conqueror, she ever was St. Julian's foe. Canst thou then wonder at the treachery that is connived against him, or that the cardinal should join to aid the foul report? He is an enemy to all that is virtuous, and therefore doth bear enmity to St. Julian.'

Thus ended the conversation between the two fair friends which had greatly tended to tranquillize the agitated mind of the lovely Augustina, respecting the supposed perfidy and ingratitude of her still beloved

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St. Julian. She no longer doubted of his truth and sincerity towards her, and now endeavoured to console, in her turn, the afflicted and alarmed feelings of Antoinette, as hearing no tidings of me, she concluded that I too had fallen on the plains of Morna Penritch, and was numbered with the dead.

"Judge then, Sir Orville Faulkner," continued Ferdinand, "of the joyous transports she experienced again, at beholding me in safety, and finding that I was under the protection of the virtuous and renowned St. Julian: but short was the tide of joy that filled the bosom of my young and lovely wife, when I informed her of the necessity of my again shortly being compelled to leave her, and to embark, with my illustrious lord and master, on a secret expedition, which he was to join immediately: although I softened this intelligence as much as possible, she was considerably affected; yet, after some moments, a calmer conversation ensued,—as I assured her that the proposed expedition would not be protracted to more than three days, and if crowned with victory, that I should then return with the mighty conqueror, and remove her under the protection of a husband's arms from the now hated castle of St. Clair: on which assurance, she seemed better reconciled to a destiny, which it was evident that I could not avoid, or with honour forgo.

In the meanwhile I had received a packet from the hands of the beauteous daughter of Albino, which, I did not doubt, contained the most precious remembrance of her affection; but it was conveyed to me through my Antoinette: and I saw not the Bohemian lady before I departed from the castle of St. Clair,

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which was on the following morning, and on the last night of the carnival at Vienna.

But how to obtain another parting interview with the beloved of my soul I knew not, without again venturing into the interior of the castle, she having been all day in attendance on her young mistress: for to have gone thither a second time, disguised as a Jew-pedlar, would, I was well aware, expose me to the hazard of a discovery, from some of the domestics, who were stationed in the grand entrance of the hall,—through which I must, perforce, pass, ere I could arrive at the apartments of the Lady Augustina. Yet to depart without once more bidding farewell to my wife, uncertain whether I might ever chance to behold her again in this world's earthly space, was far more repellant to my feelings than even encountering danger for her sake.

And in this dilemma, I waited for the silent approach of the midnight hour, when I could steal in unobserved, and hide me in a place where some relics of the ancient armour were usually kept, and wholly neglected, not being that formerly worn by the descendants of St. Clair.

I did so without difficulty; and searching among the huge masses of lumber that lay scattered and piled up in heaps, picked out a habit and helmet of a knight, (which had once been worn, in martial triumph, by a warrior in feudal times) a rusty shield, too, and lance—I provided myself with: and when arrayed in my new attire, I sallied forth by the light of the pale and glimmering lamps that still kept burning in the corridor.

Already had I reached, without impediment, the door of the apartments of the Bohemian lady,—already

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had I placed my hand on the huge and massy bolt that stood between me and the mistress of my soul! in another moment I should enfold her in my arms; my heart palpitated with hope and fear, not to be expressed but by one precisely in my situation; and at this terrific moment of unutterable suspense, a figure slowly advanced towards me from the further end of the corridor:—to retreat was not only impracticable but impossible, as I must have passed this figure to have made my escape.

Nearer it approached me: it hailed me by the name of Ferdinand, in a voice I could no longer mistake. Sir Orville Faulkner, it was the voice of the accursed cardinal which now assailed my ear! who while he aimed a dagger at my heart, furiously exclaimed,—

'Miscreant! think not, a second time, to escape the power of the vengeance of thy mortal enemy, Benvolio!'

I flew at the savage monster: I grappled with him for awhile, with the strength of a young lion, darting on its prey! and in the furious scuffle, the dagger, that he held, dropt to the ground! Sir Orville Faulkner, at that very instant the wife of Albino flew breathless along the corridor, snatched up the fallen dagger, and placing it in the firm grasp of the cardinal, he plunged it instantly in my side.

'Again!' uttered the tigress, 'then throw his body in the Severn. I warrant he never more will rise, to tell his tale to a passing traveller.'

The blow was not repeated, for my blood flowed copiously; and as I heaved a piercing, hollow groan, he concluded that he had finished his murderous design; and dragging me to the end of the corridor, he

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threw me into the deep stream that washed the gardens of the pagoda; where, at this moment, it was possible I became insensible to all the horrors of my situation:—but how long I had continued so, I know not, for on the first moment of my returning recollection, I found myself in a warm and comfortable bed, surrounded by a cottager, his wife, and a little smiling group of innocent, happy faces, which were those of his children. I felt but little pain in my bodily sufferings, and discovered that my linen had been changed, and my wound dressed with bandages, which had been recently applied: but my senses were still wandering and disturbed; and I was so weak, from the loss of blood, that I had scarce power to enquire where I was, or who had preserved me from the jaws of death! even the light, which was partially admitted into the little chamber in which I lay, was too much for me,—and I closed my eyes again, wholly unable to raise them, even to the kind faces that were bending over me with the most gentle and compassionate sympathy.

At length, I heard a soft voice exclaim,—'Mother, he will surely yet die, if we do not awaken him and give him some food.' Which was answered, as gently, in the following words:—

'No, Jane: he is better, far better, and he will recover. Yes, Heaven has heard our prayer, and the poor youth will not die unfriended and unknown! nor the vile assassin, who has stabbed him, remain unpunished for the dark deed he would have finally accomplished, but for that kind Providence who directed your father to the fatal spot from whence his deep groans were first heard! It is well that your brother, Robin, was so early up to work, and assisted Matthew

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in dragging the body from out of the waters of the Severn, or in a few moments the poor soul had perished. It was a piteous sight when they brought him in and laid him beside of our dear little sleeping William; alas! I had no other bed, and no other chamber, to put him in, except my own, and you were with me and my two other girls; and I was sadly frightened, (Heaven knows!) when you father bid me rise, and try to staunch the blood that was flowing like a river from his left side. Thanks to Providence, I soon recovered from my fright, when I saw a poor dying soul in want of assistance; so we gently stript him of all his wet cloathes, the very first thing: then we staunched the wound, as well as we were able, and poured some cordial down his throat, and took the boy up, and laid the poor sufferer in his warm place;—But he never opened his eyes, and we were terribly afraid that he was gone for ever! but last night I dressed the ugly gap in his side again, and the blood is quite stopped, and the wound is better, and in a few days it will be quite healed, and the dear soul supped some warm gruel, though he could not speak: yet he is weak, very weak, and we must not disturb him; in awhile he will be more able to bear the light; so draw the certain, Jane, and comfort thyself with the reflection that we have all done our duty, to save the life of a fellow-creature, who, mayhap, would have perished without our assistance.'

Judge of my emotions of heart-felt gratitude to these humble and kind compassionate angels, who, through the interposition of Divine power, had been the preservers of my existence. Sir Orville Faulkner, my sensations were indescribable, as I listened to the

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simple detail, uttered from the cottager's wife to her young and lovely daughter, who, engaged in the necessary household concerns, had not, it appears, entered the chamber, where I was laid, till this morning, when my pallid countenance and closed eyes made her imagine that my death was certain.

But to have remained silent, after listening to the foregoing conversation, was impossible: and a recollection of all that had happened (which had reduced me to this miserable situation) now suddenly darted across my mind. I remembered that it was the Cardinal Benvolio whom I had encountered in the corridor, while stationed at the door of the apartments of the Lady Augustina,—and that his hand had pointed the dagger to my heart,—that I had grappled hard with him to preserve my life, and in the struggle the dagger had fallen to the ground,—and that I should then have conquered him, had not that demon, in a woman's form, (Albino's treacherous and perfidious wife) rushed in between us, snatched up the fatal instrument of death, and placing it in the hands of the assassin, bid him plunge it in my heart! He did so: but not by her command had he repeated the blow, which would probably have terminated my existence: and not by his means was I, a second time, snatched from the horrors of impending death;—for he believed that he had already accomplished his fatal purpose, and when he threw me in the deep waters of the Severn, that I should never rise more to point to the hand that had done the deadly deed. And e'en in this fearful hour he felt he was a coward, and had dealt a coward's blow, aimed at the breast of an innocent and unoffending man, and instigated by a vile, perfidious woman,

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whom, ere long, he was resolved to treat with the direst cruelty: for where is the man, however prone to vice or folly, that can long be true to woman when he knows that she is as perfidious and as vile as himself? No! the most abandoned profligate—the most licentious libertine is awed by superior virtue, when he sees it enshrined in the heart and the form of lovely woman.

And when the immortal bard pronounced, that

"Conscience can make cowards of us all,"

it was even so with the Cardinal Benvolio: and he retired with trembling and fear from the scene, where he had imagined he had committed the deadly deed of murder, in the character of one of heaven's own ministers, overwhelmed, no doubt, with the consciousness of his guilt and the fear of meeting the eye of that offended Being, from whom he dared not look up for pardon and forgiveness:

Having forfeited it by all ties, both divine and human, to obtain what? earthly ambition—earthly grandeur! how small, how abject, when compared with the happiness of our immortal souls! and the reflection, that with the last expiring sigh fades and even perishes all earthly grandeur and all earthly pomp and vanity, should humble those who, placed in exalted rank and circumstances, think that it can atone for all human error or all human imperfections.

They may find it so, while here they are sojourners, but hereafter it will be of no avail: whether they were born a duke or a duchess, a slave or a peasant, is not of the slighest moment when they must again mix with their mother-earth: and there is then no distinction of

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birth or quality; but he who can meet his Maker with a clear unsullied conscience, (whether he has lived in a cottage or a palace) will meet the same impartial trial as he who has descended to the grave with all his armorial bearings about him.

These were my reflections, Sir Orville Faulkner, even before I had uttered a word of gratitude to my deliverers: and the strange dress in which I was habited, when they took my nearly lifeless body out of the Severn, might have led them to conjecture that I was a man of superior rank and quality, and in that I was resolved to undeceive them the very moment that I gained sufficient strength to converse with them; and I bethought me of the precious packet with which I had been entrusted from the hands of the lovely Augustina, and whether it was yet safe in the custody of the benevolent creatures, who had so providentially restored me to animation by their humane and generons exertions; I had concealed in it a vest, in my bosom, next to my shirt, and if I had not lost it in the struggle with Benvolio, I knew that they must have found it on my person when they stript me of my clothes: and if so, I knew that it was in perfect security, and would be restored to me whenever I was sufficiently collected to converse with them on the disastrous and perilous state from which they had taken me,—nor did I long remain in suspense concerning this, to me, most momentous affair; for the cottager's wife, bending over me, when she perceived that I was wide awake, in a gentle and compassionate tone, demanded to know how I felt myself, and whether she could administer any thing that I thought would be of service to me, at the same time that she held in her hand a bason of nice broth, from a

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chicken, which she had killed from her own little brood, and had duly prepared for me.

Sir Orville Faulkner, if there was an earthly saint I could at this moment have fell down and worshipped, it was this old woman: nor was I slow in returning my heartfelt sense of gratitude for the kindness and humanity they had manifested towards me. In faltering and tremulous accents I implored her thanks, and that of her kind-hearted family, for raising me, as it were, from the mansions of the dead: told her that I was a follower and lover of the great St. Julian, who had lately won the battle on the plains of Morna Penritch, and that journeying with dispatches from my illustrious master, I was attacked by an unknown assassin, as I travelled, in the hour of midnight, on the borders of the forest, and that the inhuman monster, in the supposition that he had completed his bloody purpose, had thrown me in the deep waters of the Severn, that flow round and about the battlements of the castle of St. Clair, where I should probably soon have perished, had not timely and most humane exertions been used to save me.

I thought the old woman looked a little incredulously when I pleaded utter ignorance of the murderer who had been guilty of this dire cruelty towards me, but I soon discovered what were her motives for not supposing that I had any previous knowledge of the assassin, who had aimed the dagger at my life.

The honest creature immediately placed before me the packet I was entrusted with from the Lady Augustina, and the purse of gold that was given me by St. Julian: while she exclaimed,—

'There, youth, is thy property, which my husband,

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Matthew, when we stript the cloathes off thy bleeding body, found about thee; the packet was in thy vest and nearly drenched with thy blood, (God save us!) poor soul, that flowed from thy wound that some villain hath dealt thee,—Heaven punish him for the foul deed! and the purse was lodged in the pocket of thy under garment: thou mayest count it all over, youth,—what thou had is there still, I will be bound for it; Matthew is too honest a man to wrong a hair of thy head, much less would he rob thee of thy money, were he ever so base, in thy desperate state: so thee may count it over, and see if it be right; for all that thee be truly welcome.'

'Count my money when it has been preserved by thee, thou humane, kind, and compassionate creature!' uttered I. 'No! had I the wealth of worlds I would freely bestow it in thy custody and thy worthy husband's. You, who have preserved that which is far more precious than gold, would scarce be tempted to take that which, after death, holds no dominion here.'

'I thank thee, youth, for thy good thoughts towards us,' uttered she; 'nor will I suffer thee to talk much in thy weak and languid state; yet it does not appear that the vile murderer who attacked thee in this forest, youth, had any view of love of gain or lucre, or he had taken thy purse of shining gold, to him more precious than thy life. Near the castle of St. Clair, saidst thou, the assassin met thee in this sad encounter?'

To this inquiry I evaded an explanation as much as possible; by no means wishing to name the cardinal as the perpetrator of this foul deed; for what proof had I to give of it? no one saw him strike the blow,—

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save alone the perfidious woman who had instigated him to this cruel outrage: and my voice, as his accuser, would not be heard by the judges of Vienna, where Benvolio was the reigning idol of perfection. None would believe the tale of horror, unless the most circumstantial proof could be given of his having committed the fact; and I had neither facts or circumstantial proof,—so thought it most politic to let it slumber for awhile, till I should again behold St. Julian, whose mighty vengeance, for that and other crimes, would, ere long, hurl the profane monster from his fancied throne of greatness, and send him sinking to the shades below.

In the meanwhile, under the lowly roof of my kind preservers, I gradually recovered of my wound and regained my strength, though not my spirits, which, on account of the anxiety of St. Julian, were considerably depressed, as well as the uneasiness I experienced in being so near to the hated towers of St. Clair; but I was still so weak as not to be able to sustain the fatigue of a long journey to the camp, where innumerable dangers awaited me: nor could I, by any means, convey any intelligence to my illustrious commander, without hazarding an immediate discovery of my person, and being again surprised by treachery. In the meantime, my kind preserver continued to shew me every attention that their happy dwelling could afford; and I was convinced, before I quitted this humble and peaceful abode, that the blessing of contentment flows more sweetly and pure in the cottages of the poor, than in the lofty palaces of the splendid and wealthy,—who are miserable even when they possess all that they desire, and still desire more! Yes, it is an incontestible

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truth, which cannot be denied,—that the love of gold, the lust of lucre, the rage of property, that hardens the heart and corrupts the principles, as well as blinds the understanding and perverts the judgment: and to use the words of an ingenious poet,

"Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,—
And all its finer feelings fled."

I had now been an inmate in the cottage of Matthew Gray (for that was the name of my deliverer) about the period of six weeks: when one evening, as we sat at supper, the elder son, (who was married to a respectable farmer's daughter in the vicinity of St. Clair) entered his father's dwelling, somewhat abruptly, with the intelligence—that the great army of the mighty conqueror, the brave St. Julian, were exhausted of their provisions, and drained of all their stores, insomuch that the famished soldiery had laid down their arms, and were expiring in their tents; that the camp was deserted, and that St. Julian, having no other resource, had sent a herald from the camp, with considerable monies, imploring the Lady Margaret Albino to grant him some assistance, and to send him ammunition from the ample stores of her garrison; which petition she had peremptorily and haughtily rejected.

Thunderstruck and alarmed by intelligence so afflicting, I eagerly demanded, if he could inform me the name of the herald that was charged with his high authority; and he replied,—

Sir Walter De Ruthen is the name he bears; and

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a more gallant soldier my eyes did never behold. I had a glance of him, on his warlike steed, as he passed the battlements of St. Clair.'

'And doth bear as warm a heart,' exclaimed F. 'Sir Walter De Ruthen is the page of our great commander, and is the glory and the pride of all the army. Would I could behold him, ere he again sets forward to the camp.'

To which, Guillimi replied,—

'Admission to the castle is now a difficult matter, owing to some ill-favoured reports that have reached the ear of the high treasurer, and the ghostly confessor, of this illustrious family,—the Cardinal Benvolio; still, as you are so earnestly desirous of seeing Sir Walter, I will contrive the manner of your entrance there, without any suspicion of your being a stranger, for strangers are prohibited, unless they carry with them a high recommendation to the cardinal from Vienna; but my wife's brother is one of the under-gardeners in the castle, and under the pretence of carrying in plants and flowers, often takes a friend along with him, without the cardinal, or any body else, knowing about the matter.'

I thanked Guillimi most heartily for his kind offer, and could scarcely conceal the transports I felt, that there might still be a chance of my seeing my adored wife once again; yet to venture there alone—I dared not, unless, again meeting the cardinal or Albino's wife, I could, in the figure and habit in which they had long since concluded that they had terminated my earthly existence, impress on their minds the terror of a supernatural appearance; and I determined to appear before them if necessity required, in the habit

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and rusty armour of the knight, which they had stained with human blood, on the night of the carnival. At present I wore the simple garb of a cottager, (with which I had been accommodated by my preserver, as soon as I could leave the chamber where I had laid so long confined,) but I contrived to take the habit of the knight with me on the evening that Guillimi took me along with him to the castle of St. Clair: on entering which, (although no coward) I endured a sort of shuddering sensation, like unto a man viewing the brink of a fearful precipice, from which he had narrowly escaped destruction: the voice of Albino's wife, bidding the accursed priest to strike the dagger's point yet more deeply to my heart, still rung in my ear, and my knees actually tottered under me, when the porter let fall the huge and massy bolt of the western gates, demanding to know our business.

'What, honest Hassan, dost thou not know that yet,' uttered Guillimi, (who was loaded with the emblems of his trade—plants and flowers, with which he had also plentifully supplied me, insomuch that I was nearly sinking,—being still weak,—beneath their burden,) 'that thou need'st enquire it now? Heaven save thee! canst find, in a corner of thy cupboard, a glass of sherbet, for a gardener and yon poor luckless wight, whom I have lately taken into my service, to help me in the grounds, which do stand much in need of the sweat of a poor man's brow, for they have been mortally neglected since the ugly wars have made every mother's son of us handle a musket!'

'A murrain on the wars, and them that made them!' was the surly reply of Hassan, who, satisfied with my being a brother gardener of Guillimi's, suffered me

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to pass without troubling himself to take any particular survey of my person; while, in a few minutes, he produced a bottle of sherbet, and, handing each of us a flowing bumper, made us drink 'Confusion to the enemies of Bohemia, and the overthrow of the allied forces.'

'But hast thou heard the news that is now stirring abroad, Guillimi,' uttered he, 'that St. Julian, that mighty conqueror, who defies the world, and who so lately won the battle on the plains of Morna Penritch,—hast thou indeed heard that famine has visited him, even in the midst of all his smiling victory, and that his brave soldiery are now perishing for lack of food? Even now a herald has arrived from the camp,—the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen,—with a petition to our lady to grant assistance to the famished troops that lay sick in the tents, and perishing for succour, and for food;—but, by my good faith, they'll ne'er have that from our stern and haughty mistress: she's none of the gentlest kind thou knowest, Guillimi; and they have killed her gallant lord and brave young son. 'Tis not meet a widowed wife, and sorrowing mother should thank them for so kind a deed,—and so Sir Walter will haply depart, an unsuccessful suitor.'

'Yet surely it were humanity to save the sinking soldiery,' uttered Guillimi, 'and for the deed thou speakest of, I have heard the tale is false, and the brave St. Julian vilely slandered by the report.'

To which Hassan replied, as bidding us farewell, he returned to his duty at the gate, 'Whether true or false, I care not a stiver.'

'Neither do I,' was the short response of the porter; and onwards we walked to the gardens of the pagoda,

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without further molestation, Guillimi observing the most profound silence till we had fairly reached the centre of this lovely and sequestered spot, the sight of which had nearly overpowered me; for there had I taken a last parting glance of my Antoinette: yet I endeavoured to conquer my sensibility (for the most rigid monster in existence, could not, under such circumstances, have termed it a weakness) from the observation of Guillimi, who pointing to the bower of roses, now in the most delicious bloom, and wafting their fragrant sweetness on the cool breezes of the evening air,—

'See you not that lovely and bewitching retreat is canopied with roses?' uttered he, 'that belongs wholly to the use and pleasure of the great Albino's daughter, the beauteous Lady Augustina, the fairest and the most virtuous of all ladies in Bohemia's smiling land; and being her's, none dare enter these barriers after dark, unless privileged persons, such as thou and me; and Guillimi smiled as he made the remark; but alas! he knew not the deep anguish, which then pervaded my heart, and the bitter pangs of a fond and doating husband, now exiled, (Heaven knows how long!) from the presence of the woman that he adored: and little was I in a humour for mirth or pleasantry at such a moment, nay, I will confess my faults, Sir Orville Faulkner."

"Do so, Ferdinand," uttered Sir Orville, half smiling, yet deeply interested in the conclusion of a narrative which had alternately afforded him both pleasure and pain,—given birth to a smile, and drawn forth a tear of sympathy at the sorrows of the young and amiable wanderer, whose destiny had been so strange-

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ly marked with mystery, crosses, dangers, and disappointments: but for whom heaven, he hoped, had still in store, blessings that he not yet dreamed of, (for when did heaven yet desert its faithful votaries?) and fixing his deep blue eyes full on the changing countenance of Ferdinand, he impressively pronounced,—

"You are incontestibly right, Ferdinand, to confess your faults, since it is only by a confession of faults that we can ever hope to be forgiven."

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CHAPTER XII.

"Oh thou with whom my heart was wont to share,
From reason's dawn, each pleasure, and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above,
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life, preserve thy mild controul;
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind
Devout, yet cheerful,—active, yet resigned.
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes time and chance present
With modest dignity, and calm content."

ROGERS.

"But follies, like diseases, you will allow, Sir Orville," continued Ferdinand, "are often contagious, although they do not amount to vices; the humours of our bodies have a regular influence to move and imperceptibly turn our will. They flow together, and successively exercise a secret empire over us,—so that they have a considerable share in what we do without our knowledge; and most men, like plants, have hidden qualities, which chance discovers, and

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occasion makes known to each other, and still more known to ourselves. And this was my case, while conversing with the honest Guillimi in the gardens of the pagoda: I envied him for the possession of those tranquil pleasures and domestic enjoyments, which never could be mine: and, torn from a lovely wife, whom I then doated on with the chastest and the purest affection, in a state of mind nearly bordering on distraction, if any pardonable excuse could then be admitted, for cherishing sentiments so unamiable,—it was at this agonizing moment, when a man feels that the only tie which binds him to existence, is on the eve of being separated from him for ever. At length, after wandering for nearly an hour in the plantations in order to evade the curiosity of the servants, and when night had again cast her sable mantle over the face of all shadowy things, Guillimi reminded me of the lateness of the hour, and further hinted that if I had any further business to transact in the castle, that it was time to consider of it, as we must depart at a particular hour, when all communications with strangers, not belonging immediately to the castle of St. Clair, would peremptorily be denied, and soldiery placed at the entrance of each door, to see that all interlopers were turned out before the hour of twelve,—the hour always devoted to the private conference of the Lady Margaret Albino and the Cardinal Benvolio, in the gothic chamber of the armory,—the guilty spot of all their perfidious meetings, contrivancy and diabolical consultations; and though I had reason to abhor this fatal place, so lately the scene of my late honoured lord's disgrace and infamy, owing to the faithless conduct of a perfidious wife, yet I had a

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secret wish to visit it, once more, ere I departed from the castle of St. Clair, it being next to the hall of audience, where it was probable that I should obtain a glance of the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen, *that* being the hour for the secret council held there on matters of the state. I then produced the habit of the blood-stained knight, (which I intended to wear) and shewed it to Gullimi, at which he seemed horror-struck and surprised: but telling him that I had a particular design to accomplish, and that I could adopt no other under the circumstances I was then placed, he assisted me in putting it on, and taking care of my clothes till I should return to him, again, in the gardens of the pagoda, which I was now obliged immediately to do: and relinquishing all hope of ever beholding my poor Antoinette again, I was just on the point of quitting Guillimi, when I imagined that I could distinguish a glimmer of light in the western tower, which was adjacent to the apartments of the Lady Augustina, and the sound of a guitar issue from thence.

'Listen!' uttered Guillimi, 'tis a female voice, though low and plaintive, that accompanies the music that we hear.'

I listened with profound attention, and with raptures indescribable, discovered that it was the voice of my Antoinette, who, in soft and trembling accents, sung the words of a favorite air, to which I had often listened with delight in happier hours, which was the following:—

"The captive who in exile wears
The lonely hours away,
Makes hope the soother of his fears,
Companion of his way.

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For while he drags the length'ning chain,
Or tugs the labouring oar,
Still hope will bid him not complain,
Nor distant joys deplore.

But captive love is doomed to feel
An exile more severe;
Nor hope can soothe, nor time can heal,
The bosom of despair.

By chance the captive may return
To happiness again;
But captive love must ever mourn,
And learn to hug the chain."*

Conceive my unbounded transports, Sir Orville Faulkner, at once more being blest with the sound of the voice of the angel I adored: although despairing and hopeless of obtaining an interview with her, yet I rejoiced to find that she was well enough to converse with her lovely mistress; but I took great care not to suffer my emotions to get the better of me in the presence of Guillimi, or to inform him that the charming songstress was my wife, whose vocal abilities he had extolled so highly; but telling him that I would return almost immediately, stole softly out of the gardens of the pagoda, and it being then so dark that no one could discover objects, cautiously advanced, step by step, along the corridor, even to that very spot where the dagger's point was aimed at my breast by that villain of all earthly villains, the Cardinal Benvolio! and that perfidious of all woman-kind, the Lady Margaret Albino! nor will I boldly advance that I trembled not, and did not shudder at sight of that fatal place, where they had designed to have perpetrated a 'most foul and unnatural murder' on a fellow-

* The above air was written and composed by the author at the age of fourteen.

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creature, who had never offered them injury. This once, however, I escaped detection; and as I gradually approached the entrance of the armory, I distinctly heard the voice of Albino's wife, in loud dispute with the gallant warrior, Sir Walter De Ruthen, whose manly and intrepid tone I could scarcely be mistaken in. Violent, haughty, and disdainful was the language of the infamous Margaret; wherein she peremptorily refused to grant the supplies so earnestly implored by St. Julian, and on whose bright unsullied character she was now bestowing invectives of the bitterest and most rancorous kind, ably defended by his faithful and gallant page. Sir Orville, I was no longer master of my feelings; it was the critical moment to awe with terror, and strike with compunction and remorse, the guilty conscience of the perfidious woman; and thus loaded with my own injuries, and those of my illustrious commander, I burst open the door of the armory, and mysteriously stalked along the chamber, thrice waving my hand before I uttered any prophetic warning, and then pointing to the blood-stained garments, bid her beware of her temerity or how she offered wrong to the gallant follower of St. Julian, or denied him the succour he implored.

Sir Orville Faulkner, that moment was decisive, and victory was mine: my stratagem succeeded; the fear-struck Margaret, at the first glance of me, uttered a faint cry of involuntary terror,—she was pale and motionless as a statue,—her eyes glared wildly,—and cold drops of perspiration fell on her forehead, and imagining that she beheld the murdered Ferdinand before her, she shook with a fear and trembling, that almost annihilated her guilty soul! while the gallant

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Sir Walter, awed but not dismayed, stood at her side, surveying my terrific form with calm and silent composure. It was the moment of my retreat as well as that of complete victory; a moment longer had betrayed my person, and a second time endangered, nay, perhaps terminated, my existence: and crossing the chamber, in the same mysterious manner in which I had entered it, I slowly stalked out of it, leaving Margaret in a situation too powerfully impressed by superstitious terror, to be capable of the slightest exertion, or being able to summon her vassals to her presence, or call her attendants to her assistance: she could hold no communication, even at this precise moment, with her prime agent in infamy, for he was at a distance, and she could not leave the armory, to have given the least alarm, without following the steps of her awful and mysterious midnight visitor: who, in the figure of the blood-stained knight, she fearfully concluded, was the spectre of the murdered Ferdinand; murdered by her and Benvolio on the night of the carnival in Vienna; and thus I escaped the tyranny and the vengeance of my most hated and mortal foes, perfectly satisfied that I had achieved the grand purpose I had designed,—that of subduing and humbling, even to the very dust, the stern, unpitying soul of a cruel and inflexible woman, who must now, perforce, grant the boon, she had so inhumanly denied, or dread the appearance of her mysterious visitor again, to warn her of the punishment that would succeed, if she listened not to that prophetic warning, from which she could not escape. It was fear, then, that now induced her, almost immediately, to grant the supplies to St. Julian, which she dared not any

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longer to oppose, and to offer constrained civilities and courtesies to Sir Walter De Ruthen, to hide her depravity and conceal the shame and the punishment that would attend them if ever they should be brought to light; and soon were those notes changed, before discordant and harsh, and resembling the raven's scream, when first she flaps her dark wing and darts impetuous on her destined prey, in the voice (which after slowly recovering from the terrors of the prophetic warning) of the Lady Margaret, as she now addressed St. Julian's gallant page, the only alternative which now remained to her,—being an act of necessity and not of virtue, (for with virtue certainly she had nothing to do) and therefore it might well be said, in this single instance of her life, that she made, by actual constraint to her inclinations, 'a virtue of necessity.' Hence were the supplies (before so strenuously opposed and so haughtily denied) granted without further delay, to the Bohemian conqueror, and his gallant page now treated with every mark of respect that was due to the character of a man that stood at the head of the forces of the great St. Julian: and the supplies were forthwith immediately conveyed, with every convenient necessary provided for the gallant warrior, while he remained in the castle of St. Clair, who set forward with a richly laden cavalcade, and all his retinue, to the camp of St. Julian; but the fatal result thou knowest, brave youth, and the dangers and perils that impeded the progress of this journey, and delayed the meeting with the gallant warrior and his illustrious commander, I need not enumerate to thee, who has so courageously shared in them all; and I hope, ere long, thy faithful fidelity to Sir Walter

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De Ruthen will be meritoriously rewarded; and a glorious and combined victory over all his revengeful foes, crown the happiness of the Bohemian conqueror,—and in this terrestial world that he may enjoy tha calm content and smiling peace, which is the sure and great reward of virtuous actions: and in the celestial one, when summoned to appear, that he may only exchange a mortal crown for an immortal one,—in comparison with, which all earthly glories, all earthly vanities fade, and which, to use the words of the great bard of renowned and sacred memory,

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

One barrier still remains, to impede this smiling victory and this glorious consummation of all St. Julian's earthly hopes and wishes, the secret expedition, on which he is shortly going!—It will indeed be short, but it will be decisive; then if he fails, his glory will be no more; but if he conquers who shall then divide empires with the immortal hero of such deathless fame? Alas! Sir Orville, both your fortune and mine, nay, perhaps the happiness of our whole succeeding lives depend upon this contending breath of fortune's favours. If St. Julian is successful in this last glorious enterprise, like a bright planet he will shine with undiminished lustre, and be the wonder and the glory of the world; the hand of the beauteous daughter of Albino will be his without an opposing voice, or the stern command of a haughty and, too certainly, a rebellious mother, to forbid the sacred rites, that long suffering and chaste love warrants by every

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sacred tie of virtue and of heaven. Made in the earliest dawn of childhood's happiest days were the loves of St. Julian and the Bohemian maid, and naught could ever have divided them but that perfidious woman, unworthy of being called the mother of that angelic being, now the hapless instrument of her cruelty and her revenge."

"She is indeed the loveliest creature mine eyes did e'er behold of female excellence," cried Sir Orville Faulkner, with a struggled sigh, which did not escape the observation of Ferdinand, who perceived, with deep concern, that the young and amiable youth before him was inspired with an unhappy passion, where it could never meet return; and now most delicately evaded any subject that might lead to a disclosure of the loves of St. Julian and Augustina, whose hearts could never be disunited but in death; and resuming the thread of his narrative he continued thus,—

"You may easily imagine, Sir Orville Faulkner, that I did not long remain in the gardens of the pagoda,' after having once quitted the presence of the Lady Margaret Albino, under circumstances so favourable to my wishes; and that I returned to Guillimi with a heart too transported to be expressed in words, and too elated with success: yet by no means wishing him to be informed of my situation; and although greatly indebted to him, for the particular service he had rendered to me, yet it would have been highly impolitic to have conversed with him on so important an affair, still I could not resist the anxious inquiry he made, to know whether I had succeeded in the affair I had gone about, and whether my singular and extraordinary appearance had not alarmed the whole of

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the domestics with the idea that I was the spectre of a murdered man come to haunt them, and to tell them whose hand it was that had sent me to the shades below. Guillimi laughed heartily as he made this remark, and I concluded that it was far best to join him in his mirthful pleasantry, than by a grave or melancholy deportment give him cause to suspect that I had any serious reflections on having assumed a habit so extraordinary; so I carefully replied,—

'Oh, I only wanted to see a pretty girl there, and merely put it on for a bit of harmless glee, just to put them to the rout, while I whispered a few soft nothings in the pretty damsel's ear. We all love a pretty girl under the rose, thou knowest, Guillimi, and why not me among the rest of them?'

Guillimi laughed heartily, and entered, most fortunately for me, into the whimsicality of my humour on such an occasion,—acknowledging, however, that I had made choice of a somewhat strange habit, to make love in to a pretty woman, unless I wished to remind her of mortality and a bleeding heart; 'But every man to his humour,' cried Guillimi, 'and I had mine, I remember, when first I went a courting to my little Annette; her father, who was a farmer, was likewise fond of hunting and a great fox chaser: so I used to go a courting to his daughter with a pair of horns on my head,—and I do believe that the old boy was so pleased with the oddity of the thing, that he gave me his daughter full six months before he intended it.' It was now hardly possible to resist joining in the mirthful strain of honest Guillimi; and I exclaimed,—

'And was your pretty Annette as mightily pleased

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with the oddity of the thing, as her old father? A pair of horns was not the most pleasing emblem, methinks, you could have given to your fair mistress of love and constancy, nor the pleasantest memorandum of matrimony.'

To which, laughing now most immoderately, he replied,—

'Oh, Annette did not mind it: when she found she had got fast hold of my heart, she did not care a stiver about the horns, because I did not place them there only to please her father.'

We now discontinued our little chit-chat and mere harmless pleasantry; and assisting me to doff my terrific habit of the blood-stained knight, I resumed my former habiliments, which was the dress of a gardener; after which, we immediately took our departure from the castle of St. Clair, and made the best of our way back to Matthew's cottage, where, after thanking Guillimi for the service he had rendered me, and the trouble he had given himself on my account, I besought him, at parting, to receive a small testimony of my gratitude, which was a gold coin, (the value of five guineas in Vienna) which, at first he rejected, saying, that if I intended it as a reward for the service he had done me, he would scorn to accept of it in that light, but as a remembrance of friendship he had no objection, and would keep it, for my sake, as long as he lived.

'For what are we born for,' continued he, 'and for what purpose are we to enjoy the blessings of life, if we do not contribute, in some degree, to the happiness of our fellow creatures? The man who lives for himself alone, ought to die like a dog, and I would

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not mind a stiver to witness the hanging of him.' And with these words we parted; and I retired to my chamber, provided by these kind, good, and virtuous creatures, to partake of a repose, rendered more refreshing that night than many former ones, from the consciousness of the exertions I had made to serve my illustrious master: and I was resolved to set out for the camp, let whatever perils betide me, as soon as I possibly could, still bearing the commission of the precious trust which had been committed to my charge by the beauteous daughter of Albino; and well knowing the anxiety and the impatience he had sustained by my long protracted absence, I grew hourly more solicitous to expedite my journey from a place which would have been rendered perfectly obnoxious to my feelings, from having been the scene of so much horror, but that, like Pandora's box, it yet contained a rich jewel in the bosom of it, and that jewel was my Antoinette. Still, however, I resolved to quit the roof of my hospitable protectors, as soon as I could gain intelligence of the departure of Sir Walter De Ruthen and his attendants from the battlements of Margaret and her presumptuous minion; for to have made myself known to him at this peculiar crisis of affairs, would have been at the immediate peril of my safety, well aware that some of the vassals, belonging to St. Clair, would discover my person, and hailing me by the name of Ferdinand, I should instantly be surrounded by her guards, and betrayed into the power of the treacherous and perfidious Benvolio! and the ensuing day I had the satisfaction of learning that the cavalcade, filled with the ammunition and the stores, had finally departed for the camp of St. Ju-

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lian, with some of the soldiery belonging to St. Clair, who were, by her commands, to attend the procession (in which were some of the finest horses of the Arabian breed) as far as the frontiers of the camp; and that one of the bravest and most courageous of all the soldiery in the battlements of St. Clair, was entrusted with the care of them, and the name of this soldier was Macgreggor. I had frequently had an opportunity of conversing with him in the guard-house, and he was a fellow of the most pleasant humour and the most undaunted courage and careful habits, on which account he was chosen by his illustrious lady as the conductor of the cavalcade; and I no sooner learned this, than I was doubly anxious to set forward on my journey. One morning, therefore, at break of the day, I took leave of my generous preservers, nor parted from them without shedding tears of the most genuine sympathy and sincere acknowledgments for all the kind attentions they had so long manifested towards me beneath their humble, happy, and contented dwelling. With much difficulty I prevailed upon them to accept of some token of my devoted friendship, telling them, that in happier times I hoped we should yet meet again, when I should more liberally reward them than it was now in my power to do.

'Reward!' said honest Matthew, 'for what? I dont want any, young man, for only doing my duty. You were within an inch of being drowned in the waters of the Severn, and it would not have been very civil to have let you laid there and perish, for the want of a little help to set you on your legs again. Reward! what does a man want with reward, when he knows that he has done no more than his duty? I was

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rewarded when I saw the blood mounting up to your cheeks again, and that you could eat a morsel of what we had to give you with as good an appetite as we did, and to which you were as welcome as the flowers in May.'

I now once more bade adieu to my hospitable deliverers, and though I was not much addicted to personal vanity, with deep and unfeigned regret, perceived that my absence would be greatly lamented by the kind-hearted Jane, who was the eldest daughter of honest Matthew, a lovely creature, just then entering her sixteenth year, whose hand trembled in mine when I bade her farewell at the door of her father's cottage, and she blushed a roseate hue, when, faltering, she uttered, in words of the most artless simplicity, 'I shall often think of you, when I look at the waters of the Severn, and pray that Heaven may always preserve you in the hour of danger, as it did on that fearful morning you escaped from a watery grave, and perhaps—perhaps—'

'Perhaps what, sweet Jane,' answered I, much hurt to find that I had unconsciously, till this moment, inspired this beautiful innocent with a passion which it was impossible I could ever return, and I sighed mournfully as she concluded her sentence of 'perhaps, you will, some time or other, although in a far distant country, think of poor Jane.'

This artless confession, from lips so lovely, and yet so pure and innocent, was more than I could bear, as a man of honour and of feeling, without seeing the necessity of a hasty retreat; and the image of my faithful Antoinette at that moment reminding me of our plighted vows, I pressed the hand of the cot-

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tager's lovely daughter with no greater warmth than gratitude and friendship warranted; and telling her that it was impossible that I could ever forget the kindness which both her and her father and mother had manifested towards me, I immediately vanished from the presence of so seducing an object, in whose pure and artless bosom I would not have planted a deeper thorn, to have been made the monarch of the eastern world. I had never been a libertine, even when youth glowed in its warmest and happiest season of all-creative fancy, and smilingly stands in all its fairy charms, to silence reason and pervert, if possible, the cautious warning that prudence whispers in our ear to beware of love, and all its sly insidious snares that would tempt us to forego virtue, which, once sacrificed, never returns with that sweet peace again, when her votaries have forsaken her; and I call Heaven to witness that I never yet forfeited her protection, or felt inclined to abjure her sacred ties, by even a temporary forgetfulness of her lovely, chaste, and hallowed form. Antoinette being the only female I had ever loved, and to Antoinette I felt well assured that I should be faithful, till death alone dissolved the bonds of unutterable love between us, and I was not sorry that I was now reduced to the immediate necessity of quitting the humble abode of honest Matthew, rather than have continued his guest only to wound the peace of his amiable child, whose artless affection for me I could never return with honour,—and accurst be that man, for ever abhorred by his own sex, and abjured by woman-kind, who would seduce a woman's love, and betray a woman's honor, without offering to her the only reparation that is then

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within his power—marriage! and if he feels ashamed of doing this, the only atonement he can make to the ruin he has made, it were better for that blush to burn on his cheek than on hers. He was not ashamed to bring her to shame, and therefore should not feel ashamed of rendering her justice.

I concluded these reflections not without heaving a sigh to the memory of the lovely Jane, or a fervent prayer for her happiness and prosperity, and that her future days might pass like a sun-beam, with no dark cloud to obscure its brightness,—and surely the most rigid moralist could never condemn the sentiment that alone excited this friendly wish towards her; for that sentiment was gratitude. For what man can be insensible to a chaste passion which he has awakened in the breast of a virtuous female: even though his heart be firmly bound to another, still he is not to despise the offering, but to respect although he cannot accept it.

In my journey to the camp of St. Julian, I encountered no incident but one, although I halted for repose and refreshment at several of the neighbouring cafées, where nothing but the feudal wars were talked of, and the allied forces against St. Julian dreaded as the most fierce and bloody battle that would ever decide the fate of conquerors ensue, under the high authority and command of the Emperor Josephus; and that St. Julian, with all his deathless fame, now trembled at the approach of the Austrian army, owing to the sickness and the exhausted state of his soldiery; 'and if St. Julian falls, there will be the fall of Bohemia,' uttered mine host, who was smoking his segar with his customers, and drinking sherbet, by no means

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unconcerned at the perilous state of the times, which promised ruin to the burgomasters, and destruction to the merchants, if once it terminated fatally for St. Julian; nor could I hear of these melancholy presages to my noble and illustrious commander, without apprehension and anxiety for his fate, and being in the dress of a peasant gardener, no one suspected how deeply I was interested in the conversation of these sage and learned politicians, and I enquired with an air of the most apparent carelessness if a report had not prevailed that St. Julian was in daily expectation of being furnished with fresh supplies and ammunition from a petition sent to the Lady Margaret Albino, and that in such a supposition he would surely be able to contend, and even to defend himself, and protect his brave soldiery from the attack of the combined forces who were approaching in such hostile warfare against him: to which they replied, and one and all concurred in the same opinion,—

'Yes, and we believe that the Lady Margaret Albino has not been tardy in granting the supplies, but they will arrive too late to aid the cause of the gallant hero, with whom treachery has been at work to effect his ruin, for the Austrian army have already pitched their tents, and encamped them on the borders of St. Julian's battlements, now weak and powerless from the exhaustion and sufferings which they have so recently been exposed to; and brave and undaunted as St. Julian is, how will he be able to contend with troops, high in health, vigorous, strong, and hardy, and furnished with all the necessaries and the luxuries of life, warm in blood, and just imported from Vienna, well paid, in the service of the emperor,

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and with every means and appliances to boot, through all the dangers of the perilous fight. Supported by their generals, the meanest hireling in the camp treats with contemptuous disdain the brave soldiery of St. Julian, and dares them to the field. They scoff at the very name of the immortal hero, who long ere this day has shone the conqueror of admiring worlds, but though a hero, how is he to oppose contending armies, and resist superior force; yet, by superior virtue is he alone distinguished the brightest hero that ever shone in arms! Thrice hath he conquered Bohemia's most revengeful foes; thrice hath he protected our smiling land, which, but for him, had been a pile of mouldering dust.'

'And thrice may he conquer still!' repeated the voices of the whole assembly; 'Let us drink to the health of the Bohemian conqueror: and that success may still crown the laurel of all his smiling victories, and bring him once more in safety to his native land.'

'Yet, much I fear St. Julian will ne'er see that day,' echoed the voice of a grave old man, who hitherto had preserved the most profound silence, though he had listened, with much anxiety, to the discourse; 'Josephus hath too many ministers at court, for the safety and the security and the reward of virtuous actions. Snakes in the grass are seldom seen till they have spit forth their deadly venom, which they do in secret; and the enemies of St. Julian are these very snakes whom I describe; they will stab him in the dark, like the midnight robber, who dares not exhibit his deadly purpose when the shining majesty of heaven glares so full upon him,—it is then that the hardy villain, however murderous his designs or guilty his intentions,

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shrinks beneath that glorious beam, which reflects its beauteous rays on all that moves in the influence of its refulgent rays: it is the light that invigorates and enlivens the whole created world; from that bright sunny ray each plant and flower wakens into new beauty and new charms: the melody of the birds are more enchanting; and the reviving verdure of the fields and the green meadows more delightful to the view; and then the transparent bosom of the ocean,—does it not acknowledge this all-glorious and all-ruling planet, that sheds its bright influence on all the moving objects that in creation reign? Then is the robber and the murderous assassin concealed; till that setting sun is set dares he venture forth on his dark mission, but awaits the hour of midnight, to commit the deadly deed; for even he feels the power of the god of day, and shuns it till its light is shut! Even so, say I, are the enemies of the great St. Julian: they will not attack him in the open light, but they will steal upon him in the darksome hour, when no light is seen, and he cannot discern his friends from his foes; even so will fall the great St. Julian, if (e'en as I hope not) he will fall at all. In the battle's heat he will be the foremost of the throng, for he ne'er slights danger in the cause of glory, who has dared so courageously to attack the foe: when only in his boyish days, he conquered all Bohemia's smiling, but invidious enemies. Still, there are some men, whose graces and whose virtues are but the very chronicle of their undoing, in the estimation of worthless men, and such is the brave St. Julian.'

Thus ceased the old man, to whom every listening ear had hearkened with the most profound attention,

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and every tongue resounded with the note of praise, and I, among the rest, was charmed with the nature of his discourse, which had given me such insight into the virtue of my brave commander; but I was dismayed at the intelligence I had received of the perilous situation of St. Julian, and was determined to set out as early as possible for the camp of my illustrious commander,—resolved, through the very perils of the fight, if indeed the battle had began to approach his sacred person, and to prevent if possible the deadly ball, that would in secret pierce his manly breast, and deprive the world of such a hero. But how was I to achieve this enterprising thought? with the dress of a gardener, I should not be permitted to approach the ranks, much less gain admittance to the camp; and how to obtain a military costume I knew not, without being suspected of having some connexion with the army. Suddenly, however, I quitted the cafée, and pursued my course along the borders of the forest, at the extremity of which, only at three miles distance, was the camp of St. Julian. It was now nearly dark, and I could scarcely discern the path into which I was walking,—yet at distant intervals, I thought I heard faint groans, as if proceeding from some object suffering bodily pain; but from whence it proceeded I was unable to form the slightest notion of. Still as I advanced nearer to the centre of the forest, the dying moans grew perceptibly louder, and I conceived that a wounded man lay there, either having been attacked by robbers, or one of the soldiery who had escaped from the camp of St. Julian; and in this I was not mistaken, for having gained the forest, I was assailed, in piteous accents, by

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a human voice imploring my assistance, and I drew near to a body that lay stretched full-length upon the ground. The countenance I could not discern, but he exclaimed, 'I am a Bohemian, and a dying soldier; I have received my death-wound from an enemy's shot in the camp of St. Julian, and can never more rise from this spot a living man. Stranger, whoe'er thou art, whether friend or foe to the contending armies in this bloody battle, be a friend to humanity, and when I shall expire, I beseech you drag my body hence, from this road-side towards the centre of the wood, that my poor and ghastly remains may not be a spectacle to the passing traveller, or the food for ravens. There cover me with leaves, and take my outward garments for thy reward.'

I almost shuddered at the task which was assigned to me, yet I hesitated not to comply with the request of the dying soldier, who, almost drenched with the blood that flowed from his wounds, nearly covered me with the effusion, as I attempted to raise him from the position in which he had thrown himself: but I perceived that he was dying fast, and that to remove him to any great distance from the spot was impracticable. So I gently inclined his head on my shoulder, but I had scarcely done so, when in a few minutes, he was released from all mortal sufferings, having feebly articulated—'Kind—stranger—I thank thee—for—' The sentence remained unfinished, and the poor fellow breathed his last sigh with his head still resting on my shoulder. The moon was now rising, and faintly gleamed on the ghastly countenance of the dead

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soldier, and I found by the habit that he wore, that his rank in St. Julian's army was somewhat higher than a common trooper.

There is a respect due to the departed spirit of a fellow-creature, to whose state we know not how shortly we may be reduced, which none but brutes would overlook, or attempt to violate; and I could not immediately strip the poor fellow of his clothing, although every moment that I remained in this situation was impregnated with danger, and urged the necessity of instant flight.

In short, there was such little time for the nicer feelings to be indulged, that for my own immediate safety I was obliged to conceal the body of the soldier in the forest, laying him, however, perfectly secure from the observation of strangers, and covering him lightly over with some branches of the trees, which had been his dying request,—having taken off his outward garments, and his cap which was lying beside him, and in which I very quickly arrayed myself, leaving my gardener's dress in the forest: and, surely, after what successively followed this adventure, it seemed as if Heaven had alone designed me to meet with this poor dying soldier, since but for that, Sir Orville Faulkner, St. Julian, the loved St. Julian, had fallen in the bloody battle on the ensanguined plains of Morna!

"Heavenly Powers!" exclaimed Sir Orville, half rising from his seat, and gazing with the most involuntary transport on the fine, animated, and intelligent countenance of Ferdinand, "and were you then so blest as to preserve the life of St. Julian? Were

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you indeed the Bohemian soldier who rushed forward in the battle's heat, to save——"

"A life far dearer, more precious than my own," uttered Ferdinand, "I was that blessed, that thrice happy man. Eternal Providence be thanked that gave me the habit of a Bohemian soldier, for I reached the camp in that disguise when the battle was raging between the contending armies. Alas! what appalling horrors did I then behold! whole masses of disembodied soldiers, some pierced with mortal wounds, and others dying of them, lay scattered in heaps upon the ensanguined plains! The neigh also of dying steeds, who had fallen under the bodies of their gallant leaders, and the din and clash of warlike instruments, all together met in sad and terrible confusion; and for awhile dreadful was the combat, and fierce the rage of battle! Fire, smoke, and sulphur, had nearly blinded my eyes, and prevented me from distinguishing objects that were not immediately near me; but when I heard defeat—and victory proclaimed by the Austrian army, I rushed forward, and beheld the godlike hero on the very point of falling from his white charger. I was close at his side, and straight he fell. But where fell he, Sir Orville? In these arms, at the instigation of Divine Providence, stretched forth to save him! in mine! I grasped him firmly,—he, faint and powerless with the fight,—me, strong and vigorous, and braced to more than mortal courage, for I had borne no part in the affray, and was able to support the body of my wounded lord. They saw St. Julian fall, and the victory over the fallen hero was now complete. In that moment I

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bore him hence!—I ran, I flew, with my precious burthen along the ensanguined plains of Morna. Too busy with the fight, none pursued us; and none could tell the spot from whence his body was so mysteriously removed. God of my Fathers! what were my sensations, my unutterable transports, when first he opened his eyes, and discovered who was his preserver; and he hailed me by the name of Ferdinand. I could have exclaimed, in the words of Douglas, 'blest be the immortal gods, I came this day to do the happy deed that gilds my humble name.'"

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news,—and we'll talk with them too.
Who loses and who wins,—who's in, who's out:
And take upon us the mystery of things;
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a walled prison parks and seats of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon."

SHAKSPEARE.

"And you have done a deed that will live for ages to posterity," uttered Sir Orville Faulkner; "you have preserved a life through, however, the interposition of Almighty Providence; let it not then be supposed that life is to be preserved by human means, unless by the supreme agency of divine mercy, for it is not so; but heaven permits this power to be effected, and places it in the hands of some peculiar object, to perform the fiat of his immediate will: and happy are those highly favoured beings, in whose hands, and by whose means, mortals are sometimes preserved from

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inevitable destruction, since it is certain they of themselves can do nothing, unless permitted by a superior power so to do. Still thrice favoured happy mortal is he who has been an earthly instrument of saving the precious life of such a gallant hero as the brave St. Julian! Ah! how I envy you, Ferdinand, the glory of this immortal day! what honours will it not procure you,—what advancement may you not hope from its success! But pray let me ask, whither did you bear the body of St. Julian, after you conveyed him from the camp, and where did you conceal him while recovering from his wounds? Reports had certainly said that he was not slain, but had escaped by means of a Bohemian soldier. These several reports, with some others, reaching the ears of the Emperor Josephus, caused him to arrest every person whom he supposed had abetted or assisted St. Julian in his escape, or any having formed connexion with him, or espousing his interest; and this it was that impeded the progress of our journey, when we set forward from the castle of St. Clair, and very frequently exposed both Sir Walter De Ruthen and his brave followers to the most immediate danger of our lives. Alas! we arrived too late, indeed, to render him the assistance that he required, and we beheld the plains of Morna Penritch strewed with the gallant remains of many a slaughtered hero! to me it was a sight appalling and terrific, for I had seen none such before; and when the brave Sir Walter searched among the bodies of the fallen and slain, for the loved remains of his illustrious master, and I assisted him in the mournful task, I will own my soul recoiled at the shuddering sights I there beheld! it was a spectacle

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at which every feeling of humanity revolted. I could not touch the remains of a human being, whose ghastly faces and blood-stained garment presented such dreadful vestages of mortality; and as I contemplated these sad and mournful emblems of the fortune of war's rude and desolating terrors, I more than half repented that I had chosen the life of a soldier; and need I enumerate to you the despair, the unutterable despair which took possession of the brave warrior, Sir Walter De Ruthen, when after a useless search, all his efforts were unavailing, to discover the remains of the beloved St. Julian; still the necessity of not continuing near the fatal spot, which had terminated the glory and the earthly career of the illustrious hero, became every moment more urgent: and with a mournful apostrophe to his lamented and revered memory, we mounted our steeds, and instantly set forward on our journey,—choosing the most remote and inaccessible paths, to avoid the detection of St. Julian's foes, or being taken prisoner by the enemy; still there was an indispensable necessity of striking into the public road, in order to expedite our intended plans; and at that moment, thou knowest, Ferdinand, that we strait encountered you and the brave St. Julian, though we knew him not in that disguise."

"It is true," uttered Ferdinand: "we procured both that and the minstrel habit, that I now wear, at one of the adjacent villages through which we passed, but could not have done this without the assistance of a third personage, well acquainted with all our designs,—a woman, an extraordinary heroic woman! not more famed for beauty than for intellect and talent, which far surpass her sex; beneath her quiet, blest,

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and sequestered retreat, in a little lonely hermitage, far removed from the busy haunts of mankind, she sheltered the great St. Julian till he had recovered from his wounds, and regained his bodily strength; she furthermore assisted him in this one great and grand enterprise, on which again depends the fate and glory of the immortal hero, and that of the whole Bohemian empire. It is true, Sir Orville Faulkner: a woman's hand again conducts St. Julian to the field! by her magnetic influence, hath she prevailed on the great conqueror, Zosinski, to aid our cause, and join his armies and call forth his allies against St. Julian's foes. Soon will the grand attack be made that will make a coward tremble, and a traitor fall! Even now the forces are collecting, and, ere long, the castle of St. Clair will be devoured by consuming flames, or fall a mass of mouldering ruins! and Benvolio, that perfidious tool of lust and murder, be dragged forth,—a terrible example of public justice! and that unworthy woman, the base partner of his crimes, be taught to beg and to implore that mercy which, so late, she has inhumanly denied! Yes, she who ne'er dropped a tear of pity for the fate of the miserable captives within her power, must now shed torrents for her own, when brought to justice and to punishment for her crimes.

The brave Macgreggor is already arrived with all the soldiery; and safe in the battlements of St. Antonio is the ammunition bestowed: who takes them thence must feel a conqueror's vengeance, and sink beneath a conqueror's power. Thus far has fortune crowned us with success,—and Heaven, kind and bounteous Heaven! granted the prayer of St. Julian,

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and smiled propitiously on his undertaking. Another day the contending armies will meet again, sword to sword, breast to breast, and the loud trumpet of victory proclaim St. Julian once more the most resistless conqueror, and the brightest hero that ever shone in martial glory! Then shall peace wave her gentle banners around the heads of our brave soldiers, and love and duty welcome his return to his native land! then shall the fairest virgin in all Bohemia's smiling land reward her gallant and her faithful slave with full possession of all her matchless charms! then shall the daughter of the great Albino be led in triumph to a conqueror's bed, and share a conqueror's glory."

"Ferdinand," uttered Sir Orville, a deep sigh bursting from the confines of his inmost soul, "spare me, I entreat you, a further discussion on this subject; not that I envy the great St. Julian the rich prize that he has so dearly gained, or that a hope so presumptuous has ever yet filled my youthful breast, that the beauteous Augustina ever could be mine; but you know not, Ferdinand, how deep, how sharp a pang is hopeless love. You were rewarded with the hand and the heart of the woman you adored,—I never can: an insurmountable barrier, greater than that which divides the swelling sea from the dry land, stands between me and the fair Bohemian maid! Well do I know that, and submit to my destiny; but, oh! ye gods that rule the high heavens, what man can bear, with a calm philosophy, to witness the consummation of all earthly happiness in the arms of another, what he himself adores? Tell me, Ferdinand, couldst thou bear this firmly without one quivering sigh, without one gushing tear? Oh! if thou canst, thou must be

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made of more than mortal mould ; for while we are earthly, we must partake of earthly sensations,—feel earthly wishes,—enjoy earthly hopes, and tremble at earthly fears. Ah ! would it were not so ! would that at this moment I could be dissolved from earthly substance, and, pure and disembodied from all earthly passions,—take my flight to happier regions, blissful as the state of angels, and far removed from earthly care."

"Sir, thou hast breathed a mortal's wish, and but at best, a mortal's prayer," uttered Ferdinand, deeply grieved that so deep and unconquerable a passion had taken place in the bosom of the young soldier, for an object whose heart had so long been in the possession of another ; and he deemed it presumption that he should yet encourage it, or vainly sigh for a forbidden treasure, that not even contending monarchs could possess, and which the long faithful services of his great master had so richly merited from her hands,— "and were you in that blissful state that you describe, but have never felt, you would not thus be permitted to breath a wish impure and unholy, as to desire that which belongs to another, by every chaste tie of honourable affection. Sir Orville Faulkner, pardon the freedom with which I thus address you, but had I not the highest respect for your feelings I should not thus offer you my advice, permit me to say, my warmest exhortation, to warn you of the dangerous gulph into which your passions are hurrying you. You cannot possess the Lady Augustina,—she is another's by every tie, sacred and divine,—she is exclusively the beloved of the great St. Julian : try then, to conqner, nay, wholly to subdue, this hopeless passion, which can

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never meet return. Think no more of the Bohemian maid, or thinking of her, you will bitterly repent the hour. St. Julian is doubly jealous of this treasured love; and for her single sake, has thrice vanquished and subdued his foes; while, in exile from his native land, has mourn'd a life of slavery, and continually bore the insult of his contending foes; and twice did the Lord Albino tender him the hand of his beauteous daughter; which, when in humble and imploring suit he begged for, as the reward of all his services, proud and disdainfully was his suit rejected by the Lady Margaret Albino, with the further insult offered to his feelings, that he never more must approach the Lady Augustina in the character of an affianced lover. Nor was St. Julian ever after this permitted to behold the object of his early love.

Stung to the soul, the great warrior fled to lands distant and unknown, till, in the battle's heat, he made himself distinguished in bright and shining arms! But for whose sake did he encounter such danger and difficulty? for whom did he rush forth like a young lion, armed with tenfold courage, to attack the daring, proud, rebellious foe?—And thrice hath he vanquished,—thrice hath he returned from the field a conqueror: and once only hath he been defeated and overpowered by his foes,—but by the arm of treachery only could he have been subdued; and on the plains of Morna Penritch he would have fallen by it, had not Heaven's own arm arrested the blow."—

A pause ensued to the final conclusion of the interesting narrative of the amiable Ferdinand, who having unburthened his whole heart to the sympathising ear of Sir Orville Faulkner, he thanked him, in terms

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highly flattering to his feelings, for the implicit confidence he had reposed in his honour, and for the serious communications he had afforded him of what was about to be effected in the affairs of St. Julian ;—after which, each retired to their respective chambers, and slept profoundly after the fatigues of their journey ; Sir Walter De Ruthen and his brave commander having, of course, much private conference together after their long and painful separation. Sir Orville Faulkner and Ferdinand breakfasted alone the ensuing morning, but towards mid-day they were both summoned to appear in the presence of St. Julian and the Tartarian conqueror, Zosinski, in the great council-chamber, appointed for the transactions of state affairs : and noble was the presence of both the gallant chiefs—St. Julian and Zosinski,—who, in the midst of all his vassals, and surrounded by his brave intrepid followers, was seated under a canopy of gold, and St. Julian, on his right hand, was, at the entrance of Ferdinand and Sir Orville, apparently engaged in giving instructions to his gallant page, Sir Walter, to read aloud the proclamation for instant battle to commence against the Emperor Josephus, provided he refused the terms of treaty, (for which he had so repeatedly sued) to restore those rights and privileges to the citizens in Bohemia, which he had so long deprived them of: also certain and divers lands (belonging to his inheritance) which he had presumptuously usurped, in defiance of prior claims and the just rights which had descended to him from his long line of ancestry. This was the first treaty made by St. Julian in the proclamation, which if not complied with, no quarter would be shewn, or further time

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granted than the return of the herald; secondly, St. Julian accused the Cardinal Benvolio of aiding and abetting the Lady Margaret Albino of employing spies against the government of the Austrian allies, and of concealing divers stores and monies for the purpose of bribery and corruption, to occasion meeting and rebellion in the Bohemian empire, and spreading a ruin and a famine throughout the already sinking and impoverished land: and he demanded a warrant to arrest both these personages as being traitors to the state; thirdly, he accused the said Cardinal Benvolio and the said Lady Margaret Albino of the foul intention of committing and perpetrating within her castle walls the unnatural and most atrocious crime of murder, on the person of a brave young officer, (who had fought with her gallant lord on the plains of Morna Peritch, and who being an orphan youth, the virtuous Albino had protected him) who, having miraculously escaped from their murderous designs, had now enlisted in his service;—and these charges being all clearly stated in the proclamation, and laid before the high and mighty Zosinski, he commanded St. Julian's page to read it aloud to all the vassals and the surrounding soldiery: desiring to know if it was not a fair plan for St. Julian once more taking up arms against the proud, usurping emperor, to recover his rights and privileges, and also to restore those belonging to his oppressed and unhappy, and miserably betrayed countrymen, who had been so long held in the fetters of witchcraft and superstitious bigotry, by the perfidious cardinal; and whether there were any of them who would not freely join with the allies, to defend and support the cause of St. Julian; that he himself now stood forth the avow-

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ed champion of the brave Bohemian hero, and would join the powerful and resistless force of all his armies, to aid in battle against the emperor, if he refused to comply with the terms of treaty which were now proposed to him.

Zosinski, having uttered these sentiments, sat down again to collect himself; and, like an experienced and skilful warrior, to view, with a calm air of dignity, the countenances of all his chiefs, vassals, followers, and soldiers,—to try if he could discern a feeling dissenting from his own among them, and whether, with both hearts and voices, they would not join in the great cause which he so firmly and determinedly resolved to espouse; but in a few minutes the loudest acclamations of applause burst from the lips of the brave soldiery, and long life to Zosinski and St. Julian,—and battle against Josephus, was the universal sentiment that prevailed: all were ready, at the instant command of their gallant and illustrious leader, to follow him to the field, and aid the cause of the virtuous St. Julian.

"It is enough, my brave and gallant friends!" uttered Zosinski, "a soldier's word, once given, is never cowardly retracted or meanly denied: it is the station of honour, and a soldier never forfeits its protection. I have your sentiments, my brave fellows, and they are treasured in the heart of your faithful leader, who never yet deserted you when proudly you repelled his foes and waved his banners, in the hour of shining victory. You have oft shared in the dangers and the perils of war with Zosinski,—but as oft have you shared in a conqueror's glory: I gave you reward, and you gave me gratitude and fidelity: could

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monarchs ask for more they themselves would be ingrates to the great cause which animates them on to glory. Retire, then, my gallant followers, till the herald shall return from the court of Josephus, our plans are undecisive and uncertain as to battle; the event of to-morrow will determine us. Go, then, and freely enjoy the pleasures of the festal banquet, and, in a full bumper, drink to the united health and success of Zosinski and St. Julian."

The gallant chiefs, in one loud burst of acclamation, and of praise and loyalty, retired from the presence of their illustrious leader: each panting to aid in the great cause against St. Julian's foes, and each brave and loyal breast spurning, with contempt, the malice of his secret enemies; and thrice, as they moved along in slow procession from the council-chamber, did St. Julian wave his hand, in acknowledgment of the services they were about to render him, if required; which soon, he thought, would be brought to the issue and the proof of their professions towards him,—and so thought the great Tartarian conqueror, Zosinski; for the avarice of Josephus, it was well known was greater than his ambition. Wealth was the god of his idolatry; and however strongly urged or just were the claims of St. Julian, it was still probable that, having been so lately victorious on the plains of Morna Penritch, he would again be tempted to engage in battle, (not aware of the powerful allies of St. Julian) sooner than restore those usurped rights, which he had so long unlawfully possessed, at a time when monies were so scarce in his dominions; his late attack, though seemingly crowned with smiling victory, had pretty nearly exhausted his well-filled coffers, and

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that he would refuse the terms which were so insultingly offered to him, both Zosinski and St. Julian were of opinion; and they awaited the return of the herald with no small symptoms of impatience and anxiety; in the meantime, giving every necessary order to the soldiery, and instructions to the officers, under their command, to be in readiness, should battle be the result of their designs.

Macgreggor, the most undaunted of all the Bohemian soldiers, was privately summoned to the presence of Zosinski, and appointed, for the bravery, management, and good discipline he had so lately displayed, to the command of a superior rank, to which only Sir Walter De Ruthen, and Ferdinand, and Sir Orville Faulkner, were appointed in a command above him; these young officers being immediately under the eye of St. Julian, he had the power of directing them whenever they were deficient in military prowess.

"For," observed Zosinski, as he sat in private conference with St. Julian, in his cabinet of state, "we are not to consider the rank or exalted station of men, when whole armies are to move obedient to their command, and one command given improperly decides, very frequently, the fate of empires! A battle is then lost on the strongest side, and the weaker gains the victory without the superior force of arms: but through the improper discipline of young, inexperienced, and unskilful officers, let us not lose the battle thus, St. Julian, and it may be lost by such means as I describe. Macgreggor is a soldier and a man that will not be appalled, in the hour of danger, from the terrors of the fight; but these young men, though certainly brave, are unused to the scenes of war;—let us, therefore,

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place them where we can watch over them as the guardians of their safety and our own: should they falter in their duty, we can animate their courage, and spur them on; but Macgreggor wants no such stimulus, he does not require our instructions, but is as good a soldier as either you or I; with your goodly leave, then, I will station him where most we shall require his services: and in the foremost centre of the battle will Macgreggor hold his rank; we shall then know where we are weakest and where we are strongest, and alter our plans securely."

"Great sir," exclaimed St. Julian, "you were ever politic and wise in your warlike exploits; the most admired and the most experienced soldier that ever commanded an army, what need thou of consulting my judgment, where mine must ever fall short of yours? The only reason why I wished Ferdinand to be near me, I cannot forget, great Zosinski; to his unexampled bravery, exertion, forethought, and perseverance, I am indebted for life—ah! may I not add, to more than life, for he gave me liberty, and what is life without liberty?"

"And truly, for the greatest act that ever distinguished mortal man, he merits more than mortal favour at your hands," uttered Zosinski, "and a time is rapidly approaching, when you shall amply reward this deed of valour. Yes, St. Julian, thy sun is not set, but it is rising—the glory of the great created world! Well hast thou sustained the conflicts of thy adventurous fortune, and she has wearied herself out with sporting at thee; the fickle goddess would now woo thee back to her arms again; let us not flaunt at her smiles, St. Julian, but catch at the coy nymph while we can pre-

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serve her. I, like a blighted plant upon a blasted heath, have neither hope nor love to sustain me in this vale below; but in you hope has not been blighted, nor love torn. Oh, St. Julian! the fairest maid that ever crowned a hero's and a conqueror's bed, now awaits thy return to Bohemia, to call thee husband, and invite thee to the soft bosom of love and beauty. Think thy fate blest among the race of favoured, happy mortals, nor heave that pensive sigh amidst the tumults of transporting joy."

"Great sir, I never yet murmured at the evils of my destiny, nor e'er repined, amidst the malice of vindictive foes," exclaimed St. Julian, "but there's a fearful point to combat still, with the beauteous maid to whom so long my faithful vows were paid. Her mother and the crafty priest have, I fear, long ere this, offered her up a vestal saint to the holy sisterhood in the convent of Mariette Mouline, and if so, still is my Augustina lost to me for ever."

"I'll not believe the maiden so unwise," answered Zosinski; "she loves thee, and would ne'er forego her virgin vows, to breathe them at the feet of cold shrines and buried saints, when thy fond arms are ready to enclose her in a far more gentle shrine."

"I do not doubt my Augustina's truth," answered St. Julian with a struggling sigh, "but she is timid, and her rebellious mother is tyrannical, and she may have compelled her to accept of vows her heart disdains. Pray every pitying saint, when I return to Bohemia, that I may find it otherwise than my fears predict."

At this moment the shrill-toned trumpet sounded the return of the herald from afar, and it vibrated to

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every chord in the hearts of the brave and gallant chiefs.

"Let us send forth a page to meet him," cried Zosiuski. "What wilt thou wager that Josephus rejects the treaty you have offered to him, and that to-morrow battle, victory or death, will be the order of the day?"

To which St. Julian replied,—

"It is not death I fear, thou knowest, great sir; I have braved it often, without that chilling terror and that shuddering fear which prevails in half mankind, at that appointed hour when the soul quits its frail earthly tenement of clay, and takes its flight to happier and more blissful regions of immortality. Why should I fear? I never harmed, never injured, mortal man; and in the very rage and peril of the fight I have grieved me to see a fellow creature fall, covered with wounds, and the life-blood gushing from his heart! then have I deplored the fate and the miseries of war, that urges man to meet man in mortal strife and mortal anger; nay, in moments such as these, great sir, have I envied the calm, quiet, and domestic joys of the humble peasant, whose soul ne'er knows ambition, or e'er sighed for earthly pomp or grandeur, but who, retiring to his humble, happy home, surrounded by wife, children, and friends, enjoys the full completion of all earthly joys, hopes, and wishes, without a thorn to encumber its balmy sweets, or corrode its peaceful slumbers."

"It is true that the most humble are the happiest of mankind," uttered Zosinski, "but it is in the power of any man to enjoy life (let his condition be what he may) if he estimates the many blessings which

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Providence so bounteously bestows: but when we ungratefully murmur at its decree, we are surely unworthy of sharing them; still it never utterly abandons us when we confidently rely on its protection."

At this moment Sir Edgar Foster (the herald) arrived with dispatches for St. Julian; relating first the ungracious manner in which he had been received by the Emperor Josephus, who, enraged at the communications offered to him by St. Julian, and the terms of treaty he proposed, disdainfully and imperiously refused to accede to them,—boldly bidding him defiance to commence any hostilities against him, and peremptorily denying the charges he had preferred against the Cardinal Benvolio, which he plainly told Sir Edgar Foster he did not believe, and therefore would not grant the warrant he had requested.

"Now, then, there is no alternative to choose;" uttered Zosinski, "could you brook to receive such insolent and presumptuous language again from Josephus, after the fair and candid proposals you have made to him, I myself, St. Julian, would condemn you in shewing the least forbearance towards him. Let us then to battle, and dare him to the fight, in which, he thinks, you are not sufficiently armed with forces to resist the attack. Defeated once, he weakly and vainly imagines that you will be defeated a second time on the plains of Morna Penritch,—but that will he not find, St. Julian; we are prepared for combat! let us then again send forth the herald to apprize him of our intentions, or rather yours, for he is not aware that Zosinski, his most mortal and hated enemy, steps forth, your champion and your friend, to assist you in this great undertaking. I am for battle, then, with-

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out delay, and we will pitch our tents on the plains of Morna Penritch in despite of him."

"Let, then, the herald forthwith be dispatched, so please you, great sir," uttered St. Julian, after a thoughtful pause; for never was St. Julian an advocate for war when he could obtain peace: he would rather have wooed that gentle goddess to his arms (even in the midst of all his shining victories) than have strewed Bohemia's smiling plains with the blood of slaughtered heroes;—but he was now urged to the fearful combat, and insulted withal, had, indeed, now no choice to make, but of boldly defending himself against the power and the malice of his vindictive foes. Yet he paused on the great uncertainty and peril of the fight, and shuddered when Zosinski named the plains of Morna Penritch as the scene of action,—for there only had his glory faded,—there, only, had he ever been defeated: and it was not the place, in the present crisis of his affairs, that he himself would have chosen for such a fearful and perilous enterprize, had not Zosinski pointed it out; and to oppose him in any of his designs St. Julian could not presume to do; and after a struggled sigh, and Sir Edgar Foster was dispatched on his mission, he exclaimed, "Great sir, I am now ready to take your further instructions and advice: since battle is the word, for battle am I prepared;—yet pardon me if for a moment I have encouraged foreboding fears, which now are entirely banished by your cheering and animating presence."

"And what foreboding fears were those?" uttered Zosinski with a smile, "what can a soldier fear,—and such a one, St. Julian, as thou?"

"The plains of Morna Penritch!" uttered St.

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Julian with a shuddering sigh; "Great sir, thou knowest that the plains of Morna Penritch have already been a fatal place of contest for me."

"Dear St. Julian, let me persuade you to banish such prophetic fears," uttered Zosinski. "Thy sun did not set there; and by the great planet that rules the high heavens, I will not leave the plains of Morna Penritch till that great sun shall rise, in full meridian splendour, on the fortunes of St. Julian. Behold our burnished banners,—look at our shining arm,—review our brave soldiery, in comparison to which the sickly, half-starved troops of Josephus are but mere puppets and baby girls: and they are those only whom we have to contend with; thou knowest that the most powerful allies and the strongest forces are all ours,—and that they would not stir the length of a musket-shot at the command of the puerile emperor. What need of fear, then, at such a moment of a soldier's triumph? who is there now in the shape of mortal man that can oppose our great design? Come, hie thee to the banquet, and taste of the enlivening juice of the clustering vine; beshrew me, the purple grape hath yet done wonders: I know thou wilt not be drunken, but thou wilt be animated,—thy drooping spirits cheered, and thy warm blood circulate more freely through thy veins; then, at night, we'll buckle on our shining armour, and saddle our goodly chargers for the field,—our nodding plumes waving in the air,—and we'll wear our beavers up, too; no, by the immortal Jove! a soldier's eye should ne'er be kissing the dust, but mounting, mounting, skimming the starry heavens, that soon will light him on to fortune and to fame. Come on to the banquet, and straight I'll fol-

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low and join thee in the cup that shall be the harbinger of joy, and success to the united forces of Zosinski and St. Julian."

"Lead on, then, great sir," uttered the now revived and animated St. Julian, "you are the leading star, to whose influence I now bend,—and at whose bidding I obey. To the banquet, then, so please you, and I will freely taste of the nectareous and enlivening draught, since you will have it so."

Instantly the vassals and the pages attended the presence of their illustrious lord to a superb saloon, where a magnificent repast was placed on a table of massy gold, with wines of the most delicious flavour and superior quality; and at this table were Sir Walter De Ruthen, Ferdinand, and Sir Orville Faulkner, by order of the Tartarian conqueror, presently invited; where he shone in his native character of a great warrior, not more than that of a friendly host,—whose gates were never shut to hospitality, and whose godlike propensities to virtuous actions rendered him, also, as good as he was great. There was a timidity and reserve, however, in the two young soldiers—Ferdinand and Sir Orville—when they came into the presence of Zosinski, which they could not divest themselves of, and which, with smiles of the most condescending affability, he endeavoured to banish from their minds; and beseeching them to replenish their glasses, he smilingly exclaimed,—

"Do you not know, young soldiers, that you will offend me much if you do not consider me, at this precise crisis of your affairs, your equal: for if you do not already know it, I will tell you, that when men meet in battle, armed to meet death or victory, and

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animated and inspired by one grand principle, true to each other, and loyal to the cause of the sovereign whom they love, the country they worship, and the God whom they adore, there is then no distinction of rank or quality, of exalted birth or riches; and the common soldier, whose brave heart pants, with military ardour to revenge his country's foes, is then on a footing with the commander, under whose banners he so serves with unshaken fidelity and with loyal trust. Forget, then, that you are in the presence of Zosinski, the Tartarian conqueror, my young friends; for in the battle of to-morrow, on the plains of Morna Penritch, you will be my equals; and the head of an unburied soldier, when he falls in defending his sovereign against the bold usurpers of the privileges and the rights of his native land, is crowned with laurels of never fading victory, great as the conqueror who sits o'er-canopied with gold, amidst all the splendours of his regal state. Throw off this unkind and unfriendly reserve, which so veils the warm sentiments of a generous heart, young soldiers, and pledge me in a glass, to drink to the success of to-morrow, and victory to St. Julian."

"Noble, and thrice gallant chief, renowned and virtuous Zosinski!" at once both Sir Orville and Ferdinand energetically exclaimed; "Now have you indeed proved that you are as good as great, and as truly wise: before we trembled in your presence,—we unfledged nurslings of war, before Jove's great eagle,—how should we presume to wing our flight so boldly as e'er to talk of battles with one who, like the god of war, has e'er bestrided them with the great, powerful arm of Jove himself? but now you deem it

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not presumption to talk of battle, in your warlike presence, we will be bold to say, that in the contest of to-morrow, on the plains of Morna Penritch, that neither of us will shame thy favour."

"I will believe the truths you utter, brave youths," cried Zosinski, "and joyfully do I pledge my friend, St. Julian, on the acquisition he has gained in two such gallant followers of his adventurous fortune."

And here ended the pleasures of the banquet; for other cares employed each active mind, on the forthcoming event that was to take place on the morrow, if that morrow should ever come,—for bold is he who shall reckon to-morrow for the anticipation of his worldly affairs or to crown his earthly wishes; for, in the words of the immortal Shakspeare, thus counts he on the uncertainty of to-morrow, almost exemplified in every hour of man's fleeting existence to the last that sends him to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, to tell his passing tale to the fearful listener of such prophetic mysteries,—

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow,—a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more. It is a tale,
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

and it is probable that some of these reflections, which not e'en the din of arms, or the glory of conquest, could banish hence, filled, successively, the bosoms

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of each gallant chief, as they lay stretched on their couch the night before the battle on the plains of Morna Penritch; the army, all prepared to meet, at a moment's notice, the instructions of their illustrious commander, waited but for the shrill trumpet's sound,—the neigh of the proud courser, and the waving of the banners, bearing, in triumph, the names of the bold, undaunted Zosinski and the brave, aspiring St. Julian, who slept not, but, ever and anon, walked to and fro' before the battlements, to inspire, by his animated and cheering presence, the brave fellows under his command. Meanwhile, the herald, Sir Edgar Foster, had not yet returned, and the night was wearing fast away.

It was a matter of some surprise to St. Julian, as well as of impatient anxiety, and softly stealing to the chamber of Zosinski, he expressed his fears on Sir Edgar's account,—that treachery had been put in force by Josephus, (or some of his minions) to delay him on his embassy, in order to give time for some concerted measures, which might deceive them, and preponderate to the advantage of the plans of their insidious enemies.

"It is not unlikely that they have detained him for the purpose you imagine," exclaimed the mighty chief, "but that will avail but little, and can tend nothing to injure us, with an army so well disciplined and prepared as ours, to meet the attack; so powerful, too, that all stratagem would fail to answer or accomplish their designs. By my faith, St. Julian, thou encouragest so many sickly fears, that I will believe thou art either most marvellously in love, and fear to lose thy mistress, or thy fame in martial arms. Go to, and

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repose thy scattered thoughts awhile, nor dream of danger when it is not near. When the glowing blush of morn first tints yon azure sky, expect to see me at the door of thy chamber, there to arouse thee from love's soft dream, to encounter rougher scenes than bright enchantments from fair beauty's eye."

St. Julian retired, but not to sleep, for other thoughts engaged his pensive mind, and strange forebodings filled his soul with fearful shudderings, lest he might never more behold the beauteous maid he had loved so long in hopeless agony and wild despair; and thrice he gazed on the semblance of her lovely lineament, in a small cabinet miniature, (which ever nearest to his breast he wore) and thrice examined he the fond remembrance of her virgin-truth and innocence, that she had sent him by the hand of Ferdinand; and thrice folded he to his breast, and pressed with fervor to his lips the chaste token of her love, in a precious billet of her own hand-writing, which contained the following words:—

"St. Julian, dear St. Julian,—what further proof can you require more of my faithful and unchanging affection towards you, than what you received in the holy sanctuary, when the pale moon-beams revealed to you the anguished tears that fell over my cheeks, at our (as I then thought) eternal separation? Did I not then plight my virgin-faith, that to you only should this hand and heart be ever given? and were not angels witnesses to this vow?—did not I kneel before the holy altar, and swear to heaven this most sacred and irrevocable vow? why then, my own St. Julian, do you stagger at my firm faith, or doubt of its being religiously performed? why do you believe that

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woman is so frail—so false?—Must I again repeat those vows, to you so sworn in the holy sanctuary, to me inviolate, that the very breath of whispering angels mingled with the sighs, the tears, I then wafted to thee? must I again remind you of them? must I tell you, that the mightiest monarch, that rules o'er the mightiest empire, in the whole created world, should not tempt me to forego the faithful love I bear to thee, my own St. Julian? and can you doubt that tender love which, ere my lisping tongue could murmur out thy name, yet owned thee for its bosom's lord? and must I breathe my vows anew, St. Julian, to convince you that I love you still?—No, St. Julian! if you will not believe my simple truth and a maiden's promise, cease to love me, and abjure my faith. You ask me of my mother, and you tell me that I am a convert to Benvolio's faith!—Ah no, St. Julian! I like him not so well; but for my mother,—oh! spare me on that fearful theme! I must never condemn a mother, however faulty she may seem: I am her child, and she is my mother,—she gave me birth, and for that I ne'er must speak hardly of her; but for Benvolio, fear him not, he hath not the influence you imagine, St. Julian, or he had led me to suppose that you had been the enemy of my great father; and that both him and my young brother had been betrayed by treachery, and by which they fell, and by you—you, St. Julian! my father's favourite and my brother's friend! and could you once suppose that your Augustina would e'er give credit to the slanderous tale, that St. Julian e'er could wrong my father? No! I was assured of the contrary, nor was it possible for the power of your most vindictive foes to change my opinion of St. Julian's

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worth,—St. Julian's honour! By Ferdinand, I send you the ring you requested; he tells me you are again going to battle. Oh, St. Julian! when will you be wrung of this capricious idol that tempts you on to such vain glory, and idle pomp and ambition? why will you not rather seek the blessings of peace, and the pure, tranquil joys of domestic happiness? Still may every good angel guard and bring you once more in safety to your native land, prays

Your ever faithful
and firmly attached,
AUGUSTINA ALBINO."

With this letter, perused a thousand and a thousand times over; and which contained the most delicate, and the strongest testimony of woman's faithful love, St. Julian consoled himself, with the sweetest reflection that ever filled the transported heart of man, and the flattering hope, that should the battle, on the plains of Morna Penritch be successful, and victory once more be his, that even the austere and haughty Margaret would not continue to refuse him the hand of her daughter, or if she did that Augustina would no longer be swayed by her mother's arbitrary and tyrannic power, but boldly and resolutely breaking through the unnatural bondage, at last consent to yield her hand, where before she had yielded her virgin heart, to her faithful lover. Thus did St. Julian beguile two long, tedious, lingering hours, with thinking on the beloved idol of his affections, and slumbered, but not slept,—cheered with love's ecstatic dream that the day was not far distant when the beauteous daughter of Albino would become his bride; but soon the sound and the clanking of the instruments of war and the

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loud-toned trumpet aroused him from this transporting thought, and hastily he arose from the couch on which he had thrown him; the blush of the orient morning already streaked the vaulted roof of heaven and peeped through the casement.

"St. Julian, awake, arise!" uttered a bold and manly voice: he flew to the door, and unclosing it, beheld the great conqueror, his brother-soldier, and his faithful friend, Zosinski.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

" Oh wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought!
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affection light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
Oh! may thy grave be sleepless as the bed—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victim—and despair!"

LORD BYRON.

" By heaven, treachery has been on the alert, my friend," uttered the great warrior, the very moment that he made his entrance into the chamber where St. Julian was. " Some fellow from our camp, some sneaking mongrel, who, with the shape of a man, and the heart of a kite, has cowardly betrayed the trust that was given to his charge, to lick the sordid dust that supports the now tottering throne of Josephus: or, in other words, St. Julian—one of our troopers, who sustained a foremost rank in the body of pioneers, hath, during the night, found means to make his escape

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through the ramparts; in fact, he is a deserter, and could the vile slave be found, within twenty miles of the station he has quitted, instant death should be his punishment, as there is not a doubt of his corruption, and that bribery has induced him to commit an act disgraceful to himself and insulting to me. But what advantage will he make of it—except the vile purchase he hath made of the monies given him by Josephus, for the forfeiture of what should ever be more dear to man than even life or liberty—his honour, his truth, his fidelity to the employer under whom he serves? Can a traitor, false to a confiding master, be true to aught on earth that binds man to man, by the most sacred ties of integrity and principle? No, he will find that in the end he hath undone himself, and gained no advantage over me; for boldly do I bid defiance to any stratagem or secret power of the enemy. He may inform Josephus how great our armies, and how powerful our allies and how inexhaustible our stores: so much the better! he will then find that Zosinski does not dread to meet his hated foe, or has learned to tremble at his vengeance. We are prepared,—sword to sword, and shot to shot!—victory or death, a soldier's motto! The hour of attack, the break of morning. Yes, St. Julian, when the bright god of day shall pierce yon azure vault of Heaven, the word of battle shall resound from tent to tent: our neighing steeds well caparisoned and ready for the fight; our soldiery vigorous and hardy, and well trained in warlike discipline, will rush like tigers to the field, and with incessant firing, proclaim the word of battle throughout the ranks! Come, then, St. Julian, brother of my heart, and forthwith let us sally round, and animate

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our brave fellows with more than mortal courage. This day decides the fate of Josephus, and the glory of Bohemia. This day shall crown with victory the fortunes of St. Julian, and hurl down vengeance on his hated foes."

"Great sir, at your bidding I obey," uttered St. Julian, buckling on his armour, and viewing the fine martial figure and warlike countenance of the Tartarian conqueror, with the most unspeakable delight and satisfaction; for well he knew that although it was not in the power of mortal to command success, yet that he would do all in the abilities of mortal man to deserve it.

A slight repast prepared in the banquet-chamber awaited the entrance of the godlike heroes, which from the lighted lamps that yet faintly glimmered, gave a solemn appearance to the implements of war, which here and there lay scattered about, and reflected yet more brilliantly the shining armour which the great warriors wore. There was a restlessness about St. Julian which was not unremarked by Zosinski: he eat but little of the delicacies spread before him, and he spoke still less. Sir Walter De Ruthen, and Ferdinand, and Sir Orville Faulkner, were now summoned to the presence of the gallant chiefs, to receive the necessary instructions for the order of this important day; after which the most profound silence prevailed. At length, softly murmured Zosinski to himself, when the attendants had bowed, and respectfully retired,—

"Oh, Mariette Mouline! be thou devil or angel in woman's form, yet still, enchantress, by whose magic spell I am bound to obey thy instructions, whether for good or evil thou intendest it,—oh, Mariette Mouline,"

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(yet more firmly and energetically pronounced Zosinski) " yet thy wishes I obey, and should thy prophecy be but propitious to the fortunes of this eventful day, which thou hast augured will be crowned with victory and success. Then, Mariette, thou wilt alone be mistress of my soul; I'll serve thee still with that devotion which pilgrims pay to holy shrines they worship and adore."

" Mariette Mouline!" exclaimed St. Julian, with a shuddering sigh, as if recalling some involuntary remembrances, most painful and fearful to his memory,— " Oh, name her not, in this fearful and eventful hour, lest that she come before thee in the peril of the fight, in that angelic semblance as when we last beheld her, on the night of the dreadful tempest that shattered the sturdy oak of the forest, and rent the adamantine rocks asunder. Her dark hair in clusters hung o'er her brow, white as the mountain snow; her brilliant eye, like an etherial sunbeam, in the azure sky, shone with an expression almost heavenly, when on Zosinski she turned a supplicating and imploring look; beseeching him to grant her suit in such melodious accents as made one apt to think that music floated through the air: and how majestic waved she thrice her hand, and pointed to the silver cross she wore, as the emblem of her truth to thee, and the dear pledge of plighted vows."

" Which never once have I forgotten," uttered Zosinski, with a mournful and struggling sigh. Sooner would I bare this breast to meet the dagger's point, or drink the poisoned bowl, than forget the love of Mariette Mouline; yet it were not well to lose myself in softness, with thinking on her matchless charms;

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another theme must now assail a soldier's ear, and the word 'battle' be the only one Zosinski e'er must listen to, till the fight be done."

"Sir, thou dost well to act so bravely," uttered St. Julian; "but all men cannot act so firm as thou. More than once hath my Augustina filled my mind; and in my slumbers, while I reposed me on yon couch, methought the lovely maid, arrayed in charms of heavenly light, approached me, and like a cherub smiled: I awoke, and the sweet illusion vanished from my sight." A flood of tears, in spite of philosophy, or a soldier's courage, gushed from the eyes of St. Julian, which he hastily brushed away, unwilling, but not ashamed, that they should meet the observation of the Tartarian conqueror, who exclaimed,—

"Let us cease to dwell on subjects so painful, which avail nothing, in the present hour, but to depress us, and to render us unable to meet the conflict we are about to sustain in the peril of the fight. Away, pull up thy beaver, recover thy self-possession, and follow me to the ramparts, where our armies are all drawn up to receive instructions: then will we give the word for instant battle! The enemy is stationed in the lower plains: we have possession of the higher, which gives us a superior advantage over them, and this station we must maintain by all the force and strength in our power. Come on, then, and dismiss all from your mind, but a soldier's motto—'God and our native land.'"

With these words, uttered in a firm, manly, and energetic tone, Zosinski led the way to the ramparts, where the brave Macgreggor had drawn up the soldiery stationed under his command, in such order and proper military discipline as afforded the highest satis-

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faction to his great commander, and drew forth his warmest praise. The ranks were now arranged in their several positions: the pioneers marched forward, as fine a body of brave, vigorous fellows as ever wielded a sword in the service of their sovereign and their country; and beautifully terrific was the scene before the action on the plains of Morna Penritch. The sun had now arisen in fierce majesty, and gilded with its golden rays the tops of the lofty mountains; the banners of St. Julian and the Tartarian conqueror, were superbly displayed, and glittered in the light of that glorious and resplendant orb, which shed its magnificent lustre o'er the face of the vast created world. The air breathed of the sweets of the rising morn, and blow'd freshly on the half-opening leaves of the spicy blossoms of the areacia tree, which grew in luxuriance on the plains of Morna Penritch: and, previous to the grand and awful mandate which every soldier's heart pants to obey, the martial band began to play, inspiring with animation and giving courage to the already enlivened and renovated soldiery: and, when this ceased, a flourish of trumpets from either army resounded through the camp. Each commanding officer now mounted on their chargers, and superbly caparisoned, now advanced and took possession of their several stations. The troops drew up, by order of their leaders, and the powerful allies of St. Julian, supported by the army of Zosinski, followed in succession, and rushed like torrents down upon the plain; but suddenly halted in their impetuous course, when the advancing heralds, with a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed their approach,—the one was St. Julian's and the other the Emperor Josephus's. "Battle!" exclaimed they,

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"none but battle shall decide the glory of this day! St. Julian, I am commanded to declare, that the terms offered to Josephus are rejected, and in return to your haughty suit, the mighty emperor has declared hostilities against you."

To which St. Julian's herald instantaneously replied,—

"And the same doth St. Julian declare against the Emperor Josephus, who hath usurped his rights and privileges in Bohemia's smiling land, and in defence of those rights behold our armies ready to protect the cause. Battle! battle! battle! all other terms he disdains."

"Battle! battle! battle! the offering is accepted," uttered the herald of Josephus, and with another flourish of the trumpets, the parley ended, and the customary time given for the hour of attack was honourably adjusted by the contending armies; both being now drawn up for the scene of action on the plains of Morna, on this memorable and eventful day, and both commenced, with equal fervor and with equal fury, the bloodiest and the most fearful battle that was ever known in the feudal wars, and the brightest and most glorious victory that ever was obtained over revengeful foes, and the bold invader's of the rights and privileges of a nation's liberty, and a nation's glory.

But fearful was the combat, and dreadful was the carnage which raged with such fury on the plains of Morna Penritch, on that day that many a gallant warrior's head was laid low in the dust, and many a brave heart ceased to beat on the ensanguined plains, strew'd with the dying and the slain.

Unable to contend with the powerful allies of St.

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Julian, and the magnanimous display of courage, bravery, and discipline of the well managed troops under the command of the Tartarian conqueror, soon were they obliged to yield to a superior force they were by no means prepared to encounter, or see every soldier perish. Many of their brave officers were already taken prisoners, and thousands of the stoutest and the most courageous of their soldiers were either slain or lay weltering in their blood, unable any longer to contend with the powerful forces and strength of the enemy; and victory was completed long before the brave St. Julian would acknowledge that he had fairly gained an advantage over his relentless foes. "Let mercy be extended to a fallen enemy," uttered he, as he entered his tent, covered with blood not his own, (for he had not sustained a single wound in this fearful combat which had been the grave of thousands) followed by his faithful page, Sir Walter De Ruthen, who had not escaped in the peril of the fight: his right arm having received a wound in the fleshy part which bled copiously, and which on the first sight alarmed the fears of St Julian that the victory he had gained was too dearly purchased with the life of one of his bravest followers.

"De Ruthen, you are wounded," uttered he, casting an eye of the most tender solicitude towards him; "let a surgeon immediately attend you. De Ruthen if thou art lost, after all thy perils and thy dangers in thy faithful services towards me, dearly will this victory be won. Let the surgeon attend thee, and instant assistance be produced."

To which Sir Walter though somewhat faint, from

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the great loss of blood he had sustained, immediately replied,—

"Great sir, the wound I have received though it bleeds copiously, will shortly be better,—it is but a mere scratch, which I got with the edge of a scimitar of an Austrian trooper who was inhumanly going to cut down a young soldier, who, no longer able to sustain his courage in the fight, had fainted nearly through excess of weakness, and escaping from the grasp of the savage monster, implored my pity and protection; he is now within the verge of the camp, and I bade Macgreggor to take charge of the poor luckless wight till I had received your further orders how to bestow him. Beseech you take pity on this friendless youth,—a beardless boy, so fair and lovely that mine eyes did ne'er behold so sweet a face of perfect beauty. I wonder much how he became a soldier, for his courage failed him when the din of arms, and shot for shot, did make the battle terrible, and I saw him fall, e'en though as he had been a woman, and his complexion did pale to the fairest lily. 'Tis a pretty boy! beseech you take compassion on him; let him not go among the prisoners which the glory of this day hath made thine own."

"It shall be ordered so," uttered St. Julian. "Let the young boy remain with us, since thou so pleadest for him: take him to thy tent, and let him have food and refreshment. But I pray thee, De Ruthen, bind up thy arm, and go in search of my brave followers, and the friend to whose unexampled bravery I this day have gained the brightest victory I ever yet achieved in martial glory, and in warlike arms; and yet too

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dearly purchased by the lives of thousands of brave fellows, whose once fair, manly, and well proportioned forms now lay lifeless and disfigured on the plains of Morna Penritch; and believe me, De Ruthen, that while the glory of this day hath exalted me to the very height of all earthly wishes, and obtained for me the brightest conquest ever known in all Bohemia's smiling land, yet I lament the fate of my fallen friends, and rejoice not in triumph over that also of a fallen enemy. Had Josephus but accepted of the terms for which I sued, ten thousand of his army had this day been spared; but he was relentless: and I, of necessity, in defence of my privileges and rights, and those also of my oppressed, unhappy, and injured countrymen, was obliged to come to open arms, and declare hostilities against him, ere I could recover them."

"No more, great sir," uttered Sir Walter, "no more lament a tyrant's fall, nor reproach thyself with deeds which hath this day made you the idol of Bohemia,—thyself a conqueror, and Bohemia's free!"

At this moment, a loud flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the Tartarian conqueror, who, dismounting from his white charger, and throwing his nodding plumes aside, burst into the tent of St. Julian, while he triumphantly exclaimed, "All hail to St. Julian, once again the Bohemian conqueror! The victory is now decided—the enemy retreated—our banners up—while we trample those of Josephus beneath our feet! A tyrant falls—liberty is restored—and the Bohemians free! I congratulate thee, St. Julian, brother and friend of my heart—I congratulate you on this glorious, this immortal victory over thy revengeful foes! Now let us return thanks to the God

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of battles—the God of all created nature—the God whom we adore! Yes, let us return thanks to Him first, and to our brave followers in the perils of this fearful and eventful day, after they have fought nobly, desperately. Our loss is inconsiderable; that of the enemy immense: ten thousand of the soldiery lay scattered on the plains of Morna Penritch. Some have cowardly deserted their leaders, and fled ere the battle was in its fury, and the rest have we taken prisoners. I have given orders that their wounds be dressed, and that they may be treated with that humanity which they stand in need of; for we are the victors, St. Julian, and it is the first duty of a conqueror, to extend mercy to a fallen enemy, for having fallen, he is no longer such: for though we have a giant's power over our foes, yet it would be tyrannous to use it like a giant when they are no longer able to contend with us. De Ruthen, thou hast a slight scratch, I perceive: get the surgeon to bind it up, brave fellow. I saw thee in the fight, and thou didst well perform a soldier's duty, and deservest a soldier's thanks. But what thinkest thou of Macgreggor? by my good faith, ne'er saw I a fellow stouter in a battle's heat, or one of such desperate courage. Thrice I beheld him fall, but quicker than the lightning's flash, he emerged again from the huge columns of smoke and sulphur which enveloped him; and five troopers cut he down, while one only scratched him on his brow, which straight recovering, he renewed the fight as fresh and vigorous as ever. Ne'er saw I a braver soldier, or one that handled his sword so skilfully."

"But, beseech you, great sir," uttered St. Julian, "tell me didst thou behold Ferdinand, and Sir Or-

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ville Faulkner? for no tidings yet hath reached me of their safety; alas! I fear that one or both have fallen on the plains of Morna Penritch."

To which Zosinski replied, glancing significantly toward Sir Walter De Ruthen, whose looks at that moment had assumed a somewhat melancholy expression, and half revealed the mournful truth now uttered by the gallant chief,—

"And so might we, or one, or both have fallen, and so might thy gallant and faithful page, Sir Walter De Ruthen, and so I feared he would have done, thrice in the peril of this eventful day: but what of that St. Julian, that thou marvellest at it? It is the fortune of war—the soldier's grave. It is his cradle from his infancy, and the rugged nurse on whose bosom he pillows his head, till the grave is his bed, or victory crowning him with laurel-leaves, weaves a chaplet o'er his shining brow of never-fading bloom—the star of liberty, and the bright beaming sun of fame! The latter picture I have drawn of the life of a soldier, and it is thine, St. Julian; beware how you repine at a fate so prosperous and so glorious. Ferdinand is wounded, but not mortally: he lies in his tent, wholly insensible of the passing scene around him; but the surgeons have dressed his wounds, and in a few weeks he may haply recover. I have seen him safely bestowed, and in the hands of skilful men, who will do all that their duty requires, in his present state, which they do not think is yet dangerous. But of Sir Orville Faulkner, I cannot give so good an account; and truth, however painful and agonizing to our feelings, must yet be told. The youth is no more! he fell in the battle on the first attack, and it was a mortal shot that terminated

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his existence. But why grievest thou, St. Julian, for the youth? or why thinkest thou it will tarnish the glory of this memorable day of thy bright and brilliant conquest? Thou didst not kill the youth, nor didst thou aught contrive against him to promote his death. He died on the field of honour, and it was his choice and his fate, which well thou knowest doth not rest in the hands of mortal. It might have been the fate of thou or I, had the high Heavens will'd it."

"He was a lovely youth," uttered Sir Walter, brushing a soldier's tear that at the recollection of Sir Orville's virtues had instinctively strayed down his manly cheek,—"a sweet flower that has dropt into an early grave, before its blossoms were half blown! yet I will be bold to say, from what I know, that it was the happiest lot that ever could befal him,—and that my loved commander here would have thought so had he known the secret grief which filled the bosom of this unfortunate and too susceptible young man. I have dropt a tear over his untimely end, but I should have shed a bitterer tear had he lived to prove the victim of an unhappy and unconquerable passion for the fairest and the loveliest of women, who never could be his: and had he lived, what happiness for him would have been in store? The maid he loved was far beyond his reach—beyond his earthly ambition. Great sirs, need I name her? cannot you guess that the daughter of Albino was the object of Sir Orville Faulkner's love?"

"Augustina the object of Sir Orville Faulkner's love!" exclaimed St. Julian, a bright glow of crimson flushing his cheek, at the same instant that it faded to the ashy paleness of death. Presumptuous, vain, aspiring boy! and did he then sigh for what e'en mo-

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narchs could ne'er obtain. But why should I blame the passion that I myself for whole lengthened years have languished for? Ah! who could gaze once on Augustina, and not love her? Yet I would not thus the brave youth had perished."

"But, by my good faith, thou hadst much rather he had perished than to have lived to have proved a rival in the affections of the woman that you loved,—wouldst not thou?" uttered Zosinski, scarce resisting smiling at the impetuosity of St. Julian; "but let us not dwell on subjects not connected with the present moment of affairs,—the youth is gone, and peace be to his remains!—for other cares must now employ our mind. In the meanwhile some repose is necessary for our weary and exhausted troops; and for ourselves, after the events of this day, we must retire awhile, and consult on measures that may to-morrow prove advantageous to our plans. St. Julian, in an hour hence expect me at thy tent; till then, farewell."

So saying, the Tartarian conqueror quitted the presence of St. Julian, and retired to his tent with his private secretary, Lavalette, to give instructions for the further proceedings of their military designs, marches and counter-marches, on the borders of the camp, not doubting but still there would be sly and insiduous approaches of the enemy; by bribery (for they could injure St. Julian in no other way) to corrupt their troops, merely to obtain some intelligence of their secret plans, and that Josephus, now completely defeated, would try his small remaining strength to oppose their grand design in possessing themselves of the garrison and battlements of the castle of St. Clair, which was immediately the intention of St. Julian, if the Lady

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Margaret Albino still obstinately persisted in refusing him the hand of her beauteous daughter. In this case only would mercy be extended towards her in mitigating the punishment which the atrocity of her conduct had so justly merited; but if she again haughtily rejected those proffered terms of peaceable negotiation, the most desperate and compulsatory measures would then be adopted, and the castle taken by storm, if they would not surrender in any other way. The Lady Margaret and all her vassals would then become the prisoners of war, in despite of all the preconcerted plans of Josephus or his now weak and powerless allies: and what would be the fate of her presumptuous minion might indeed be probably guessed. What does the profaner of religion's sacred laws deserve, when beneath the semblance of its loveliness and purity, he abjures them, by committing crimes that disgrace humanity, truth, and virtue? a punishment far worse than death, although protracted by lingering torments—the inevitable horrors which must always attend a guilty conscience.

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CHAPTER XXV.

" Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathes, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,—
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

" GREAT sir, your orders are obeyed," uttered Lavalette, " the dispatches are already on their way to Vienna," as in a few hours he again entered the tent of Zosinski.

" And have you guarded against treachery, bribery, or corruption, in the soldiery?" demanded the Tartarian chief, " have you prevented all communication with them and the prisoners under any pretence whatever?"

" I have, my lord," answered Lavalette, " done ac-

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cording to the high authority which it has been your great pleasure to invest in my hands. There is no access to any part of the camp, to approach the tents of the dying and the wounded prisoners, many of whom have breathed their last expiring sigh while the surgeons were dressing their wounds, which are desperate, and which, believe me, my great lord, has considerably affected me,—the groans of the dying men have been piteous."

"It were better that you had been a woman than to talk thus, thou whimpering fool," uttered Zosinski; "not but I feel the sufferings thou describest, and do not rejoice over the fate of fallen foes; but tears do not become a soldier. But let the sick be kindly attended to, the dying treated with respect, and the wounded have every assistance that our skilful surgeons can afford them. Let it not be said that the Bohemian conqueror e'er slighted humanity, or forgot the dying and the wounded enemy, over whom he has gained the victory. Poor fellows! see that they do not lack the means of help: granting to them such indulgencies as the extremity of their present sufferings require. In the meanwhile, give orders to Macgreggor, that some of our troops be in instant readiness to march by to-morrow's dawn for the fortress of St. Antonio; for thither must we send our prisoners: or mark you, Lavalette, should they tarry much longer in the camp, they may be busy with their eyes as well as their tongues,—to avoid which, we must place a padlock on them. You understand me,—we must have them in our own custody, or there will be treachery and bribery abroad before we are aware of it, and thus frustrate our designs on the castle of St. Clair. Have the remains of

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our gallant officers, who have fallen in this battle, been decently interred?"

To which the secretary replied,—

"All that could be found, great sir, amongst the mangled and disfigured heap, that, after the peril of the fight was over, lay scattered on the plains of Morna Penritch, have been duly attended to, and amongst that number we discovered the body of Sir Orville Faulkner: pointed out to us indeed by the expressive gestures of that brave young officer who bears no other name than that of Ferdinand, who having been desperately wounded, was faint through loss of blood, and was lying on the ground beside him; but quickly we bare him up, and administering a cordial, found that life was not wholly extinct. He bled profusely, but we bound up his wounds as well as we could; still he had no power of speech; but with the little strength he had, he pointed to the lifeless body that lay beside him, and by his direction we took him up; and by the uniform he wore, well knew that he was an officer, bearing a superior rank in the service of St. Julian,—but not one at all known to the veteran soldiery. Be this as it were, sir, we bore him to the tent of the surgeons, and had every necessary assistance applied; but vain were the efforts to recal the vital spark, which had for ever fled. He had received his death-wound from one single shot, which had passed through his heart; and no human skill could restore him to animation. On the which declaration of the surgeons, we, after a decent ceremony, interred the remains of the brave youth whose life had been sacrificed in the service of his sovereign and his country; but we were obliged to apply to Macgreggor, for his

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name and his rank in the army of the Bohemian conqueror; and the poor fellow, on looking on the pale corpse before him, was considerably affected, and, in despite of the rough, undaunted character of a veteran soldier, he drop a tear over the body of Sir Orville Faulkner, whom, he informed us, was formerly the page of the Lady Margaret Albino, but who having seen and conversed with the brave Sir Walter De Ruthen, had inspired him with so great a thirst for military ardour, that he resolved to embrace the profession of a soldier, and to enlist into the service of St. Julian, to which Macgreggor added the most amiable portraiture of the character, manners, and disposition of this exemplary young man."

"And I grieve that he is numbered with the slain who have in this tremendous and fearful battle been engaged," uttered Zosinski; "but what boots it our sorrow? It is the fortune of war to perish in battle:—the fate of monarchs, and the fall of empires—they are all decided by battle. Go to: you have a woman's heart, Lavalette; nor mourn the youth departed, whom when living thou never knew; for other cares must now employ our minds. The living claim some duty: vainly thou bestowest thy cares upon the silent dead; for, in the words of an admired poet, I think of departed spirits as he so beautifully describes it in his Elegy in a Country Church-yard,—

> "Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death."

No, Lavalette: thou knowest they can do neither; and therefore unavailing are all our regrets over the

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fate of mortals who have this day perished on the plains of Morna Penritch. They are at peace, beyond this world's earthly space, and free from earthly cares and earthly sorrows. The sojourners that remain behind, are only those to whom these cares or sorrows belong; and they are in a state of action and of exertion in which it is necessary for them to move, while they continue in a state of mortal suffering, from which nothing but death can utterly dissolve them: and if this exertion is neglected, and man is too indolent to perform his duty in the path of life in which Providence has intended that he should pursue, even unto his life's end, it were better that he had never been born at all than wilfully to shun it, or sigh for that in which he was never designed to move, or for pomp and splendour which never can be his. Go, then, Lavalette, and discharge thy duty in the situation in which thy destiny has placed thee; and content thee that it is no worse a one."

Zosinski ceased speaking, and the secretary withdrew to obey implicitly the commands of his illustrious master; and such repose as can visit the tumults of a noisy camp, closed, that night, the weary eyelids of the inhabitants of the plains of Morna Penritch; but the ensuing day was ushered in with great anxiety to the gallant chiefs: for through some inattention of the soldiery, who had taken guard over the prisoners, many had already found means to escape during the darkness of the night, while those who yet remained had become rebellious and even insolent, although treated with kindness in the hands of those who had received orders to use mildness, instead of severity, towards them.

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"Vile miscreants! and do they thus ungratefully requite the humane attentions that have been shewn them?" uttered Zosinski in a voice of thunder: "it is then indeed necessary that we adopt different measures than what we intended. This very day they shall be removed from the camp, and straight conveyed to the fortress of St. Antonio, where they shall be kept in strict confinement and subjection, and remain closely guarded by our stoutest and our bravest fellows, till our further pleasure: till when, they shall be taught to feel and to know that when a conqueror extends mercy to his vanquished foes, that he will not, at the same moment, be insulted with impunity. Tell also Macgreggor to attend, for a few moments, my presence: I have some instructions to give him, which, at the present crisis of affairs, cannot possibly be delayed."

Lavalette bowed and respectfully retired, and in a few minutes the brave Macgreggor appeared to receive the commands and the instructions of the gallant chief, who addressed him in the following terms:—

"Macgreggor, when a brave soldier has conscientiously discharged his duty to his sovereign and his country, he merits not only thanks—but has an undoubted claim to the reward of his faithful services. You have displayed a courage and military discipline beyond what I have ever witnessed in a man whose rank was so obscure, and whose power was so limited in command and authority; and I will be positive and bold enough to advance, that had you not been stationed in the foremost of the soldiery, victory had not this day been ours in the battle of Morna Penritch; in consideration of which, Steevy Macgreggor, I appoint

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you to a preferment of full captain to the regiment immediately under my command; and henceforth, Macgreggor, you must no longer be treated as an inferior, but a brother officer—a soldier's friend,—and the faithful follower of the fortunes of your commander."

To have described the astonishment, the wonder, the surprise, not more than the gratitude, of the brave Macgreggor is impossible; yet it was not by words that his sense of gratitude was manifested, but by a flood of tears, which indeed spoke volumes, and was far more eloquent than words could possibly have conveyed, and was so well understood by the Tartarian conquerer that he presently dismissed him with the necessary instructions that he was to receive on the coming morrow; which was—to set forward on a march with a body of men, and of the bravest and most disciplined in the whole army to the fortress of St. Antonio, there to convey the prisoners, and to await the arrival of both the gallant chiefs; and with these instructions the brave Macgreggor departed: yet, as he quitted the presence of Zosinski, he wished to know if all the prisoners were to depart with him.

"For there is one my great lord," uttered he, "of so extraordinary and singular an appearance, that I confess at times I am puzzled to know whether he be male or female, so much of the latter doth he outwardly display in the loveliness of his person, which is even fairer than most of womankind. Yet he is but a mere boy, (if he is a boy at all) for he will tremble and shrink with a woman's fear at the least start and noise in the camp, and shrink if any one approaches him in the rough language of a soldier; aye, and he will blush too with all the roseate tints of maiden modesty,

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whene'er a jest goes round with harmless glee and mirthful pleasantry, as though he were in truth a maid indeed. I know not what to think of this mysterious boy, whose life Sir Walter saved in the peril of the fight, from being suddenly cut down by one of the troopers: and he is now in his tent, and truly Sir Walter doth much regard him, whether for his youth and beauty, beshrew me if I can tell; but never saw I Sir Walter so watchful and so attentive o'er mortal as o'er this young beardless boy. When he was first carried into his tent, he gave me a strict charge over him, for he had fainted through excess of terror at the fight; yet when I approached to give him a cheering cordial to revive his languid spirits, and unbutton his vest, that he might inhale the fresh and balmy air, he did violently struggle with me in the attempt; and did issue yet more shrieking screams of terror, on the which, Sir Walter, viewing him with the most scrutinizing attention, bade me desist, and leave him to himself; and with his own hands did he lay him gently on his couch, with orders that no one should go near him till he should require their services: and I also thought, my lord, although I might err in the conclusive evidence of my senses, that the young boy smiled, and cast a look of almost undefinable expression on Sir Walter De Ruthen, as he raised the pillow for his head, in order that he might repose more gently; and I thought, (pardon my presumptuous thoughts my lord, if too boldly I express them, but rude am I in speech and manners, still honest truth will forth be coming) but were I a conjuror I should be bold to say, that this young boy wears not the semblance that he owns, and that the gallant Sir Walter De Ruthen knows it."

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"What, Macgreggor! and dost thou think that it is a woman?" uttered the Tartarian conqueror, and smiled expressively. "Has soft love found its way into a rude and noisy camp, filled with men, scarce dry from the blood which they have lost and won in battle? Nay, nay: I think thou art mistaken! a woman could not have braved the perils of such a fearful combat—a woman must have sunk under the fears, the terrors, of such a scene as we have witnessed on the plains of Morna Penritch; thou wrongest the brave warrior by this supposition, that he would e'er have brought the woman that he loved in the midst of such rude dangers as men could scarce encounter—much less woman. Were she the most dauntless and the most intrepid of her sex, she could not have stood on the plains of Morna Penritch without evincing some sickly fears at the perils of the fight. 'Tis a poor friendless boy, perhaps unused to the perils of war, and therefore he feels for the young stripling. Thou loookest incredulously, Macgreggor."

To which, the blunt soldier replied,—

"I do indeed, my lord, and I feel incredulously, that is more, and that Sir Walter De Ruthen hath greater knowledge of this young boy than thou mayest imagine;—beseech thee, go to his tent, where he lies sleeping, and thou wilt mark, in silence, the actions and the kindness that St. Julian's page doth bestow upon him: then, after which, my lord, thou shalt indeed tell me that Macgreggor has deceived thee; but if thou dost not say that the boy looks more like a woman, my name is not Steevy Macgreggor—that's all."

"Steevy, you are a man that would not speak without your book, I honestly believe," uttered Zosinski,

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smiling at his remark, "yet this is a case of peculiar delicacy. I could not certainly enquire, of Sir Walter De Ruthen, an elucidation of this affair, without both offending and wounding the feelings of this brave officer, who has, no doubt, most potent reasons for offering his protection to this young boy; and thou knowest, Macgreggor, that it would not be very consistent with propriety, were I to go to thrust my nose into any man's business when occasion does not immediately require it. He has, no doubt, informed St. Julian of the affair, and although the young stranger may be considered a prisoner of war, and I could demand to know wherefore this indulgence is extended towards him in preference to all others whom we have taken, yet I certainly will not interfere in a point so delicate as the honour of a soldier. Let the men be ready to march to the fortress of St. Antonio to-morrow, without delay; go and prepare them for the expedition, and to-night I will give orders to my secretary, Lavalette, to provide you with such monies as you may require for the necessities of the soldiery on the journey. Delay not a moment's time in the execution of these orders; and so farewell, brave Macgreggor."

"A soldier's blessing and a soldier's prayer attend thee, great sir, till perchance we meet again," uttered Macgreggor, brushing away a tear of the most genuine gratitude, which had bedewed his cheek in despite of the rough character which belonged to him. But why should not sensibility be as warmly expressed by a soldier, as well as any other of professional character or pursuits? But, while these reflections had possessed the bosom of the Tartarian conqueror, far other scenes had passed in the tent of St. Julian, with whom

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Sir Walter De Ruthen had been engaged for many hours in the most serious converse, on the arrangements that were to take place on the ensuing morrow; and on his enquiries after the health of Ferdinand, Sir Walter replied,—

"He is better, my liege lord, and in the fairest way of recovery; in short, his wounds, which were by no means of the dangerous tendency which were first imagined, are nearly healed, and were it necessary, he could instantly be removed to a place of greatear security, without the slightest danger of occasioning a relapse."

"Be it so ordered, then, De Ruthen," cried St. Julian. "The plains of Morna Penritch is no longer a fit place for the security of the Bohemian soldiery. There are spies always on the alert to watch our motions while we are encamped, and to-morrow we must march forward to the fortress of St. Antonio: there lodge our prisoners of war, and from thence hasten on with the stoutest of our troops to the castle of St. Clair, for thou knowest, De Ruthen, there is much to be contended for in that quarter: should we tamely submit to see it in the hands of Josephus, the bright and shining victory we have gained over the allied forces will still be ineffectual to restore the Bohemians to their former rights and privileges: while my union to the fairest of women will unnecessarily be delayed, nay, perhaps an almost insurmountable barrier appear to separate us for ever. Let us, then, be as expeditious as possible, and march forward with the utmost caution and circumspection. What number of prisoners remain in the sick ward, De Ruthen? and what in the tents?"

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To which the gallant warrior replied,—

"Somewhat less than forty, my lord, have died of their wounds, which were mortal; and about the same number are in a state of recovery, and many were not wounded at all, and they are those who would speedily rebel against our authority, were they not kept in subjection."

"Doubtless," answered St. Julian, "there are few of them to be trusted and therefore we must be wary. Josephus is not only a serpent, but a tyrant still; and though conquered and defeated in the grand design he had formed against the Bohemian territories, yet that tyranny will be extended as far as he is able, and therefore may yet do us mischief if we do not immediately endeavour to counteract his designs and prevent his approaching the battlements of St. Clair. See'st not thou this, De Ruthen?"

"It is true, my great lord," answered Sir Walter, "that I am aware that Josephus would yet be a powerful and ferocious enemy, had he but means to carry his tyranny into execution; but his ferocity, (if I may so term it) the storm of his power cannot now be turned against us: or if any momentary gusts of it appear, the violence of it will be spent at a distance, and therefore can do us no wrong; for consider, my my lord, that he is not an object of the people's love. Even in his own dominions, they fear him, but they do not love him."

"All that I know," uttered St. Julian, "and can that be wondered at? How can a tyrant like Josephus expect to be beloved by his people? Wherever the laws are unjust, vindictive and cruel, the people will be so too; for are not laws the formers of our notions

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and the guides of our actions, to which we look up as the emanations of wisdom, and the essence of purity and justice,—but when they are exerted only to oppress us, and to render men slaves in authority, they cannot either love or respect the tyrant who would thus deprive them of the blessings of liberty."

"It is an observation too just," cried St. Julian, "for a great and a good man will always act with justice even towards his enemy, he will not refuse the acknowledged talents which is due to a brave soldier although he has taken up arms against him. But a truce at present to this argument, De Ruthen; our time is too precious to be wasted on the merits or the demerits of the emperor. All we have to do is to endeavour to counteract, by every means in our power, his evil and malicious designs against us, and to prevent his attack on the castle of St. Clair."

"Which shall be thine beyond the reach or the power of thy most malicious, envious, and vindictive foes, great conqueror," answered Sir Walter, and bowing respectfully, withdrew from the presence of the victorious chief, fully determined to obey his orders, not only with respect to the prisoners, but to prepare the soldiery under his command to march at break of morning for the fortress of St. Antonio; and with this intention Sir Walter De Ruthen entered his tent: but not before his attention was directed to the sound of one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard in his existence; but from whence it came he knew not, and that it was the voice of a female he could not doubt, from the softness and melody as it warbled forth in the most plaintive accents, the following air, to which he listened with the most profound attention:—

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"I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.
This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be—
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear,
Be never known to thee!

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek—
When my poor wasted trembling breath
Its life's last hope would speak—
I shall not raise these eyes to heaven,
Nor mercy ask for me:
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee."

The voice ceased: but its expression and its tender pathos,—its deep energy, and its soul-breathing melody, remained fixt for ever in the heart of Sir Walter De Ruthen. He listened again to hear if the ravish'd sounds would come over his ear a second time, but he listened in vain; still he became rooted to the spot, unable to form the remotest conjecture from whence it proceeded. It was certainly the voice of a woman; naught in human shape but her could send forth such heavenly sounds, or temper the soul to such softness: but who was she that in the midst of the wild tumults of a rude and noisy camp, among a set of rough soldiery, would have the temerity or the courage to venture hither? or, if venturing hither, for what purpose came she? or what mortal to see? There Sir Walter paused, and felt his cheek tinge with a brighter flush of heat than it was wont to do, e'en in the battle's rage of fury. Such is the magnetic and potent influence of

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woman over the heart of man, that he who ne'er trembled when opposed to the threatening dangers of the perilous fight, felt intimidated at the thought of encountering the glances of the bright eyes of a lovely woman; for lovely he deemed this invisible fair one to be, by the enchanting strains of melody she had just breathed upon his ravished ear, making night seem more lovely, although it was one of the most heavenly beauty; for the sweet moon had just arisen in the western sky in full resplendant majesty of charms, and, in the words of the admired poet,—

——————" 'Twas a lovely night:—
Heaven's blue arch sparkled with countless myriads
Of beaming stars that canopy our heads;
The silv'ry waves came dancing to our feet;
The gale, rich with a thousand odours, waft
Bewitching music from the gentle bird
Who sings amid the clustering orange blossoms:
Then night is sweet to love and thee,
And all that love doth worship it."

And never night seemed so lovely, or more enchanting to the gallant warrior, than this, to his so suddenly enchanted senses; the effect of which was so instantaneous, that he could not penetrate into the mystery of feelings till then unknown to him. He had heard the voice of Mariette Mouline; but it was not her's. There was more melody in it, and more soft than the deep tones which came from the lips of the mountain-witch, (for by that name was Mariette distinguished) and resolving that he would not leave the camp without attempting to discover who this syren was who had so suddenly bewitched him, he once more entered his tent, which was not in the order that he had left it only a few moments before that he had been conversing with

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his illustrious master; for some one had recently been there—some form had pressed his couch, and some unknown hand had scattered a profusion of flowers over it, which diffused their balmy sweetness on every thing around: a book lay open on the table, and one of the pages was marked down, which expressed the following words:

"In this devoted heart love has expelled
All female vanity: I never wished
That titles, wealth, or power should bend before
My humble shrine—not e'en to be refused
For thee, the only earthly good I e'er
Have asked of heaven.
Twine me a chaplet of the mountain-rose;
My only pearls shall be the dewy drops
Which hang in clusters on its ruby bud.
I'll have no other coronet if thy hand
Place it there."

"By holy Paul, I will know the mystery of these bewitching things!" uttered Sir Walter, "I will find who has presumed to intrude upon the privacy of a soldier's tent, leaving such documents as prove they have the passion but not the delicacy of a woman's love, or they had not tempted me thus with their soft witchery which I'll not listen to—though she were an angel. Tush! tush! I'll have none of her! I like not woman, won before they are sought after. Yet methinks these words are pretty that she hath selected for the burthen of her song—"Twine me a chaplet of the mountain-rose.—I'll wear no other coronet but that thine hand places here." Faith! my dainty queen! thou'lt have no coronet of mine to deck thy snowy brows with, so come not near me, thou enchantress, for I'll have naught to do with thee,—I'll have naught

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to do with thee. Tush! what has a soldier to do with love, I should be glad to know?"

Here Sir Walter finished his somewhat whimsical soliloquy, and sat him down with his arm reclining on the table: but presently he forgot his resolution, for he took up one of the mountain-roses and smelt to the balmy fragrance of its blushing leaves; but this was by mere accident, we will suppose, that Sir Walter done this. Then he thought of the loveliness of the hand who had placed it there, and by some accident or other (we cannot exactly tell how these accidents occur) he pressed it to his lips with a fervor and rapturous sensation which could scarcely be expected from a man who, a moment before, had made such a positive resolution that he would not be tempted by woman. But when afterwards he placed this mountain-rose nearest his heart, which beat with wild and tumultuous throbbings, we must not suppose that accident had any thing at all to do with it, but inclination, which is by far the strongest part of a man in spite of all the philosophy he can boast of; and Sir Walter De Ruthen began to feel the truth of an observation which the wisest and the gravest of his sex had experienced long before him—That philosophy has little to do with feelings, where that beautiful goddess, Nature, comes arrayed in her sweetest and loveliest colours before us. In short, Sir Walter could no longer control his impatient curiosity to discover who this bewitching syren was who had so charmed, so fascinated him, and the first person of whom he made the enquiry if any stranger, male or female, had been in his tent during his short absence with his commander, was of the young

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boy whom he had protected, and had since taken into his service to wait upon him in his tent, till he could provide for him in some other capacity; and he had made his appearance at this opportune moment with a basket of delicious fruit, some biscuits, and some wine, which he was beginning to spread on the table for his master's supper, and was particularly busy in clearing away the flowers that lay scattered about; at which Sir Walter exclaimed,—

"No, Myrtillo, (for that was the name of the young Austrian soldier) no, Myrtillo, I will have none of these flowers removed: let them remain till I can learn whose hand placed them there."

"They are mountain-roses, and very sweet, so please you, my lord," answered the boy, taking up one of the flowers, and smelling to it, at the same moment that a deep kindling blush had mounted to his cheek of a more roseate tint than even that which he held in his hand: "but I have heard there is no rose without a thorn," added he, in the most bewitching tone of simplicity: "Is it so, my lord?"

"And you have heard truly," cried Sir Walter, now regarding the blushing youth with peculiar earnestness; the dazzling beauty of whose countenance had never struck him so forcibly before. "There are no roses without thorns, more than there is pleasure without pain."

"And yet some pain is pleasure," cried the boy. "I had a sister once who——— But that's her story, and I fear———"

"And canst thou not reveal aught to me?" uttered Sir Walter, never till this moment remarking the sweet

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tone of this boy's voice. "What, dost thou fear that telling me all thou knowest, that I should betray the confidence reposed in me?"

To which Myrtillo replied,—

"No, my good lord: if I thought so unworthily of thee, far better thou hadst not saved my life, when sinking beneath the sword of the ruffian, I implored of thee protection; and after thou hast done this deed, could Myrtillo think wrong of thee, I were indeed too base to live. I do not fear, but I do take much shame in relating the history of my young sister, for she was young, and she lov'd——"

"There is no shame in that, boy," exclaimed Sir Walter, unconscious at that moment that his sunburnt cheeks had suddenly flushed with a colour of the brightest crimson.

"Then is not love sinning?" enquired Myrtillo. "Ah! my good lord, I have heard as much; and my young sister thought so too—yet still she loved, because she could not help it, I suppose."

Sir Walter looked at the boy at this moment, and imagined he had somewhere beheld a face resembling such perfect beauty; but where, in the confused and present state of his bewildered thoughts, he could not tell. Yet it was impossible to resist smiling at the naivetté and simplicity of his manner, and he uttered,—

"No, boy: love is not sinning. Unless it is perverted by improper uses, it is the brightest spark that is to light us on our gloomy way in this world of sorrow and of care, and the balmy drop that heaven has thrown into the bitter cup to sweeten its sours, and to make man or woman feel blest and contented with their lot; without which how helpless and wretched would

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have been his condition! Even though in an earthly paradise of sweets, he could not have enjoyed it without woman to taste of those sweets and taste of those blessings. Wherefore was Eve given to Adam? Because a most merciful and bounteous Creator, the giver of all good and gracious gifts, knew that he could not exist without a helpmate to share in all these blessings, and lighten all his cares; and woman, the most lovely and the most gentle of all earthly creatures, (for so she should be considered) was given to his hands on these conditions—That he should consider her, above all others, the dearest and the nearest to his heart. Yet man is sometimes forgetful of this sacred trust, and often leaves this most precious gift, as a mere toy, fit only for his more idle pleasures and trifling pursuits, than she whom heaven itself had formed for the more rational companion and the most firmly attached friend of his future life. And woman would be kind—she would be faithful, were man to let her be so; but forsaking that path which he himself hath taught her to reverence, he has no right, being withal, or considered by him, the weakest part of creation, what he (being the strongest) is unable to perform. Not that I know aught of love, boy; yet I have drawn a faint sketch of what I think it ought to be in two hearts fondly and devotedly attached to each other—so firmly that naught but death could dissolve them. Now tell me the history of your young sister. Did she love one that was unworthy of her, that you so tremble to repeat the tale? What was the history of this young sister?"

To which, with the utmost astonishment, and scarcely believing the evidence of his senses, the young soldier, in the words of Shakspeare, repeated the following sentence:

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"Her history was a blank, my lord—

"She never told her love, but let concealment,
Like a worm i'th' bud, feed on her damask cheek:
She pin'd in thought, and with a green and yellow
Melancholy, she sat like Patience on a
Monument, smiling at grief."

Yet I do shrewdly suspect that the great warrior whom she so cherished and so loved, had he but known the fervent passion that she breathed, would ne'er have let her perish thus. Thinkest thou that, my good lord?"

"By holy Paul! so sweet a wench deserved a soldier's gratitude," exclaimed Sir Walter, gazing on the fair young boy, as though he were the semblance of that young sister whom he had so touchingly described: "But did she so perish? tell me, boy, what was the fate of this young sister? and more I wish to ask, did she resemble thee?"

"It would be vanity to say she did, my lord," replied Myrtillo, blushing yet more deeply; "but I have been told that never two bean-blossoms on one stalk were more like than me and Morgiana."

"Morgiana!" exclaimed Sir Walter, recollecting at the same moment that it was the name of the kind, generous, and heroic maid (the niece of Bibbo) who had preserved the lives of him and all his brave soldiery, at the sign of the queen and the three crosses, on the night that they had sojourned there, while carrying the supplies from the castle of St. Clair to the camp of St. Julian. "Morgiana!" again repeated Sir Walter, "and did she go in search of the warrior whom she so loved? Tell me, boy, and tell me truly, did thy sister ever journey to a far distant land, to follow secretly the fortunes of a soldier?"

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"I will tell thee that, my lord, only on one sacred promise," replied the boy, betraying now an agitation which he could no longer conceal.

"I will promise thee any thing that thou mayest reasonably require," answered Sir Walter, "so thou wouldst tell me that, and that the brave wench be living; for if she be the Morgiana I suspect she is, and that she e'er regards the warrior whom she sought, e'en in the dangers and the perils of the fight, I swear by the immortal gods!—yet I will not swear till thou hast told me the sacred promise thou requirest on certain conditions; for I hold promises as sacred things, boy, which never should be given unless they are religiously performed. What, then, do you require of me that you solicit so strongly?"

"That you will not despise Morgiana when she shall again appear before you," uttered the boy with almost uncontrolable emotion; "for oh! it is she who has followed you to the wars, and braved the perils of the fight—'tis she who despising all dangers but the fear of losing thee, that—that—" The boy could no more: his fair blue eyes closed as if the messenger of death had come to summons him hence. His roseate lips had paled to the whitest hue; and he gasp'd for breath as if fainting from the excess of feelings, which had totally overpowered him, and Sir Walter was not long in offering him his assistance: he flew to his side, and supported his drooping head on his bosom, quickly administering him a cordial which he thought most likely to reanimate his spirits; the cause of which uncontrolable emotion he could not clearly define, although in reality he believed that this sister was no other than the Morgiana whom he had encountered at

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the sign of the queen and the three crosses, on the night that her uncle Bibbo was slain by some of his soldiery in defence of themselves: and if so, what must Morgiana think of him? He must appear to her in the character of an assassin; yet still she regarded him with an eye of favour. There was no time, however, for further reflection on a circumstance so singular and mysterious, for the fainting boy required assistance, and there was no one human being in the way to offer it to him but Sir Walter De Ruthen, and if there had been, he would not, in a case so doubtful, have permitted any one to have approached him but himself; which the moment he did to unbutton his vest, in order for him to receive the balmy sweetness of the fresh air, a piercing shriek uttered by the fainting youth astonished and confounded him: and in low and whispering accents, he demanded to know the cause of his astonishing emotion, when faintly the boy replied,—

"Oh! let me go hence as I came, a poor friendless boy,—even as thou first took compassion on my helpless youth; and even as thou supposed me first to be, rather than discovering who I am. Sir Walter De Ruthen may despise me, and ah! what is worse, no longer think me worthy of his protection: yet for thy sake what perils have I not encountered? what impunities have I not borne with patience? what difficulties have I not surmounted? But I will deceive you no longer, brave Sir Walter De Ruthen, for Morgiana was not formed for deception: I am then even she who on the night you slept at the house of Bibbo, at the sign of the queen and the three crosses, had the courage to warn you and your brave soldiery of the fate that was suspending over you; but believe me not so unnatural as

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not to feel for the deplorable situation to which my uncle was reduced when I found him lying on the floor weltering in his blood, by a blow inflicted on him by one of your soldiery: but think you that I did not know that he merited such a fate? would he not have murdered you, or caused the whole of your intrepid and bold followers to be murdered by the robbers of the Black Forest, whom he had sheltered beneath his roof, to perpetrate that cruel outrage to humanity; but heaven directed, I overheard their diabolical plans laid for your destruction, and was fortunately the means of averting their dreadful purpose. You escaped by my warning, Sir Walter De Ruthen, and the brave men under your command; but the house of my perfidious uncle was no longer a place of security for me. Yet I did not abandon him, while he lay ill of his wounds, which though dangerous, proved not mortal; and when I saw that he was likely to recover from them, I instantly quitted his treacherous roof, which his unkindness, and even cruelty, towards me had for some length of time rendered odious to me. One night, therefore, I silently bade adieu to this detested abode, taking with me only a few necessaries and a small sum of money which I had long retained in my possession; and if I wanted more I knew where to apply for it. You remember father Anselmo, Sir Walter,—the holy man to whom I directed Sir Orville Faulkner to fly for refuge, in the hour of such immediate danger. He is my godfather, and by his sage counsel and advice I fled from the dishonoured roof of my base and treacherous uncle, to seek protection where I hoped it would not be denied to me,—having purchased a dress of one of the Austrian soldiers

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then serving under the banners of the Emperor Josephus: but this costume I should certainly have not adopted had I known any other alternative to choose, but it was the only attire by which, in such perilous times, I could pass unnoticed: and applying to the garrison, I very soon became enlisted in the service of the foreign allies. What difficulties had I to encounter, and what mortifications had I to endure, from a set of rude unpolished men! Need I enumerate them to you, Sir Walter, who already know them so well? Yet I bore them in silence and contempt, till the fearful hour when I heard that battle was once more proclaimed between the Bohemian conqueror, St. Julian, and the Emperor Josephus, on the plains of Morna Penritch; and I made an humble petition to one of the generals of the forces that he would permit me to go with the combined army,—and, somewhat surprised at the earnestness with which I pleaded, he surveyed me from head to foot: 'Well, my young soldier, since thou art so desirous to smell gunpowder—beshrew me, but thou wilt have enough of it on the plains of Morna Penritch. Be thou faithful to the cause of the great and mighty Emperor Josephus, and thy petition is granted.'

It was so, Sir Walter, and thou art well acquainted with the sequel of my story, in the which, pardon the simpleness with which I have told it; but truth is the herald of my tongue, and fidelity the motto of my heart."

"And have you not proved it, beyond the possibility of a doubt, my brave, heroic girl?" exclaimed Sir Walter, now gazing on the lovely face of Morgiana, with the most rapturous delight; "and thus I reward my little Alexander in petticoats—not with the hand of

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Mark Anthony, (for you are no Cleopatra) but with the hand, the affections, and the fortune of a plain, rough, but honest soldier, who will protect you while there is a drop of blood left in the fountain of this beating heart. Wilt love me, loveliest? for if thou dost not, I'll wed no other—for, till this hour, ne'er lov'd I a woman; and with that love, I do beseech thee to be a soldier's wife."

Whether Morgiana refused Sir Walter the boon he asked, we leave our fair readers to guess, when they see a man before them they so love; but it is not likely that she looked very coldly on the gallant warrior, who in a very short time after this fortunate discovery of her lovely sex, led her to St. Julian, in the character of his wife; by whom, after having heard in what manner he became known to her, she was received with the most joyous congratulation, and the most flattering approbation of her spirited and heroic conduct, both in the house of the treacherous Bibbo, and the dangers she had so courageously encountered for the man to whom she had yielded her affections: in which not one of the soldiery so completely rejoiced in witnessing as the brave (now captain) Macgreggor, who, though elated with success and crowned with preferment well worthy of his merit, never forgot his duty to his superior officers, or was unmindful of that which he owed to his brother solders. He had the same warm heart as ever towards them, and recollecting his former station in the ranks, was sparing of the authority with which he was invested; exercising the noblest feature by which man can be truly exalted, and by which he can never be debased—humanity.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"Our bugle sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die:
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back."

SOLDIER'S DREAM—CAMPBELL.

THE sun shone in full meridian splendour on the morning which was destined to behold the victorious and no less gallant chiefs send forth the prisoners of war whom they had taken from the enemy, and to whom the utmost humanity had been extended by the conquerors, to march forward to the fortress of St. Antonio, and from thence to commence an attack, with the aid of the allied forces still at their command, and within the limits of their power, on the castle of St. Clair; nor did Zosinski imagine it possible that the garrison could hold out twenty-four hours after the

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attack began; even to St. Julian he declared that this was his opinion, and he was thought extremely and unnecessarily cautious and distrustful when he gave it as his opinion that it might require fourteen days. Nor was St. Julian himself bold enough to advance to the Tartarian conqueror that he was of an opposite opinion with respect to the hazardous attempt they were now going to make on the castle of St. Clair, for he knew very well the measures that were about to be employed against him, and the force that was to support and carry into execution those measures; and so far from appearing daunted, he determined to provoke his opponents to the attack, and to make the haughty, proud, and unrelenting Josephus at last sue to him for terms of treaty and of peace.

At break of morning, therefore, all the troops were ready to march forward to the fortress of St. Antonio, under the command of Captain Macgreggor; and never was a day of such transcendant beauty, or did the kindly heavens wear a more pleasing or a more lovely aspect. Calm and peaceful was the ocean—still and gentle was the breeze, which wafted a thousand odoriferous perfumes of the newly-blown flowers that overshadowed the plains of Morna Penritch, so late the desolating scene of war's rude outrage: but there was now a cessation of its wild tumults, and naught was heard but the reveling of the soldiers, or, at distant intervals, the song of the night-warbling bird, which in this country is so beautiful and peculiar of its kind, (the larkennet) a description of which has been given in a former part of this history, and its qualities particularly related: and all these were in their fullest chorus on that day that they set forward to the fortress

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of St. Antonio, under auspices every way favourable to the most sanguine wishes and flattering expectations of the victorious chiefs; for their sick were fast recovering, the wounded healing, and the major part of their fine body of troops now in the most healthy and able conditinn, to renew the perils of the fight if they were again called upon to perform their duty to their gallant leaders. They were ready at the word of command, with hearts so faithfully attached that there was not one of them but would have drained the dearest drop of blood in their veins, rather than have resigned their services or laid down their arms when they were expected to wield their swords in defence of their sovereign and their country; and all this both St. Julian and Zosinski knew. They were aware of the loyal hearts that beat towards them with such unshaken fidelity, and anticipated the brightest success and the most decided victory over the castle of St. Clair. In short, there was but one circumstance attending this memorable victory, on the plains of Morna Penritch, added to the death of Sir Orville Faulkner, that entwined the laurel leaf with the cypress, around the brows of the gallant chiefs, and that was the untimely fate also of one of the bravest and most accomplished generals in the whole army under the command of Zosinski, whose name was Rochefacault, who having received a desperate wound at the beginning of the action after having ably defended himself and the soldiery immediately placed at his side, was obliged to undergo amputation, his left leg being almost shivered to atoms, and it was deemed by the surgeons as the only means of preserving his life; and the general, after some persuasion, consented that the

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operation should be performed, but alas! the result was fatal, for in three days from this period, a mortification rapidly took place which finally terminated the life of one of the bravest generals that had ever wielded a sword in the service of his country; and he breathed his last sigh in the presence of the Tartarian conqueror, displaying a fortitude that nothing could affect, and a tenderness of affection which all the anguish of his wounds could not diminish. And perhaps there never was a moment of more unutterable heart-rending sorrow, than when Zosinski, entering the tent of St. Julian, imparted to him the intelligence that the brave Rochefacault was no more.

"Then is our victory dearly purchased," uttered St. Julian in a mournful accent. "Rochefacault fallen? the bravest, the most able, the most experienced officer in your whole army, great sir! and for my sake have you thus lost the brightest star that shone in the fortress of St. Antonio, and who hath sustained your battles so bravely and so nobly? I grieve, indeed, to hear intelligence so afflicting,—the more so when I reflect that I have been in some means accessary to the fall of this great man."

To which Zosinski replied,—

"Thou talkest absurdly now, St. Julian, for it was Fate, and not thou, that occasioned that brave officer to fall on the plains of Morna Penritch. He was, indeed, even as thou sayest, a most shining character and a gallant officer. Brave, prudent, and enterprizing, his virtues commanded the most profound respect, for with the most consummate professional skill, Rochefacault possessed the most perfect courage that ever fortified the heart of a soldier, or brightened a human

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character to perfection. He loved enterprize—he was cool in danger, collected in distress, decided in difficulties, and ready and judicious in his expedients in time of action and scenes of engagement with the enemy: nor was he less eminent for those talents by which a nation is served, than distinguished by those qualities which render a man and an officer useful, respected, esteemed and beloved in society; for it was well known that in the general intercourse of the world that Rochefacault was also an accomplished gentleman and agreeable companion, but above all, he was humane, benevolent, compassionate, and generous; and when exerted to his brother-officers and his fellow-men, in a manner that did honour to his country, by exemplifying that generosity which is the peculiar characteristic and most distingnished virtue of a brave, free, and enlightened people; for true liberality is always extended without ostentation, and generally bestowed where it is most felt and least seen—upon modest merit and silent distress,—for which my amiable and departed friend was ever remarkable."

A pause of some minutes succeeded to this eulogium pronounced by the Tartarian conqueror on the merits of this so greatly lamented and brave officer; and to say truth, the genuine tear of sympathy over the grave of Rochefacault was dropt by the whole soldiery, not only officers bearing the most superior rank, but by the most humble, when he was borne to the place Zosinski had determined his remains should be deposited—in the last peaceful home "from whence no traveller returns;" and this sacred and affecting ceremony, was most religiously performed by the chaplain belonging to the private establishment of the Tartarian conqueror,

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and the funeral-service was most impressively read over the beloved and respected body that was committed to the earth, in the presence of all the brave soldiery who had alike risked their lives in the late gallant action, and whose fate, had it pleased the hand of Almighty Providence, would have been similar to that of the warlike hero, over whose lifeless clay they were now shedding the tear of genuine sympathy and heartfelt sorrow; for, to do justice to the meanest trooper under the command of the late gallant officer, there was not one who did not evince some symptom of sensibility at the awful ceremony: for which mark of their fidelity, they were rewarded with the most unfeigned acknowledgment of thanks, and the warmest plaudits from their illustrious commander, who, when the ceremony was concluded, most energetically exclaimed,—

"Soldiers, you have done your duty in the field, with the brave courage you have displayed in conquering the foes of Bohemia,—but you have also in private proved yourselves christians and men, as well as soldiers, by dropping the tear of affectionate sorrow over the remains of your gallant leader. I am affected, soldiers, by the loos as much as you can be, for in General Rochefacault I not only lament a most able and experienced officer, but a most firmly attached and sincerely devoted friend; but while I lament the fall of the departed brave one, believe me, soldiers, that I do not impiously implore of heaven to give him a place back in these terrestrial skies, where bliss the most perfect, and happiness the most happy, is but imperfect when in comparison with that which is to be tasted in realms of everlasting light—where no care or sorrow

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ever more is known, and stormy passions must for ever cease. Farewell, then, beloved Rochefacault, and peace eternally rest with thy remains! The tears of thy countrymen now moisten them with the hallowed drops that affection pours from each brave and honest heart that shared thy dangers and thy toils, and whenever, hereafter, by chance we visit this rude place of thy burial, what though no marble or animated bust shall tell thy name, or in verse shall sound thy gallant deeds, or recount thy shining victories—yet laurels shall for ever bloom among the cypress that shadows thy remains. Farewell, then, Rochefacault, thou bravest and thou best of soldiers—a long, but not an eternal farewell!"

At this apostrophe, made to the memory of a gallant officer, a brave soldier, and an honourable man, not a soldier's eye was dry; as in slow and melancholy procession they moved from the place of interment, at which the invalid officers had even solicited to be present; and among these the brave Ferdinand, whose wounds were nearly healed, begged permission of his illustrious commander that he might be conveyed from the sick ward, in order that he might witness the funeral obsequies performed over the body of General Rochefacault, whose gallant actions had given a place in every soldier's breast which could not easily be obliterated: and this request being made known to St. Julian, it was immediately complied with,—containing only the prohibition that he (being an invalid) would not remain longer on the ground than was absolutely necessary.

And the ensuing morning, at sunrise, the whole army that was encamped on the plains of Morna Pen-

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ritch, was in readiness to march forward to the fortress of St. Antonio. The fair bride of Sir Walter De Ruthen chose rather to accompany her brave husband, mounted on one of the Austrian horses, which was one of the most beautiful and gentlest of its kind, which had been taken in battle after its master was shot under him, than journey in the caravan which was to precede them, with the rich laden stores and ammunition also taken from the enemy, who, in their defeat, had left them in full possession of the victorious chiefs—glad enough to make their escape, without thinking of the treasures they had left behind them. And on the back of this beautiful charger was Morgiana, the now lovely wife of Sir Walter De Ruthen, mounted: and never a finer female figure appeared, (for she was now attired in a habit which no longer disguised the fine proportions of her form, which she had contrived to preserve during all the dangers and the dreadful conflicts to which, in the dress of an Austrian trooper, she had been exposed, in following the fortunes of the brave warrior that she loved); and there were none of the soldiery but beheld this exalted and heroic female but with sentiments of the most enthusiastic admiration almost approaching to veneration; for they knew what perils she must have encountered—what terror she must have endured—and what woman's fears and delicate apprehensions she must have silently and indignantly suffered, in witnessing the dreadful scene of war and carnage on the plains of Morna Penritch; and yet she had braved them all in search of the man to whom, before he knew it, she had yielded her virgin-heart; and the soldiers gloried that such a female was to be found amidst the puerile and weak race of her sex, and the

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name of Morgiana had been toasted the moment that they discovered who she was, and for whose sake she had endured so many perils, and more especially by the party whose lives she had so miraculously preserved in the house of Bibbo Gracio, on the night they were conveying the supplies to the camp of St. Julian. They remembered by whose means they had been preserved from the hands of the robbers of the Black Forest, and whose courage and magnanimity had so generously been displayed on that perilous occasion: they therefore almost worshipped the fair Morgiana when the discovery took place that she was no longer the handsome young soldier whose uncommon beauty of both features and countenance had often attracted the observation of the soldiery towards him. His sudden transformation, therefore, into the lovely form of woman was as pleasing as unexpected; and they hailed her with no less rapturous and joyous congratulations, when they beheld her in the character of Sir Walter's bride; who, on the day of his marriage with his charming little heroine, gave a very liberal mark of his bounty to each of the brave fellows who had wished him long life and happiness with his beautiful bride.

The two armies having set forward on their march, under the direction of the gallant leaders, Zosinski and St. Julian, met with no impediment in their way till they reached the fortress of St. Antonio, in the most perfect safety, and found that the utmost security prevailed beneath its battlements. Captain Macgreggor, and the party over whom he held command, had already preceded his illustrious masters, and most faithfully discharged the high authority with which he was invested, and had bestowed all the prisoners of war in

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apartments which, though perfectly commodious and rendered comfortable for their reception, were yet strongly guarded and doubly barricadoed, so that all means of escape was on every side rendered impracticable, either by stratagem or design; all fire-arms or other means of acting with treachery towards them being, by the vigilance of the brave Macgreggor, placed beyond their reach. Naught remained, for these unfortunate men, therefore, but patience in their captivity, and the most perfect resignation to their fate; which, however mortifying and even galling to the feelings of the principal officers, some of whom were of superior rank, might yet have been aggravated by sufferings far more severe, had they not fallen into such hands as the gallant conquerors, Zosinski and St. Julian, whose property was ever to extend mercy and to show kindness to a fallen foe; nor would they have been so closely guarded had they not, while in camp, betrayed such marks of a mutinous and revengeful disposition; but in all else they were treated with respect, and, by the peremptory command of the great Tartarian conqueror, every indulgence, save that of liberty, was granted to them in their sad and unfortunate destiny: the best of food prepared for their palate, and books and music even procured to relieve their minds from brooding over the intolerable burthen of confinement. In short, although prisoners, there was nothing besides that they could reasonably complain of, from the clemency, justice, and humanity which was extended towards them by the generous conquerors. On the arrival of the gallant chiefs at the fortress, Captain Macgreggor presented himself before the presence of his illustrious master, and giving him a

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sealed packet, informed him by what means it had come into his possession, the second day that they had marched from the plains of Morna Penritch, and he related it in the following words:—

"We had marched forward by break of the morning, my lord, and I used the utmost expedition with the soldiery to get clear of the plains of Morna Penritch, about the skirts of which I did not know but some of the enemy might still be skulking, in order to try if they could not contrive to get a sight of the prisoners, and by this means hold some communication with them; but this danger I prevented by turning our horses' heads in an opposite direction, and completely frustrating their designs, if any such they had against us. So, please you, my lord, I made a bit of a start over the mountains, and seeing that we were quite out of the neck of danger, I gave the poor fellows leave to halt a little, and take a morsel or so, just by way of recruiting their spirits; so, while they were snapping it up, like so many hungry lions, I rested my arms beneath the shade of a cypress tree which, with one or two more that grew beside of the mountain-stream, kept us from the rays of the burning sun: well, my lord, I was just beginning to follow the example of my men, who, also resting on their arms, were stationed but at a very small distance from me when as I was going to swallow a bit of my buffalo, out started from beneath the branches of one of the cypresses a woman of the wildest kind I think I ever saw in all my born days; by St. Peter! I was not much given to fear, but she would have scared the very devil himself, had he been there to have seen her wild eyes and her haggard cheeks, and her dark hair all flowing loose about her bosom, which

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by good faith! had no covering on to shield it from the bitter blast, or the keen blowing winds of winter storms, or the forked lightning's glare. Yet, I do remember, it was as white as the mountain snow,—and so were her arms that were crossed over it: and then I looked at her face—but, by the mass! I never took another glance, my good lord, for she had the eyes of a rattle-snake, which, when she fixt them on me, seemed to have the power of a witch, or something of that sort; for though I was afraid of her, still I could not run away from her, for the life and the soul of me. Well, I waited a little to see what she had got to say to me, before I had said any thing to her,—and at length she uttered, in a kind of hollow tone, (I think I hear it now, it was so frightful and so piteous)—

'You have been in battle—and successful.'

'Yes, thank the Fates,' answered I, not seeing that I had much to fear now that she had opened her mouth; for never trust me, my good lord, if I did not take this woman to be the ghost of some departed spirit from the other world: so says I again, 'Thank the Fates.'

'Thank the fates!' repeated she, 'thank me. 'Twas I that caused the battle on the plains of Morna Penritch, and made the victory Zosinski's, which never could be won without my power, which is invincible, both on sea and on land. I am every where—and yet no one finds me where I ought to be. I am a prophetess—yet, telling the fates of others, do not know my own.'

'I believe you are a ghost,' cried I, now determined that I would not stand in fear of her, though, by the mass! my good lord, I trembled every limb of me. On which she contemptuously replied,—

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'A ghost! thou art a fool! That which thou callest a ghost has neither flesh nor blood; I am composed of both, and am therefore earthly. Would I were not so—I should be free of earthly care.'

'Well, lady, I will not question thy authority, in this particular,' answered I, 'because I am not gifted with thy learning; but I'd rather be a fool, even as thou sayest, than search into mysteries which none but Heaven doth truly know; but if thou art indeed a prophetess, tell me, I pray thee, if again fortune shall crown with success Zosinski and St. Julian.'

'That were to tell thee all I know,' uttered she; 'the which should I reveal to mortal knowledge, the charm I hold would instantly be broken, and I no more could tell the fate of mortals with impunity.'

Then wherefore troublest thou me,' answered I, with a blunt soldier's roughness, for I did not much like this evil thing, my good lord, so I bade her begone and leave me.

At which, my lord, she smiled and uttered,—

'I will begone when it best shall suit my pleasure; and though thou art the surliest knave that e'er I saw, yet I like thee not the less for thy sincerity which is better than flattery, that meaneth deceit and dealeth with folly. Thou lovest Zosinski and St. Julian, dost thou not?'

'Both do I love,—thou hast said rightly,' answered I; 'and both would I serve for evermore with truth and loyalty. What more dost thou require to know?'

'Grant me thy aid, and I will require nothing more till perchance we meet again,' uttered she. 'Into the hands of Zosinski deliver this sealed packet: he will know from whom it comes. The doing this, whoe'er

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thou art, will bind me in the eternal bonds of obligation; and thou wilt find, at an hour when thou least expectest it, that Mariette Mouline will not be ungrateful for the favour thou hast done for her.'

'Mariette Mouline!' uttered I: 'and art thou, indeed, the famed she who spreads terror and destruction on all around? art thou her whom all fear, and yet all reverence, and love, and obey?'

'I am even she who delighteth to do good, and would shun the path that is evil,' uttered she. 'I have been slandered, but who can escape it: I am not one alone: I must bear it patiently till I shall be tried in a higher court than where men judge of human actions. Farewell: my time is expired. Had the moon shone, by her silver rays I durst not have said so much. This bag of gold is not the wages of thy dishonour, but of thy truth and thy rough honesty. Fear not to take it: tell thy master I bear him no ill will,—but to speed him on his way to the castle of St. Clair: and tell St Julian that the fairest maid in all Bohemia's smiling land trembles at this moment beneath a tyrant's power, and a stern mother's fell purpose of forcing her to take the vestal vow. Let him be wary, then, and lose no time, or she will be lost to him for ever.'

So saying, my lord, and after having placed that packet in my hands, this mysterious fair one darted from my sight through one of the cypress trees, and I saw no more of her; but whether she be devil or angel I cannot tell, or a spirit, or a witch, or a prophetess: beshrew me but he must a wise man that doth know, for never met I with such a female in all my born days, and I did much fear that if I gave you not the packet, that she would bewitch me with her cursed spells; so

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I have e'en delivered it safely into your highness' hands, but what its import is, as I am a living sinner I do not know."

During the recital of Macgreggor's simple relation, told with that plain, honest, downright sincerity which was the distinguishing feature of this man's character, many changes had taken place in the countenance of the Tartarian conqueror; and so strong was his emotions on receiving the packet from the hands of Macgreggor, that he burst into an involuntary flood of tears, exclaiming,—

"My good fellow, fear nothing from the personage from whom you received this packet: it is all right, for she knows me, and I know her; and be assured that she is neither witch, prophetess, or evil spirit, but a lady of condition, of high birth and superior education, but whom, owing to some peculiar circumstances of sorrow and calamity which have occurred in her domestic concerns, has for the present moment overclouded that bright intellect which was, and will, I hope, still be the glory of an admiring world. She is called Mariette Mouline, it is true, but it is not her real name. She has only acquired it by her having performed so many deeds of benevolence and charity in a convent called by that name: a far superior title belongs to her, than any yet known, and I wish you to believe that if ever it is your chance to encounter her again that you will treat her with that respect that I now tell you her exalted rank deserves; and much more her exalted merit, did you know it all; and also with that kind and tender sympathy which every man feels when he beholds a lovely female whose senses are obstructed by recent sufferings or sorrow."

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"And think you, my great lord, that had I known the lady to be such as you describe, that I could have mentioned her thus slightingly? No: by my good faith! I know my duty better," uttered Macgreggor; "for he who would insult a helpless woman, or add to the sorrows that misfortune has already inflicted, is unworthy the name of a man; I therefore pray you, my lord, to pardon the boldness I have been guilty of, and to leave you this bag of gold with which the lady did intrust me. Belike she did not know the value it contained. Beseech you take it into your possession, for it is not safe in mine."

"No, honest Steevy, I shall do no such thing," uttered Zosinski. "That which has fairly been rendered as a gift has certainly no right to be returned. Keep it: she intended it as a reward for the trouble she gave you in delivering the packet safely into my hands. I have the packet, and you the money; it is your's, and the packet is mine. Retire now, Macgreggor, and leave me to myself awhile: my mind is greatly agitated, and much distressed by the situation of this suffering woman, for whom I have the highest respect and veneration—nay, far more than I can possibly describe."

"My great and worthy master, I retire at the instant," uttered Macgreggor, "with the humble hope that my conduct has in no shape excited your highness' displeasure towards one whose whole is devoted to your service."

To which Zosinski, waving his hand, exclaimed,—"I have nothing to condemn you for;" and Macgreggor instantly withdrew, leaving the Tartarian chief in an agony of mind not to be described, as slowly and

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even with a trembling hand he unsealed the packet, addressed to him in the hand-writing of Mariette Mouline, which began as follows : too fatally expressive of her present disordered mind, and which, with a shuddering sigh, Zosinski was obliged to acknowledge was too true.

MARIETTE MOULINE.

For the perusal of him who best can understand what these lines are intended to convey.

" Who is that wretched, that pensive young creature,
Poor lorn looking ill clad maid ?
The glance of her eye 's like the flash of a meteor,
Pale is her cheek—sad and wild is each feature,
As she stands on the martial parade :
Disordered her mind seems—most haggard her form,—
A delicate flower crush'd low by the storm :
Borne off by the wild mountain stream of her tears,
The cheek-rose of her beauty no longer appears.
'Till night to her couch the poor stranger had driven,
Day after day, from morning till even,
For four long years has she kept that same station—
None knew her object, her name, or her nation :
Many with queries the wretched one stun,
She listens and weeps—but she answers to none.

Whenever a young gallant officer passes,
Anxiety brightens her eye ;
It catches—it fastens—hope glows and amasses :
Ah ! clouded again are her blue optic glasses—
Her breast heaves a hopeless sigh :
Fancy err'd—'twas a distant similitude caught ;
That fine figure bears not the face that she sought.
Still fastens her eye on a long watch'd street,
As thence is her hope the sought object to meet ;
Each being that passes her quick eyes pursue—
She looks for the arrival of—none can tell who.
Where does she come from, or where does she dwell ?
And what is her story ?—No mortal can tell.

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Her garb rent in tatters, her manner so wild,
Proclaim her Calamity's heart-broken child.

With feeling, with pity, the people regard her,
E'en triflers with reverence gaze;
Those in authority never retard her,
Some think she loves, and cry "Heaven reward her!"
And mark her sad looks with amaze.
This poor 'wildered head, and sorrow-torn heart,
Her name or her story to none could impart,
Till once a young female with tenderness said—
"Relate me thy sorrows, thou suffering maid:
Sorrow has laid a strong hand too on me,
And well can I sympathize, sad one, with thee."
Mov'd with her tone, the lorn stranger replied—
"Oh! tell me, thou kind one—say, art thou a bride?
Thou art then—ah! thou for sorrows can feel;
To thee, and thee only, their source I reveal:
Thou mayest yet be happy,—why tell thee of care?
Oh wild is my tale as the yells of despair!

You mark my torn drapery—my visage of sorrow;
A beggar has costlier weeds:
You mark the wet cheek that the frequent tears furrow—
Their cause—O thy gentle young heart would it harrow!
Still hopes my fond heart while it bleeds:
You mark this worn gown, threadbare, torn apart—
I was seen first in this by the lov'd of my heart;
And while a shorn remnant a thread holds together,
I'll wear it in sunshine, in fierce winter weather:
I'll wear it—I'll hug it—this mendicant trim,
Memory's dear relict, that tells me of him!
He'll know me in this—aye, the moment 'tis seen,
And fly to the arms of Mariette Mouline!

My parents—where are they? Oh! empty 's their dwelling—
The hope of their bosoms had fled:
O'er the grave of my infant the wild waves are swelling,
His mother's mad shrieks was its funeral knelling,—
My parents—my young one—all dead!
Yet lives there one—but I'll know he'll be here,—
Oh! weep not, dear maiden—but kind is the tear—

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I'll know he'll be here—I could swear for his truth:
The sun in his rounds ne'er beheld such a youth!
I'll know he'll be here—for he kiss'd me, and said
At Frankfort I'll meet thee, thou dearly lov'd maid.
And here have I watch'd on this martial parade,
And here will I watch and expand my wild eye,
Till every sense fail me—till reason shall fly:
And here will I watch till the ferment of fever
Shall flame through my brain, and its weak vessel sever:
Here, here will I watch, till my eyes cease to ache—
Till limbs fail to bear me—oh! till my heart break!"
Then with a sigh, as prophetic as strong—
Not distant that period—it cannot be long."

Nor was it—her hopes, though not patience, was over:
She's seen on parade no more;
Convinced that deceitful, or dead, is her lover
(The basest of villains—the cold-hearted rover)
Her presence at Frankfort is o'er:
Mariette has wandered—no mortal knows where—
Bewildered, half naked, the child of despair.
'Twas said that a maniac, depriv'd of her speech,
By hunger, she rov'd to the hoar ocean beach,
And fed on the sea-weed, until the kind wave
Pass'd over, and form'd her a covering and grave.
'Twas said—though 'tis wond'rous, and many have smil'd
To hear of a tale so decidedly wild—
That still the lorn form of the heart-broken maid
Each midnight is seen on the martial parade.—

And 'twas said that the same year that poor Mariette departed,
Her heartless deceiver appear'd;
Gallant, careless, and gay, each wild wish unthwarted,
(Oh sear'd is the soul of the profligate-hearted!)
A laurel-brow'd hero he's cheer'd,—
An heiress he weds of a great one in arms.
He has heard of lost Mariette, and wept for her harms;
He has wept, more than wept—the strong rending pang
Tugg'd hard at his bosom with tacit harangue.
It tells him a tale,—but confusion to thought!
Push round the wine!—It availeth him naught.

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He has sung the loud song, and drained many a draught;
Heard and told the gay jest—and frantickly laugh'd;
Sworn oaths and fierce curses,—the vile howls of sin!—
While hot was his heart, and his face wore chagrin.
Clos'd the day of his nuptials—his bride was abed,
Night-tears of dew in abundance are shed;
It thunders—it lightens—a dread sound and sight!
He thinks not of rest, nor connubial delight:
Through midnight, he paces the martial parade.
What form strikes his eye? 'Tis a luminous maid!
He shudders—he's tongue-tied—'tis the wildest of dreams!
He runs to embrace it—the fair vision screams!
As falls the shot soldier, whose spirit has flown,
Lifeless he drops,—and he's cold as a stone!
As the dew on the stone, the cold sweat on his brow;
Oh wild were the fates of these children of woe!"

The sensations of Zosinski, on reading this effusion from a lovely and unfortunate woman, whom he fondly adored and had certainly been the destruction of, may better be conceived than described. In her wild wanderings, she had drawn too faithful a portrait of what she had described: but for him, he knew, full well, that she would never have been reduced to the situation she now was, and that he alone had occasioned those mortal agonies she was now suffering;—that the loveliest being ever formed by the hands of her Creator, was now a wild and wandering maniac, through his scornful and injurious treatment of her;—and that in her simple tale, she had only recounted truths: for he had been the officer, whom she had so vainly sought for on the martial parade,—he had been the man who, marrying a wealthy heiress in Bohemia's land, had slighted the maiden who, for his sake, had sacrificed her family, her exalted birth, and her friends: whom, in early youth, he had robbed of virgin fame,

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and by whom he had a lovely boy, long since consigned to the mouldering tomb with the ashes of its forefathers: during which, the unfortunate Mariette was an alien to herself, and her country and friends, (who had utterly abandoned her from the moment that her great protector had also cast her off) when she was fully assured that he was really married to the wealthy heiress, for whom he had sacrificed the chastest and the tenderest ties of affection. When Mariette found the only being on earth, from whom she looked for protection, had utterly abandoned her, she boldly seized on the wealthy possessions which she inherited from her grandfather, and of which no one could deprive her; and, retiring from Vienna, buried herself in the deep bosom of combining shades, to hide her shame and her heartfelt grief, where awhile she gave herself up to the study of the heavenly planets, and acquired so profound a knowledge of them, that, with the unbounded wealth she possessed and the charitable deeds she performed, gained her the appellation of a prophetess, and sometimes a witch, to the weak-minded and the credulous; and when whole nights she sat upon a desolate rock in the most tempestuous weather, when stormy winds ever made the most hardy seaman afraid—then Mariette would sit, counting each particular star, and knew well their influence upon the feeble earth; she felt, indeed, that she was a superior being, and, however hardly judged by those who did not know the motives by which she was compelled to adopt so secluded and so solitary a life, that those motives and those actions were known to the all-seeing eye of heaven.

And when known to that, what had Mariette to fear? She was called a witch and a prophetess, in the same

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moment, and for what? With the former appellation she had nothing to do,—and with the latter, alas! she well knew that was a term that did not belong to her, nor did she wish such a term to be applied to her; because, although she frequently appeared to St. Julian and Sir Walter, yet, it was by mere mortal knowledge, that she apprized them of their fate, and not by any inspiration of an improper or evil tendency; and with the prejudiced and illiterate inhabitants of this country, she had acquired the appellation of being a witch, and was certainly more feared than loved, on that account, by this ignorant and uninformed race of beings; which did not, in the least, affect the mind, or wound the feelings of Mariette Mouline: she was too decidedly a heroine, to be agitated by trifles such as these; far other cares employed her, for a sudden and most unlooked for event had taken place, and had as suddenly reached her ear.—The wealthy bride of Zosinski was no more! and he was again in the possession of liberty, and free to redress her wrongs; for he had confessed that he still loved his so long deserted Mariette with the most ardent and unconquerable affection, and the barrier being removed between them, what other obstacle remained to prevent his now leading her forward in the face of the whole world, which had so maliciously defamed her, and espousing the woman he had so long pretended to love, and of whose strong and faithful attachment to him, he had long been convinced. There was, then, nothing to prevent his leading his adored Mariette to the temple of Hymen, if he himself were inclined to act with justice and honour towards her. Certainly not; but did he do it? did he lead his adored Mariette to the altar?

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did he now make the only restitution in his power, for the many pangs that his apostate vows had inflicted on her gentle heart? did he now fly to heal those wounds he had made, and soothe that destracted and bewildered frenzy he had occasioned to press on her burning brain?—No! he did not, and what was the consequence?—although progressively slow in its effects on the wasting form and pale, haggard cheeks of the once young and lovely Mariette, and more disordered and wild in her thoughts than before, she became, to appearance, in the eyes of strangers, the wretched wandering maniac that Macgreggor had described her to be to her illustrious, but perfidious lover,—the seducer of her virgin fame and innocence, and the father of her child, who, though its infant spirit had long since mouldered into dust, still gave the mother who had borne it the strongest and most tender and sacred claim to his affection: and whether the unfortunate Mariette was the wife or the mistress of the great Tartarian conqueror, her rights and privileges could not, or ought not to have been denied.

But it is too frequently a lamentable and incontestible fact, that, when woman is so weak and credulous as to obtain no other voucher than merely the promise of a man's love, to become his victim, and the victim also of her own credulity, making the words of a greatly admired poet too true a picture of her fate:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,

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To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die."

But Mariette did not die—Heaven had reserved her for a worse fate! and she endured a thousand deaths in a living one, in witnessing and living to prove the apostate vows of her once adored Zosinski. But compunction and remorse was still to be his—that punishment offended heaven had not spared him. The affecting little tale which he had now received from the wild wanderings of the wretched Mariette, now recalled him to a sense of the injuries he had done, and perhaps awakened those tender recollections of former scenes, when, young and lovely, she had yielded her virgin charms to his unlimited confidence and honour; but how had he betrayed it! how cruelly had he abandoned to her helpless fate the only woman he had ever truly loved! and unable to bear the reflections, (always the consequences of a guilty conscience) he rushed into the chamber of St. Julian, with the packet of Mariette in his hand, and, throwing himself into a chair, bade him peruse it, and tell him what he thought of it, and how he should act with the unfortunate Mariette, were he in his place. At this question of Zosinski's, he betrayed the most powerful sensations, which St. Julian perceiving, he immediately complied with his request. Well acquainted with the whole history of Mariette before this time, and of the connection which formerly subsisted between her and his illustrious friend, and entertaining himself but one opinion on the subject, and having carefully perused the packet of poor Mariette, a pause of some moments ensued—painful, it may be imagined, and embarrassing to both parties;

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for certainly St. Julian could not, in his conscience, hold with the conduct of his noble friend, with the tenor of his principles, in respect to Mariette Mouline.

"You do not reply to my question, St. Julian," exclaimed Zosinski.

"I have but one reply to make," answered St. Julian.

"And what is that?" uttered he, "What shall I do with Mariette?"

To which, after a short pause, St. Julian expressively pronounced,—

"You should have asked yourself that question when you seduced Mariette from the path of virtue,—it is now in your power to restore her to it. You love her—she was your mistress, but she was faithful to you; she was also innocent, till you made her otherwise. There is but one way to atone for the injuries you have heaped on her devoted head. Marry her,—make her happy, and you will no longer be miserable."

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CHAPTER XXVII.

" But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole,
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice.
That happy frailties to all ranks applied—
Shame to the virgin—to the matron, pride;
Fear to the statesman—rashness to the chief—
To kings, presumption—and to crowds, belief.
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest,—no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind."

POPE.

IT has been frequently remarked by historians of former times, that nothing is less sincere than asking or giving advice; for those who ask appear to have a respectful deference for the sentiments of a friend, whilst only seeking approbation or support, who gives advice with the appearance of zeal and disinterestedness, often blends it with interest and glory.

But this was not the case with St. Julian,—with the advice, which, when asked, he gave to the friend and brother of his heart, Zosinski; when he told him what he ought to do to repair the injuries he had done to the unfortunate Mariette Mouline.

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St. Julian disdained to flatter even the faults and failings of friendship, or to distinguish vice by the assumed name of virtue; and, therefore, consulting only truth and nature, he plainly told Zosinski, that having seduced Mariette, he ought—in justice—in honour—in humanity, to marry Mariette, to spare him, both here and hereafter, (which was more to be considered than any earthly fear) the thorn of compunction, and the eternal pang of remorse, which would pray on the heart like a vulture, and like a vulture, destroy him.

And, after a short, but manful struggle with his feelings, in which pride had been a powerful opponent to love, yet the high sense of honor which every man should feel towards a helpless and unfriended woman, by him first taught to stray, and the sentiments which his exalted friend had so warmly expressed on the subject, yielded at length to the propriety of acting rightly and justly; and subdued all the weaknesses of worldly pomp, and worldly vanity; and, turning to St. Julian at the same moment that he extended his hand towards him, he triumphantly pronounced, "St. Julian, wish me joy, I will marry Mariette!—thy eloquence hath conquered!"

"My eloquence!" uttered St. Julian, "say, rather, 'thy own virtue hath conquered!'—yet I will most sincerely wish you joy of the secret satisfaction you now feel in the performance of your duty. Let me then persuade you, ere your resolution cools, to let the holy rites, between you and Mariette, be solemnized as soon as possible, before we proceed to St. Clair."

Zosinski smiled, "And, where a second solemnization of holy rites will be performed, between St. Ju-

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lian the Bohemian conquerer, and the beauteous daughter of Albino!" uttered he.

> "For happy they, the happiest of their kind,
> Whom gentle stars unite."

"Is it not so, my friend,—doth not all that is gentle combine with all that is tender and kind, in the love you feel for Augustina, and the love she feels for you?"

"I acknowledge the soft temperature of that lovely creature," cried St. Julian, the most rapturous expression beaming in his bright and intelligent eyes, "nor do you overate her excellence of disposition, for without one jarring atom, was my Augustina formed, and naught but love and gentleness make up her being."

After this conversation, the mind of the Tartarian conqueror became more tranquillized, and he determined to espouse his still loved and much injured Mariette almost immediately, and with all that regal pomp and splendour which was due to his exalted rank, and the real merit of his beauteous bride; and as he had much eloquence to exert before she would be persuaded again to listen to him on the subject of love, he implored of St. Julian to accompany him to her mountain dwelling where she had so mysteriously concealed herself, and had passed for a witch.

"But we must not too suddenly appear before her," exclaimed St. Julian, "it will affright her, or so surprize her, that her senses may fly for ever. She will not believe the flattering tale, that Zosinski, the great Zosinski! now means to redress those wrongs he has heaped upon her—soothe those pangs his cruelty has inflicted, by making her his bride in the court of all Vienna, and, with triumphant joy, lead her to a conqueror's home,—never more to wander in retreats, far

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from the busy haunts of men, who have pointed the finger of scorn or reproach at her, or have deemed her a maniac, not knowing the deep sorrows of her aching heart, or were profoundly ignorant of her secret history; a husband's arm will now protect her and shield her from every sorrow and every care; a husband—woman's best friend, woman's best protector, and, last of all, woman's surest foundation of all earthly happiness, without which, she is but a weak instrument in the hands of the treacherous, the base, the licentious, and the wicked. Hasten, then, great sir, to perform a deed so truly worthy of the renowned Zoëinski, and reflect that the moments are precious. Mariette has predicted that my Augustina now trembles beneath a tyrant's power, and that the castle of St. Clair is, or will be, in danger of being surprised, though I am well assured that it will never be taken by the hands of the enemy, yet the sooner we set forward on our march there the better. Let us, then, journey to the mountains —I know the dwelling of Mariette, for beneath her hospitable roof was I sheltered, when I fled from the power of my vindictive foes; but her doors are guarded by an elphi, (or more properly speaking, a dwarf) whom, I suppose, she keeps us an attendant, yet, truly, with a rough outside, he has a kindly heart within. Come, then, let us away to the habitation of Mariette: it is now near evening, and we may encounter her seated in some lonely glen, or in her nightly studies of the heavenly planets, of which she has so vast and extensive a knowledge as never woman had before. Amazed at her profound discourse, I could have worshipped her as a celestial, instead of a terrestrial being, had she not informed me of her real situation, and the unfortu-

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nate circumstances in which she had been placed, owing to the desertion of the man she had loved, concealing only his name, and his illustrious rank. Ah, great sir! how little did I think that man was Zosinski, the seducer of the unfortunate Mariette Mouline!"

"But you know it now, sir," uttered Zosinski, a little warmly, and hurt by the continued imputation, which he certainly so well merited,—that of being the actual seducer of the most accomplished, and the most lovely being in creation, and so long having inflicted on her helpless and unfriended bosom, such immeasurable pangs of cruelty. "You know it now," added Zosinski, heaving a mournful and involuntary sigh of bitter reflection, "and you also know, that I am now ready and willing to atone for all my former negligence towards her. I love Mariette! by all the immortal gods that rule above us I still love Mariette beyond all earthly women, and will marry her, could I hope she will yet accept of my now honourable proposals! Wherefore then, St. Julian, do you find it necessary still to reproach me by a repetition of the wrongs that I have done her? 'tis indeed ungenerous, when I have so openly and penitently confessed my faults."

To which St. Julian replied, "Far be it from me to add to the sufferings of a wounded conscience, but if I felt not for the woman, and such a woman as Mariette, I were unworthy of the name of man, for I shrewdly suspect that what she told Macgreggor was no fiction or idle dream of a wild imagination, and that the victory we have gained, has partly been owing to her machinations; for if I auger rightly, I do believe that she is the very Bertha whom Sir Walter encountered in his journey to the camp, and the same

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Bertha who has protected the child of Lord Delfrida from the rapacious power and cruelty of the cursed priest, the perfidious monster in a human shape, the Cardinal Benvolio, the foul murderer of the unfortunate Aubigny! but if I find him such—(as such I may) I love not to shed the blood of human beings,—or that I should shed the blood of the innocent, may every pitying angel forbid,—but if he has taken the life of Aubigny, (as Ferdinand has told me that it is suspected that he hath) then blood shall be repaid by blood: it is justice, and if he is guilty the sentence shall not be revoked. Ferdinand he would have murdered, and why not Aubigny, who has never been heard of, since late one evening he departed from the castle of St. Clair. A short time will reveal the mystery, and then let the cardinal beware of his mortal enemy—St. Julian!"

"And of Zosinski, his no less hated one," exclaimed the Tartarian conqueror, "But with respect to Mariette and Bertha being the same, I have not the slightest doubt of it: for the second name of Mariette is certainly Bertha,—her real name is Maddelina Bertha Molinu, but for the reasons I have before stated, she assumed that of Mariette Mouline, and has since been allowed, by the holy sisterhood of that convent, to retain it, in consequence of the large contributions she paid to its charitable institution, when she came into the possession of the property of her grandfather, which has doubtless protected her greatly from the severity of the laws of the court of Vienna, that always sentences those personages accused of witchcraft or sorcery to immediate death; but I have been told, that Mariette (for so I shall yet call her) once pleaded her

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chuse in the senate-house, before all the judges, when she was charged with having led the people astray by the power of her spells, and supposed incantations and communion with evil and mysterious spirits, but that the powerful arguments she made use of, to controvert the charges and ill-founded prejudices so falsely brought against her, so confounded and astonished her judges, that the whole assembly of learned men, not only were clearly convinced of her not having merited the accusations, but decidedly pronounced her not guilty; and since which the court of Vienna has never permitted any one to molest Mariette in her lonely retreat. And to this circumstance it is owing that she could protect even the soldiery, if they flew to her for concealment. It is no wonder, then, that her retreat in the mountains, which border on the valley of St. Gothard, should so often have been the sanctuary of the unfortunate and the distressed, because Mariette always had the power of relief in her own hands, for she was wealthy, and her delight was to prove that she was not proud of riches, but rather used them in supplying the wants of others.

The sun was now sinking fast down on the bosom of the ocean, which, proud to receive its glorious and beautiful guest, seemed as if it had bid rude Boreas to cease to blow too roughly, while it threw its golden glances there, so calm, so gentle, and so transparent was the wave; while the dews of evening, as they fell on every flower, that bloomed freshly and sweetly through the casement, was cheering and enlivening to the dejected, or rather the agitated, spirits of Zosinski: and after partaking of some slight refreshment, they stole secretly out of the western turret, and took the nearest

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way to the mountain, near to which was the valley of St. Gothard, and not far from thence, hid amidst the branches of the beautiful acacia trees, stood the lovely and sequestered dwelling of Mariette Mouline. When they approached the entrance, Zosinski was so agitated, that he exclaimed, in a low, faultering voice, to St. Julian,—

"There dwells the only woman my soul has ever truly loved! she whom I was wont to approach without fear of ever being frowned upon,—but now I tremble—for the frown of Mariette will now, to me, be more terrible than a whole army prepared for battle!—St. Julian, I dare not venture thither, till you have paved the way for my introduction. Go, then, my friend, and, with all that eloquence with which nature has so powerfully gifted you, plead the cause of Zosinski.—Tell her, of all my former follies, I repent; and, with the most unfeigned penitence and contrition, now implore her to accept of a hand and a heart, which shall henceforth be entirely devoted to her service. Tell her this, St. Julian, and——"

At this moment the elphi appeared at the entrance of Mariette's cottage, and seeing St. Julian advancing towards him, surlily demanded to know what business brought him there; but, by no means discouraged, or even offended, with this ungracious reception, St. Julian, with great mildness, replied,—

"My business is with thy mistress, friend, so please thee, and not for thy ear. I wish to see her, if she be in her dwelling, which, at this lonely hour, I do suppose she is."

"And for that same reason she will not see thee," uttered the dwarf, though in a milder accent, "She

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converseth with no one when the silent hour of evening doth steal in, but doth betake her then to study, in the which she will suffer no interruption; but, since thy business be so urgent, I will, though contrary to her binding, forthwith, acquaint her that a stranger is at the gate, and wishes to speak with her."

"Say, rather, a friend,—and she will the more readily attend to me," uttered St. Julian, "and I will be bold to say, that I am no enemy to Mariette Mouline. Thou hast seen me once,—dost thou not remember?"

There was an expressive dignity both in the look and the manner of St. Julian, to which no one could long be indifferent; and the dwarf, a second time surveying him, answered,—

"I think I have seen you before: and, now I look on thy visage again, I do, in some sort, remember thee; for thou hadst a companion, a fair youth, who wore the habit of a minstrel, but thou wert a jew,—now thou bearest the colours of a soldier,—and a soldier, in these perilous times, is to be suspected,—nevertheless, I'll trust thy honesty; thou dost not look of the betraying kind, so stay awhile, and quickly will I bear thy message to my mistress."

One point was now accomplished, and that was no trifling one, at the present crisis of affairs; for it was certainly, at the pleasure of the dwarf, to carry a message, or not, in to his mistress, which if he had peremptorily refused to do, it would not have been possible for Zosinski to have obtained an interview with her till the ensuing morning; and Zosinski, having concealed himself in the deep foliage of the trees, waited, in the most breathless anxiety, for the return of the dwarf, who, in a few minutes, again made his appearance to

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St. Julian, and informed him that his mistress had given orders that he was to be admitted, to have a private conference with her, provided, that if he had any fire-arms about him, he was to leave them in the care of the dwarf, till he should take his departure from her dwelling.

St. Julian smiled at the prohibition, and promised faithfully to perform it, if the dwarf could find any fire-arms about him.

"In the supposition, probably," uttered he, "that your mistress fears some hostile attack, if she offended me;—but believe me, friend, that fear is futile. I carry no fire-arms when I approach the presence of lovely woman—although I am a soldier, and carry them to the field to do my duty to my sovereign and my country, which, next to heaven, I adore in holy reverence and ardent zeal! but to use violence to woman is beneath a soldier and a man; I would protect her, but never harm her gentle sex with terror or with fear, contrary to the rules of delicacy, decency or sense; he, who does this, is a mere sensual brute, and with brutes only ought he to have human intercourse. Lead me, then, honest friend, to the presence of thy mistress, and she will soon learn that my purpose hither is to serve her faithfully, and not myself, and that St. Julian is the friend of virtue, humanity and justice;—and that more especially when a woman is in the case, that he would perish before he would transgress, or pass its sacred boundaries."

The astonishment of the dwarf was now such as one struck by the effect of electricity, or shot by the vivid lightning's flash, for never dreamt he of the illustrious rank and renowned fame of the stranger, who had once

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before, in the habit of a Jew, visited the lonely retreat of Mariette Mouline, but in the costume that he wore now he only appeared in the quality of a Bohemian soldier. But who had not heard of St. Julian?—In his defeat he was followed and adored, for glorious and decided had been his victories before, but the last he had obtained on the plains of Morna Penritch, had surpassed all others. Their foes could now do nothing but yield in humble submission to the Bohemian conqueror, or see their armies perish, for famine had already desolated the land, and made their coffers empty; and like the bright and majestic god of day, St. Julian now appeared in full meridian splendour to the country for whose rights and privileges he had so long bravely fought, and now eventually and successfully restored to them. At a moment when fortune had seemed to desert him, which was lamented and deplored by all his countrymen, the fickle goddess comes forth to hail the champion of liberty, and crown the immortal hero with the bright laurel of a never-fading victory. What, then, was the surprise of the poor simple dwarf, to find in the stranger, who so humbly solicited an audience with his mistress, that it was the great St. Julian, who now stood a petitioner at her gates? and he exclaimed,—

"St. Julian! and art thou St. Julian, the saviour and the conqueror of our blessed land? Pardon, pardon I pray you, sir, for the uncourteous ceremony I have used towards you; yet to have looked on those noble lineaments of feature, I could not have doubted."

"But this is not the age to judge of human characters by looks, or any outward semblance of form or features, my good friend," uttered St. Julian, "it is too

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vitiated, and man's heart cannot be probed; though he wore the character of an earthly saint imprinted on his brow, all human discernment, all human skill or knowledge would fail to know his virtues or his vices. Therefore, I do freely pardon thee thine offence. I came not hither to seek flattery, or to merit praise—a bubble, when compared to the real sunshine of the praise we seek in our own breast, from the reflection of a pure unsullied conscience, which no man can give to another, if he has it not within himself."

"Sir, thou art worthy to be what thou art—for thou art that which thou seemest," cried the dwarf, and immediately led the way to the chamber, where, fixed in the most profound meditation, sat, reclined, the once lovely, though now wasted, form of Mariette Mouline. There were books and writing materials before her, with a volume of the Holy Scriptures placed on a table, a silver lamp, which emitted a bright flame, and vases filled with the most fragrant and odoriferous flowers, perfumed the whole apartment; but, most of all, St. Julian marked her figure, which certainly never appeared to greater advantage, and so different to that costume in which he had before been accustomed to behold it, that he could not believe that it was the same wild wanderer; for Mariette was now attired in a Venetian dress, which so becomingly adorned her fine proportioned form, that the loveliness of her shape was seen through almost every fold of the snowy drapery, which was gracefully, though not immodestly, displayed. On her head no longer appeared the plume of black feathers and bonnet, which gave her the look of a warlike heroine—but her luxuriant, dark tresses, which before shaded her fine features and her fine-formed snowy

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neck were neatly and elegantly braided, although not with studied care, while a simple white rose graced her lovely bosom ; her dark eyes were, on the entrance of St. Julian, in earnest contemplation of the globe, which was placed before her, and it was evident that the total tenor of Mariette's character, and even manners, had undergone a revolution since he had last beheld her, for in return to the respectful salutation, with which he greeted her, she mildly addressed him with the following impressive words :—

" St. Julian, thou art welcome here, but far more welcome wouldst thou have been elsewhere. Why tarriest thou from her whom thy soul loveth ? she is in danger, and I have apprized thee of it, (if the soldier has been faithful, to whom I gave the charge to hasten to the towers of St. Clair with all convenient speed, or thy Augustina would be lost to thee for ever.) Why hast thou neglected the warning of Mariette Mouline ? why lingerest thou in the fortress of St. Antonio so long after the battle at Morna Penritch ? Friendship is dear, and sacred are its ties—but is not love dearer, and are not its ties more sacred ? Resolve me that question."

To which, after a pause, and having taken a seat, to which she pointed, exactly opposite to her, St. Julian energetically replied,—

" I grant, lovely Mariette, that your argument is too powerful to admit of contradiction ; I own that friendship has sacred ties, and I will acknowledge that love claims pre-eminence above all other ties subsisting between earth and heaven, and I am come hither, Mariette, on a mission of both love and friendship, the humblest suppliant that mortal man e'er sued to mor-

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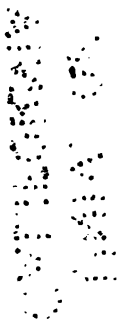

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Mariette Moulins first discovered by her Father.

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tal woman—not for myself,—start not, thou loveliest and most injured of women :—thou knowest, full well, that St. Julian would perish ere he would insult a helpless, unprotected female with offers unchaste or unholy, or that, angel as thou art, I would, under any circumstance, forego my plighted vows to my Augustina :—not for myself, therefore, am I a suitor, or do I plead ; and having said thus far, cannot you guess from whom I bear the high commission ? I have a friend I wear in my heart's core—need I repeat his name ? from him I came.—Ah ! let not thy soft bosom swell indignantly, or e'er reflect on injuries that are now to be redressed—on pangs that are now to be soothed—on apostate vows that are now to be renewed with an encrease of passion, truth and fervor, never to be dissolved but by death. Ah, Mariette ! cannot you now guess the purport of my visit here ?"

Mariette Mouline, in almost breathless accents, implored St. Julian to be more explanatory on the subject, " For you know how terrible," uttered she, with a look that penetrated the inmost soul of St. Julian, " it is for man to sport with woman's feelings. Zosinski long did lay the snare he caught me in, and when I fell a victim to his perjured faith,—when I gave to his arms a beauteous boy, the pledge of mutual love, he abandoned me to shame, although not to want or misery, for I had means still in my power to procure the necessaries and even the luxuries of life without his assistance ; but, ah ! what were these luxuries ? Ask these humble, gloomy, and retiring shades, where I have wept whole nights in speechless agony, and in humble penitence mourned for the indiscretion I had been guilty of. In the meantime, my boy died, and Zosinski, adding fresh pangs to his desertion and his

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inconstancy, married a wealthy heiress, in the city of Vienna—though wealth he wanted not. She was of a princely birth, and his sole view, in this union, must have been ambition. Still, with woman's pride, I bore my wrongs, although by an ill-judging and censorious world reproached, and deemed a prophaner of religion's sacred laws—a sorcerer and witch; and though none such there are, yet I bore the shame, and should have suffered the punishment of one, had I not boldly in the court of Vienna, protested my innocence and shamed my accusers. After this I gained respect, and was quietly left to follow the course of the harmless life I had adopted in these wild mountains;—when, all at once, the rumour reached me, that the lady of Zosinski was no more!—But came he near me?—offered he me any contrition?—showed he any signs of penitence?—No St. Julian! If he has told my history, and told it truly to thee, he will tell thee he has not: then on what errand can he send thee here, but to mock my misery, and triumph o'er the victim he has made?"

A pause ensued, solemn as that which death makes. All was motionless and silent in the chamber of Mariette Moulino! St. Julian feared that he had a much more difficult task designated to him, by Zosinski, than he imagined could be performed under the existing circumstances of so much cruelty and injustice as he had been guilty of towards this lovely and unfortunate woman; and, highly as St. Julian venerated his friend, he beheld his conduct to Mariette, with a sentiment of the severest reprehension. There was no time to be lost,—and he endeavoured to convince her that Zosinski was really a penitent, and willing to atone, by marriage, for all his former unkindness; on hearing which, Mariette uttered a loud and piercing

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shriek, wholly overpowered by so unexpected a change in her, hitherto, wretched fortune: but, after a while, became more tranquilized, on St. Julian's solemnly protesting that he was sent by Zosinski, to offer those proposals, in the hope of her pardon and forgiveness.

"Which you surely will not, cannot in justice to yourself, Mariette, deny," cried St. Julian.

"Then why comes he not here, to offer those proposals himself?" uttered she, "why send an ambassador, on such an occasion?"

To which, St. Julian replied,—

"That question, Mariette, I cannot resolve: the mission on which I am sent, is indeed painful to me—still, I hope you have not found me unworthy of it. Come, consign not to misery and to eternal despair, the man you still love; bid me be the harbinger of hope, and let me convey the transporting tidings to him, that Mariette is as generous and as exalted as he once knew her to be."

"Well, you may do exactly what your heart directs you," uttered the agitated Mariette.

"Shall I," exclaimed St. Julian,—"I take you at your word, then: and I will instantly do as my heart directs me, by this moment bringing the penitent to your arms."

Away flew St. Julian to his friend, and in the next moment he was at the feet of his adored Mariette Mouline: where he sued for pardon, and it was not long denied to him; Mariette promising to become the bride of Zosinski on that happy day when St. Julian should become the husband of the Lady Augustina Albino; with which arrangement Zosinski was obliged to be content, hoping that blessed and long looked for hour would shortly arrive, for the completion of the happi-

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ness of his noble friend—nor was it far distant. The whole army of St. Julian, united with the combined forces of Zosinski, setting forward on the ensuing morning, to the castle of St. Clair, which made but a feeble resistance to such superior force; and no alternative remained to the Lady Margaret, but immediately to surrender;—her battlements were already besieged, and, in the next moment, would be set on fire;—her soldiery had derided her, and her enemies defied her:—she could do nothing but yield, for her strength, her pride, her ambition, and her wealth, were no longer of any avail. And what was the mighty cardinal?—where was now his tower of fancied greatness? It would now be changed for a dark and loathsome dungeon, where no knee would bend in servile obedience to his haughty commands, and where the canopy over his head would shortly be a scaffold; for the moment that St. Julian possessed himself of the castle of St. Clair, he arrested the cardinal as a traitor to the state, and a murderer, and commanded him to be heavily chained. He next, forthwith, marched into the apartment of the Lady Margaret, and stood in her presence, taking Ferdinand along with him, at sight of whom, she uttered the most piercing shrieks of involuntary horror.

"Now, haughty and inflexible, as well as perfidious and abandoned woman," uttered St. Julian, "you will now be taught a lesson which you never knew before:—to feel for yourself what you never felt for another. I am aware of all your crimes, and those of your paramour; all protestations of your innocence, therefore, will have no avail. You cannot escape or deny your guilt, when you look on that face—it is Ferdinand!—a living witness of your foul dishonour, and

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whom you and your holy, pious friend had kindly provided a bed for, in the deep waters of the Severn. Mark me, and blush at the enormityof the crimes with which I charge you! Had the dagger's point but done its duty, (which you and the infernal priest aimed at the breast of Ferdinand, in the corridor, on the night of the carnival at Vienna) this tale had ne'er been known, to blush thy cheek with burning shame—for so you thought; but, Margaret, Heaven sees and knows what man denies. Go, and repent, while yet some few years are spared thee; hereafter—thou must seek for pardon through repentance, a contrite spirit, and a humble heart."

So saying, St. Julian quitted the presence of the Lady Margaret, and left her to the care of her attendants, (in whose arms, struck with speechless horror and dismay, she had fainted) and flew, on the wings of love to his Augustina. The gentle, lovely and virtuous maiden, though greatly affrighted with the scenes before her, received her gallant and illustrious lover with demonstrations not of the most lively, yet of the most tender joy; still, as he pressed, with ardour, her lovely cheek, she murmured in a pitying accent, and with a look almost divine,—

"St. Julian! spare, oh spare, my mother!"

To which, the tenderest response was given by St. Julian, who exclaimed,—

"I have—I will, my dearest, and, if possible, conceal her shame;—be satisfied, thy mother is safe under my protection:—but for the accursed priest—"

"Oh, spare him, too!" uttered Augustina. "I know that he is guilty of the basest crimes, and has led my mother astray by his pretended zeal and piety,—but do not let the sentence of death be passed on him;

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—banish him—send him to a far distant clime,—but do not, my beloved St. Julian, send a guilty sinner down to the grave, without repentance."

"I cannot promise you any thing on this subject, my Augustina," uttered St. Julian, "nor wouldst thou plead for this base wretch, didst thou but know the extent of his offences."

But the crafty priest, subtle to the last hour of fleeting existence, proved too crafty, even for the sentence of the law to be passed on him, and contrived, while confined in the prison of Vienna, (whither he had been sent till his trial, to end his hated, disgraced, and now loathed existence, by swallowing a large dose of poison. But the unhappy fate of Aubigny was not permitted to remain in darkness: he was not deprived of existence by the perfidious priest, but he had contrived to make that existence insupportable to him, by placing him in perpetual confinement in one of the gothic chambers, in the lower part of the castle, and it is probable his wretched situation would never have been discovered, or his existence preserved, but for the death of the monster who had inflicted this barbarous and horrible revenge.

In justice, however, to the Lady Margaret,—she was profoundly ignorant of this last crime being perpetrated by Benvolio, of whom she had often enquired the fate of Aubigny.

The sun of happiness was now beginning to beam through a mist of darkness: for Mariette Mouline very speedily introduced a little stranger into court, of whom, since the death of the sister Agnes, she had been the protectress, and giving her to the arms of Aubigny, pronounced,—

There, Aubigny, is your niece, the child of your

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adored and long lamented sister, the unfortunate Adelaide; she is the real Mariette Mouline! for by that name was she christened by her foster-mother, the kind and benevolent sister Agnes, who, when death closed her eyes, gave this child to my care, with charge never to abandon her, till beyond the power of the Cardinal Benvolio! happily, that period is arrived:—she is beyond the reach of the Cardinal Benvolio, and will shortly be under better protection than mine: I mean that of her natural protector, Lord Delfrida her father. He has visited me more than once in my retreat, and, when he again returns from Italy, will receive his daughter."

As soon as these explanatory circumstances were finally arranged and concluded, St. Julian was proclaimed Emperor of Bohemia, with all the honours, rights and privileges, of which Josephus, (the Usurper) had so long injuriously deprived him; and immediately after his nuptials took place with the lovely Augustina Albino;—those also of the Tartarian conqueror, Zosinski, with, the no longer Mariette Mouline, but, Lady Maddelina Bertha Molinu, to the amazement of the Bohemians; for, since her acquittal at Vienna, the mountain witch had been held in the highest veneration and respect; and the splendour and magnificent station in which she now appeared—as the bride of Zosinski, rather excited a decided opinion of her extraordinary merit, than envy at her unexpected exaltation to fortune and to fame.

And were the nuptials of St. Julian less splendid then those of his friend? yes, they were so; for St. Julian was a man of a humble mind, and considered earthly pomp and earthly vanities but of little value, when compared to the blessings that flow from the rich

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treasure of domestic peace and happiness: and no woman was more calculated to increase that happiness, and add to those quiet, tranquil joys than Augustina, who, by her marriage with St. Julian, although raised to the rank of an empress, was as humble as the village maid. She retained in her service the faithful Antoinette, who, restored to her Ferdinand, was now the happiest of wives. Under these aspices, began the reign of St. Julian—Emperor the Fourth and Augustina both, the idols of their native land; formed to adorn a court, but not to vitiate it, and, by example, proving, even in their children, two of which were the tender and chaste pledges of their mutual love and unchanging fidelity towards each other, that it is not the most exalted rank, or the most splendid riches, that can confer happiness, if peace and contentment is not the sunshine of the breast,—that, like the fragrance of the rose, lasts for ever: for when its leaves are dropped, its virtues does not perish with its fading beauty, but leaves the memorial of its sweetness, which time cannot wither, or the changing seasons ever decay.

THE END.

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